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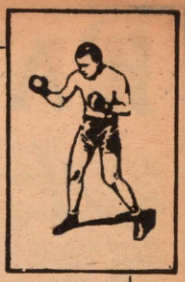

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In Our Next Issue

Spreading good will! Yes, that's what The Ring and its Editor, Nat Fleischer, have been doing the world over for the great sport of boxing. Last year, The Ring Magazine issued trophies—belts to Jimmy Braddock, Joe Louis, Lou Salica, Sixto Escobar, Tony Canzoneri, Jimmy McLarnin, Tommy Loughran, Petey Sarron, Jack Portney and Teddy Yarosz, and this year, from all appearances, the list of trophies handed out by this magazine, will be increased considerably.

A fortnight ago, The Ring gave a belt for the Anthracite Region welter title to instill new interest in the sport there, and two days later, The Ring Editor sailed for Porto Rico to officiate as judge in the Escobar-Salica championship fight and to offer a belt for that contest, the first championship belt yet awarded in that country.

Read Fleischer's article on Boxing in the American possessions in the next issue.

The Negroes are holding the fistic spotlight. They are forging to the front with such rapidity, that they are pressing the Caucasian race for world honors in boxing.

"The Fighting Sons of Ham", will give you an insight into the rise of the Negro race in Pugilism. George T. Pardy, the author, delves deeply into this interesting topic.

Daniel M. Daniel, The Ring's Globe Trotter, will furnish you with his usual, high class contribution. A new feature, by Eddie Borden, "Fistic Prospects", a feature that will carry short biographical sketches of newcomers, worthwhile.

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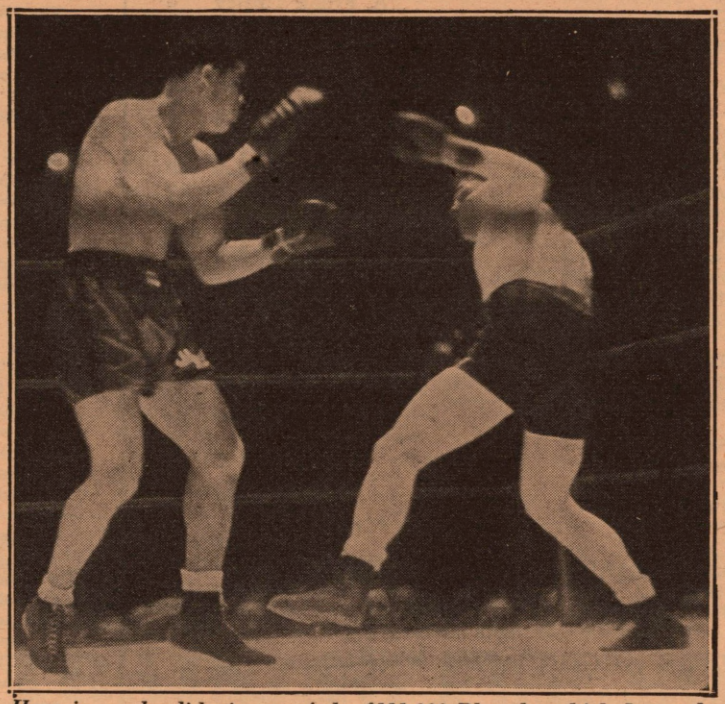
PASTOR SHOWED UP

A THRONG of fight fans jammed Madison Square Garden to see Joe Louis, the Brown Bomber, add another scalp to his long string, and though they saw the Detroit Negro win the decision, they left the vast arena satisfied that the great mid-western heavyweight is great in only one respect—in his punching when he can catch his target. Louis carried off the decision after ten rounds of a sprinting race because what little fighting there was on display, was made by him, but he failed to add to his prestige, because he not only didn't score a knockout as was expected over his twenty-five pounds lighter opponent, who entered the ring with every disadvantage, but he failed even to floor his man once, either with a clean-cut knock-down or a slap.

Unlike the average scene where the victor, when he gains the verdict on an indisputable margin of points, receives his just credit from the fans, the Garden scene presented a novelty. I viewed something I have not experienced in many years—that of the victor being roundly hissed and booed though he made all the fight, and the loser, the under-dog, cheered to the echo, slapped on the back by a frenzied mob that hailed the youngster for his feat of standing ten rounds against the "killer." Even the veterans, the old timers who have watched fights for a quarter of a century or more and are hardened fight fans, cut loose with a bombardment of booes for the victor as the decision of referee and judges was announced by Harry Balough as favoring the Negro.

* * *

ALTHOUGH the choice was unanimous, with Judge Lecron giving three rounds to Pastor and one even, Judge Lynch, eight for Louis with one even and one for Pastor and Arthur Donovan crediting the Bomber with eight rounds and two for Bob, the crowd became extremely unruly with catcalls, threats and whatnot, when Pastor didn't get the verdict. Not that they thought Bob was entitled to the decision, but because he was the underdog and who again had exploded a myth. They were with Pastor almost to a man—some because they had wagered heavily that he would be on his feet after the sixth round; others because they favored the white man over the brown; still others because Louis had failed in his efforts to corner his man for a "kill."



Here is a splendid picture of the $111,000 Rhumba which Joe and Bob staged in the Garden. Note the rhythmic grace of Pastor and that, for once, Louis is not flatfooted.

The paralyzing punch of Louis was not in evidence. Not that he didn't possess it, but that he couldn't land it. The Negro who had bowled over every opponent since his first professional start until he crashed to the canvas when he clashed with Schmeling and continued to bowl 'em over after his sensational comeback had gotten under way, had lost prestige when he couldn't stop or even floor Pastor. That was uppermost in the minds of those who shrieked defiance at the Bomber when his hand was lifted in token of victory. It was a sight such as seldom has been seen in the Garden and was as amazing as it was a novelty. It was the first attack of popularity Louis had suffered in New York—the city which owes him much for bringing about a boxing revival.

Just as Max Schmeling had exposed the myth that Louis couldn't be tagged with a right or couldn't be downed, so Pastor exploded the myth that Louis was a truly great fighter. I know from my many years' experience and observation that Stanley Ketchel, Jim Jeffries, Jack Dempsey, Mickey Walker, Bob Petrolle and several other ring marvels of their day, faced with the same dilemna as was Louis in the Pastor bout, would have caught up with Bob. They would not have shuffled along trying to corner an elusive, runaway boy. They would have leaped forward, fists flaying, head down and crashed the punch soporific against their opponent. Yes, even Dempsey did that when Tom Gibbons wouldn't fight, but clinching and holding prevented a K.O.

* * *

THE fighters I have named wouldn't have waited for Pastor to have remained stationary for a moment in order to have offered a standing target when they knew that his strategy called for other tactics, but they would have jumped right in and taken a desperate chance on a mix up regardless of the outcome. Of course we could not expect that from just an ordinary fighter but Joe Louis is not an ordinary fighter. He has been sold to the public by us as a "super-fighter," a hard, powerful, exploding, crashing hitter, and when one has such a reputation to uphold, he should fight the kind of battle his reputation calls for.

That is why I was so keenly disappointed. I felt that even with the tactics that Pastor pursued, Louis should have displayed more than he did. He should have proved his right to the high honors we have showered upon him by taking a chance.

After all, he was pitted against a 10 to 1 shot. If a fighter is quoted at such odds surely he has no business in the ring with a "killer" type. That being the case, it remains a mystery to me why Louis just shuffled along, moved from side to side, left hand extended for a jab and right hand cocked for a hook, yet seldom used either.

What was he afraid of? Surely it couldn't be that he feared getting the same dose as Pastor handed to Ray Impellitiere! Louis, the "killer," pitted against a 10 to 1 shot, yet failed even to muss the kid's hair. It all simmers down to the point where we must now admit that the Bomber is a one way fighter. He can sock and sock with a kayo wallop when he has his man mixing it with him, but cannot make his own battle. The other fellow must do the leading before Joe's counter blows can be landed with effect.

* * *

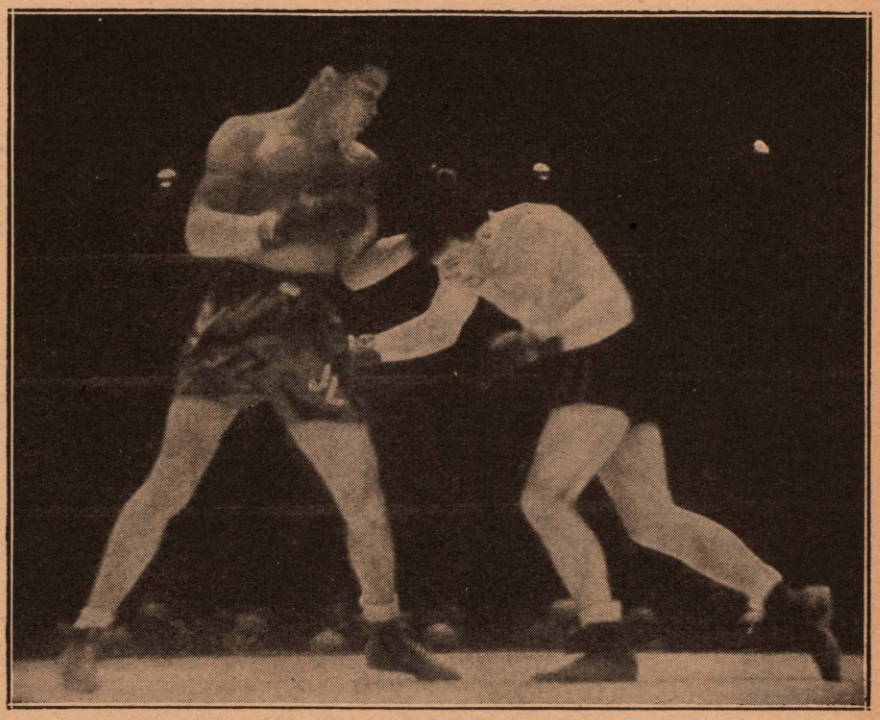
IF what Joe Louis displayed against Pastor is a criterion, then I'm afraid that we, who have been singing his praises to the skies, must definitely and finally admit that Jack Johnson's analysis of the Brown Bomber is a correct one and that we have erred. Johnson, writing for THE RING prior to the fight with Schmeling, declared that Louis was a good fighter but not a great one. He said that Joe's stance was all wrong and that unless he had a target—a standup fighter who was willing to take his chances on mixing it with the Detroiter—his style was against him.

Johnson pointed out, not only in THE RING, but to me personally in private and public demonstrations, that any fighter who would move around, tantalize Joe and go into the ring without a scare

LOUIS' FAULTS

By NAT FLEISCHER

Joe Still in the Making —Must Learn Change of Pace and Trick of Hitting a Moving Target



One of the numerous openings which the over-cautious Negro snubbed in the ten rounds.

blance of fear, would either hold his own against the Bomber or even outpoint him. What he diagnosed as Louis' weakness, was fully demonstrated in the Pastor fight.

When Schmeling faced Louis, Max exploded one myth—a myth that was mine as well as that of other scribes. He proved that Joe could be hit and that he was not immune to the knockout punch. In all of the fights following that, Louis came along like a house afire, bowling down one opponent after the other—and as Jack Johnson pointed out—all because those men fought as Louis wanted them to do—they had decided to take their chances and mix it, or else, they had entered the ring with fear in their hearts.

* * *

THEN came the battle with Pastor, a young, aggressive, kid from New York, a lad who from all angles, had to be considered a novice compared to Louis. The youthful New Yorker, with only two ten round bouts to his credit, and with weight, reach, punching power and experience all in favor of his opponent, stepped into the Garden ring to face his so-called executioner and to the amazement of the fans and the scribes, he exploded another Louis myth. This time he went a step further than did Max Schmeling. While Max demonstrated to the Queen's taste that the Bomber could be hit with a right and could be kayoed, Pastor proved that a brainy, fearless fighter who could move about the ring in a manner to disconcert the Negro and prevent him from tossing his Sunday punch against a stationary target, could hold his own. And thus has been shattered the myth of greatness originally tagged on to Louis. Henceforth I fear that he must be called a good, hard hitter, but so far as classing him, as I have done and have others, in the super-class of fighters, that no longer is possible.

And all because Bob Pastor, a 10 to 1 shot in the betting, scaling only 179 to 203 pounds, lasted ten rounds against Joe in their Garden battle. Of course there will be many dissenters to my argument, but let me analyze the situation and then see if you will agree with me. It must be conceded that a great fighter is one who possesses everything. He is a fighter whose assets are far beyond the average, the assets that a Corbett, Jeffries, Dempsey, Ketchel, Johnson, Fitz, Ryan, Walker and others of that type possessed.

* * *

WHEN Louis started his career, we thought he had all of those because we were blinded by his tremendous punching power—a power he still has. As time went on, and Louis bowled over opponent after opponent, it became apparent that, given a target to shoot at, no fighter living could stand up against the hard-hitting Bomber.

Then came the crash in the Schmeling battle. Joe then showed a lack of defense against a right, but in the succeeding fights, he emerged with a halo because again his hitting came to the fore. In addition he had improved his defense against the right hand attack, though he still was a target for such blows.

But in all of his fights, both before and after the Schmeling affair, Joe proved that he was purely a counter fighter. He could make his own battle. He seldom led. He waited for his opponent to set the fighting pace, and then out would lash his powerful fists and the fight was over. There was greatness in his fighting, but only to a certain extent.

It took Pastor to open our eyes to a defect we hitherto had not ascertained. Bob demonstrated that without his punch, Louis was lost; without a standing target, he couldn't connect with his Sunday wallop; without an opponent's leading, the Bomber couldn't counter and without countering, Joe just didn't know what to do.

That is the lesson we have learned and it is one which will help considerably—or at least should, in future predictions. For one thing, I now think that we who have given Braddock so little a chance against Louis if they should meet, will be compelled to alter our opinion. At least I will.

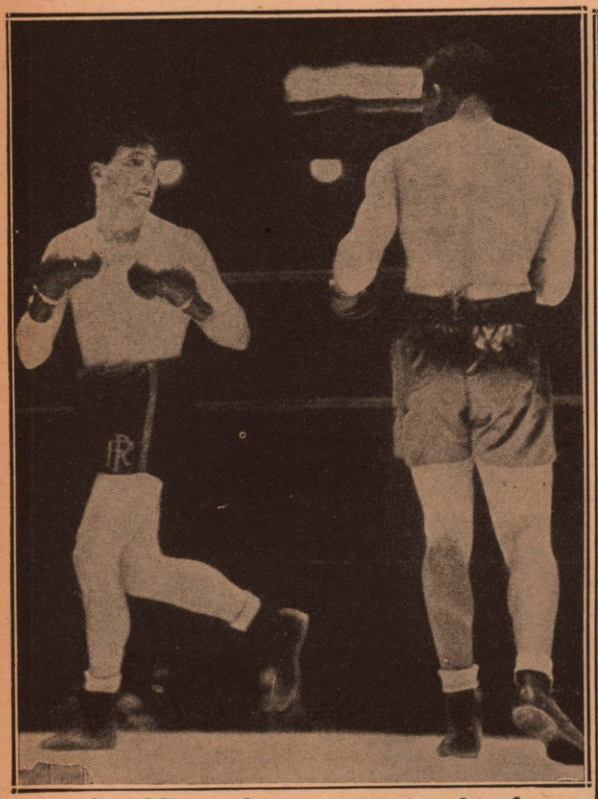
* * *

THE fight that Pastor put up against Louis was almost identical with that which Braddock fought against Baer. On that occasion, it will be recalled that Jimmy Johnston, master mind of the Pastor stable, acted also as chief advisor in Jimmy's corner and the very same words he kept shouting at Braddock then, he repeated, but even in a louder voice, for Pastor—"keep moving. Don't let him get set. Move around and make him do the leading. Clinch when in close."

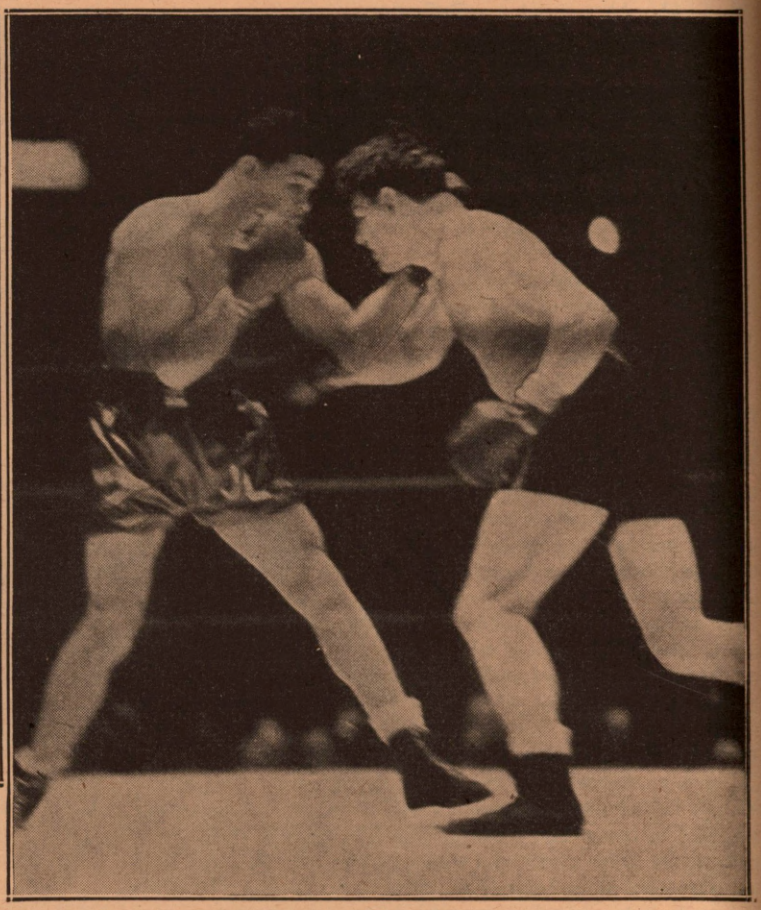
And as each of the 18,864 persons who saw Pastor last the limit with Louis, knows, Bob followed those instructions to the letter. Had he disobeyed and exchanged punches with the Negro as he was most anxious to do, it is my opinion he wouldn't have lasted five rounds. It was the strategy of the Pastor camp, headed by Jimmy Johnston and which counted among its members Jack Johnson, Harry Lenny, Dan McKetrick and Sammy Goldman, manager of Canzoneri, that fooled the scribes.

They had repeatedly released stories telling how Bob would tear into Louis and make a fight out of it, but instead, they engineered a plan that baffled Louis and made him look ridiculous. Bob gained the applause, and Joe the catcalls, and for the second time in a major heavyweight contest in the past six months, the scribes, including yours truly, took it on the chin sadly. Bob was trained one way for the public exhibitions, but drilled another for the actual battle, and he fooled us all.

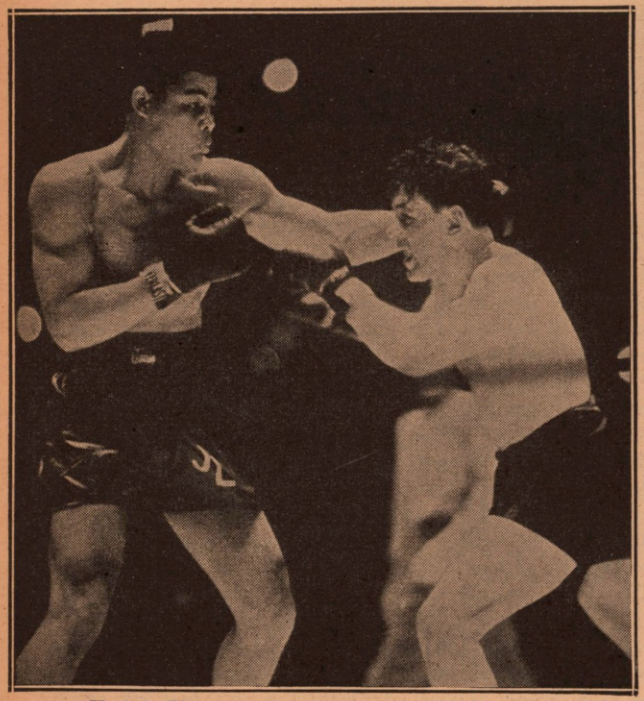
Swing Me Around Again, Willie



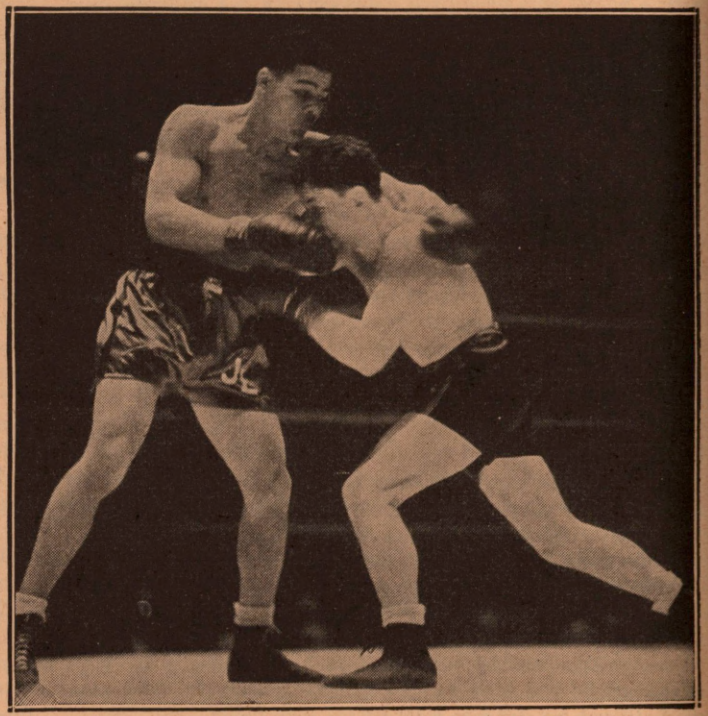
A good line on the retreat campaign adopted by Bob Pastor in his recent bout with Joe Louis. Note the indifferent posture assumed by Louis while gazing at Pastor and his methods.



One of the few scenes in which both principals are seen set for punching. Pastor is rushing Joe to get in some body blows while Louis seems in position to shoot a short right hand punch to the chin.



Here is Pastor rushing past Louis' left hand but seems to be open for a right hand counter from Louis. Nothing happened as Louis merely kept his hand cocked but did nothing about it.



From fighting to wrestling in one evening. Here are Pastor and Louis getting together in a close embrace. Louis has his left arm entwined around Pastor's neck and Bob rushed into a clinch but still nothing happened.

PASTOR did not do anything exciting to merit the demonstration started on his behalf other than that he remained on his feet for ten rounds. He had a definite purpose in mind and he carried it out to the letter. He stuck to his job from start to finish.

Amazing! Truly so!

The plodding Louis, if he is ever to reach the championship, must change his fighting tactics. His capable handlers, with Jack Blackburn at the helm, must realize that Jack Johnson's criticism is well founded. They should see to it, right now, that Louis' plodding is done away with, that his shuffling tactics be eliminated for an aggressive style and that he be taught to lead a little at least, instead of being wholly a counter fighter. I cannot conceive any reason why Blackburn hasn't done this to date. Joe cannot hope to win the title if he continues along the lines demonstrated against Pastor, the first fearless, brainy boy he has met since Schmeling halted his streak of victories.

* * *

THE fight itself? There was no fight! At only one time during the entire thirty minutes—the tenth round—were as many as a dozen blows struck. It was one continuous run, sprint or backward glide—with Louis attempting to corner Pastor and Bob avoiding the executioner with good footwork.

Louis wanted to fight. There could be no mistake about that. In fact, as the bout progressed, and he realized more and more that he was losing prestige by not putting his man down or punishing him, Joe became so riled that he missed by a mile when he did cut loose while the crowd howled with delight.

In his eagerness to land and turn the tide, his marksmanship was so poor that it was almost pathetic. For that reason alone, if for no other, our readers must not judge the scribes too harshly for predicting a speedy k.o. as they did when Joe faced Schmeling and took it on the chin. After all, it takes two to make a fight, and Louis couldn't fight by himself, but where he failed, was in not pressing the issue by taking a chance and tearing in instead of waiting for a perfect target. That's the fault I find with his battle. Joe's timing was woeful, and perhaps we can forgive that when we realize that he was so angered by Pastor's running tactics that at times, but only infrequently, he lunged forth with a shower of hooks that landed on the ozone. Pastor was in there to stay and stay he did.

The Bomber was a picture of dejection, blind with rage as the bout ended, while Pastor, elated at his success, stood waving to his people and bowing to the cheers of an army of New York University rooters. Contrary to expectations, the crowd was not bitter for not having seen a fight. The fans seemed to have forgotten all that and the demonstration in Pastor's favor, indicated that they had gotten their money's worth in the suspense, round after round, as the hoped for, expected kayo punch of Louis, failed to connect with his elusive opponent's body.

* * *

AS for the round by round detail, my analysis shows one round the same as each of the others except the tenth. There was more action in any of the preliminaries than there was in all of the main event. My score card gave Pastor two rounds and Louis eight. Joe did all the forcing, whatever fighting there was and the harder execution when a blow was landed. Joe left the ring with a puffed nose and blood trickling from his mouth, as a result of a right in the fifth round, and Bob had a slightly puffed lip.

My stop watch showed that 57 seconds of the first round was devoted entirely to feinting. Not a blow was struck and not one was attempted. In all but two of the other nine rounds, the same procedure was in evidence—Pastor, supposedly a non-thinker, thought plenty in his Garden battle. He outwitted his opponent and made Joe miss far more punches than did Schmeling. That showed smartness even though Bob was continually on the retreat.

The most interesting round for me was the tenth in which Bob forgot for a moment his sprints to stand and fight it out with Joe and took several of Joe's best punches without a whimper.

A damaging punch in the fourth, a powerful left hook to the head that shook Pastor was the only real, solid wallop in the entire fight.

* * *

VIEWED from any angle, the fight was probably the worst heavyweight contest staged in New York since the famous Kid McCoy-Jim Corbett fiasco in the old Garden many years ago. Perhaps Bob Pastor is not entirely to blame, but he must assume the greater share. Louis is criticized because he didn't throw caution to the winds and rush in, pell-mell, in an effort to force Bob in a corner and belt him into helplessness. He is also criticized because he happens to be the victim of a great build-up, of which the scribes, including the writer, were responsible.

We built him up into a super-fighter, and Max Schmeling shattered that myth, yet we would not admit that the knockout was anything more than a lucky shot. But that myth, if it needed any further shattering, was fully exploded by Pastor, who proved that Joe Louis is not a finished fighter, lacks many essentials of the great ringmen and the blame for that, falls wholly upon his trainers, who have failed in their task to take full advantage of the physical attributes possessed by Joe but not developed.

If there was any lingering doubt about Louis' shortcomings, at least so far as I'm concerned, they were dispelled in the Garden fight. Joe has not been schooled properly, otherwise he would have made short work of Pastor by rushing him, feinting him, taking a chance on a pot shot that might come his way, and have forced Pastor to fight—a thing he didn't do. Why he should have shuffled along when he had every physical advantage, is something I cannot conceive, unless he was afraid of young Bob.

* * *

THE fight fans who paid $111,570 to see a thrilling contest, saw a running match instead, but they liked it because the white man had fooled the black man, had somewhat humiliated him by remaining on his feet for ten rounds when according to all signs, had he fought, the battle would have ended in a few rounds. Bob must be given some credit for that, at least.

Pastor won a moral victory—that's true. Years from now, when the records of the respective fighters are perused, the fans will note that Bob Pastor was among those who lost to Louis but was not even floored by the Bomber in ten rounds. They will not have an opportunity to note in the records that Pastor sprinted for eight of the ten rounds, and that he did so at the command of the men who handled his affairs.

Had that fight been staged between two preliminary boys, the referee might have heaved both out of the ring and called the bout "no contest." But Arthur Donovan was put on the spot. He had several things to contend with.

For one, the importance of the contest. Secondly, the huge attendance, with its army of notables, many of whom had come hundreds of miles to see the affair. Next, the fact that the matchmaker of the show was also the father of the manager of Pastor and a most interested person in Bob's success. Fourth, that this man, Jimmy Johnston, was the one who from the ringside aisle, was yelling advice at the top of his voice to Bob, not to fight, but to keep moving.

To halt the bout under such circumstances, would have invited a riot. To stop it, would have brought on a political battle in which the boxing commission would have been accused by the Garden matchmaker and the Garden officials as playing favorites by ruining the Garden, to favor Mike Jacobs' Hippodrome, since Jacobs, was the man behind the guns in the management of Louis. Therefore, I must disagree with those who thought the bout should have been tossed out.

I do think, a few timely warnings from Donovan might have, but not necessarily would have, resulted in some real action. At least, it would have been a good gesture.

* * *

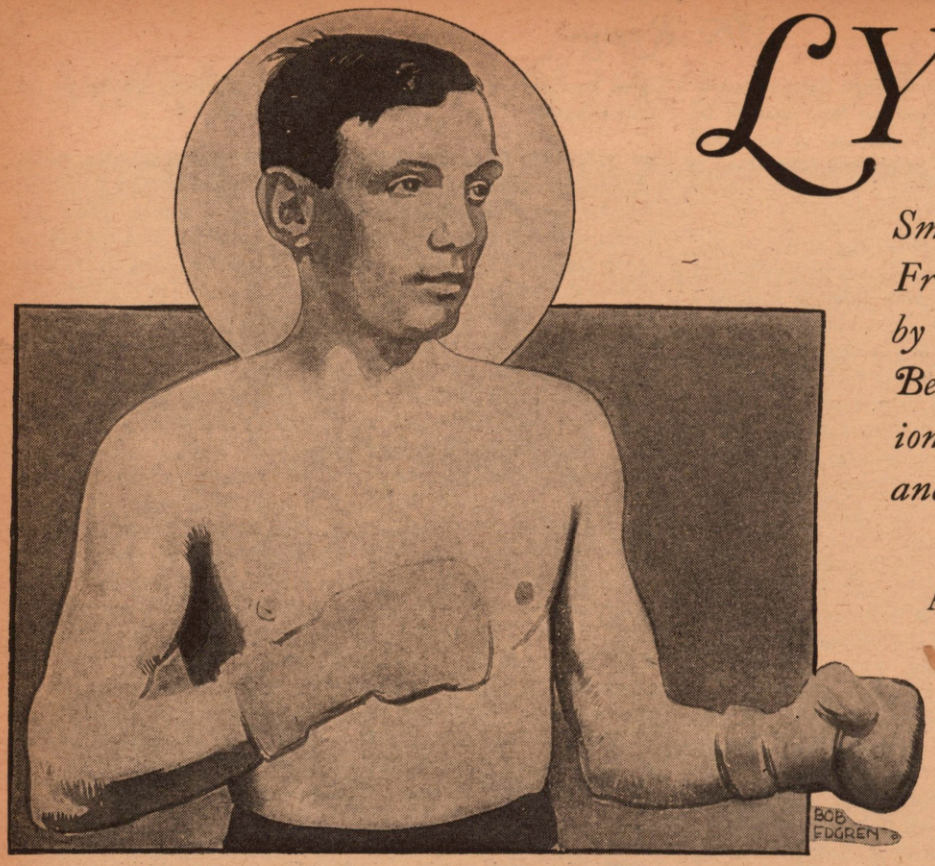
SO far as a return bout is concerned, again I must disagree with those who think it would not draw. I'll venture to predict that an outdoor bout between Pastor and Louis will gross $200,000.

Even after the Garden fiasco? Yes. *(Continued on page 45)*

LYNCH

Small Montana Makes Friends—Earns Admirers by Fine Showing Against Benny Lynch in Championship Match—Wembley and the Garden Compared

By
A. FRANK TINSLEY
(Special sports writer for Reuter's)



Jimmy Wilde, great British flyweight who thinks he could have cleaned up present crop of "game-cocks."

LONDON boxing "fans" are hoping that Small Montana will not decide to return to the United States without giving them another opportunity of seeing him in action. The little brown-skinned Filipino became a favorite over night here, through his excellent showing against Benny Lynch of Scotland, by whom he was defeated after fifteen hectic rounds for the flyweight championship of the world recently.

We knew he must have plenty of fight in those little fists of his when he elected to cross the Atlantic and risk, on foreign soil, the world title which, through recognition by the New York State Athletic Commission, he held, against a man good enough to be similarly recognized on this side of the water.

Small did not let us or his country down in that fight. He fought with pluck and gave everything that was in him from the first bell to the last, though he was at a disadvantage in weight, height and reach.

His defeat was, I consider, due largely to the fact that Benny was quicker to take advantage of every opportunity that came to him. My score card at the end of the bout showed 7 rounds for Lynch, 2 for Montana and 6 even, though in reality the contest was by no means as one-sided as these figures would make it appear to have been.

Some of the six even rounds might well have gone to Montana by a shade, for his fine last-minute rallies which offset Lynch's attacks, but I did not consider them quite strong enough to merit registering a tick in Small's column.

* * *

IT was the American boy who started the fireworks going. He carried off the first two rounds with a lightning attack, once landing such a smasher to the Scottish lad's face, that Benny went back on the ropes visibly flustered.

I confess that, from my knowledge of the ability of most top-notch American fighters, and because I had not previously seen Lynch in action, I had wagered a little something on Montana, and in the opening rounds I began to have visions of a little extra pocket money rolling in. But I did not know Lynch!

Weathering the furious opening rounds, Benny thereafter boxed superbly and never looked back. With his rapier left, as fine a weapon as I have seen on any boxer, he piled up points for himself and although the ringcraft tactics of Montana were of high calibre, Benny nearly always had slightly the better of affairs.

Time and again Montana lost an opportunity to score valuable points. Having Lynch with his back to the ropes, or in a corner, he unfortunately refused to rush in to the attack, and smother his opponent with two-fisted blows. His delays gave Lynch just the time he needed to recover himself. I believe Montana would have stood a much better chance of carrying off the title had he kept up the aggressiveness which characterised his earlier fighting and adopted more whirlwind tactics. Such whirlwind methods, which we over here regard as one of the outstanding characteristics of American boxers, have spelt "finis" for many British and other foreign fighters who have gone to the United States in search of fortunes and titles, and they might have turned the tide at Wembley.

The fight was refreshingly clean throughout. Fouls, but for one or two very minor ones which were obviously unintentional and consisted mainly of light blows landed by Lynch on Montana's thighs, were conspicuous by their absence. And, to his credit, there was never a sound of protest from Small when they did land.

British and American Referees

The deportment of the referee, Mr. Thomas, in the ring, struck me forcibly, for it was so different from that of most American referees. Throughout the contest, it was only once or twice that he stepped between the boxers, and for the most part, he confined his control of the fight to words, leaving the two men to break themselves from the clinches.

There is much to be said in favor of Mr. Thomas's method. The fighters are not worried by continual physical intervention by the third man, such as I know, often worries British boxers when making their debuts in the U.S.A. and, not the least interesting part of a fight for the spectators is, I think, in observing how the boxers extricate themselves from clinches. It is surprising how quickly they manage it, unless, of course, they are a couple of thoroughly lazy fellows who are content to waltz each other around the ring. Then, naturally, they must be made to separate.

Thirdly, I might jocularly remark, Mr. Thomas, under his system of refereeing, undoubtedly returned home after the fight a considerably less weary man than would one of his American contemporaries if he had been the third man in the ring. This I say with all due respect to American referees, who handle their difficult job splendidly I consider.

WINS TITLE

THERE is some talk over here that Benny may soon forsake the flyweight ranks and try his luck among the bantamweights. Then he will, it is said, seek a titular contest in New York with Sixto Escobar. The latter, fine boxer though he indubitably is, will do well not to think lightly of the little Scotsman when and if he ever signs up for a fight with him. Benny is a handful of dynamite!

I should like to see him go across to follow in the footsteps of Jack Berg, Jock McAvoy, Len Harvey, Nel Tarleton and others, for I am sure that he will bring credit to British boxing and pleasure to the American fight public. They need have no qualms about his ability to please.

The ringside seats included numerous celebrities of society and sport. I saw there Sir Malcolm Campbell, nearly as great a boxing "fan" as he is a racing driver, and near to him sat Jim Mollison, the aviator. Jimmy Wilde, the "mighty atom" of bygone days, watched the contest with keen interest throughout. I wondered as I looked at him, what his thoughts were. What did he think of the two leading flyweights of the world to-day? Apparently, judging by his remarks over the radio after the fight, he did not consider that he would have had much difficulty in beating either one of them.

* * *

WEMBLEY, or to give it its full name, the Wembley Empire Pool and Sports Arena, is the Madison Square Garden of London. Like the Garden, it is built for sports attractions such as boxing, ice hockey, etc., and in shape, is very similar. But in other respects, the two places differ from each other quite largely.

Having spent much of my time in New York during the past five or six years in Madison Square Garden, supplying by cable ringside reports of the boxing matches there to appease the appetite for American boxing news of the British public, I naturally felt strange in Wembley. It was difficult not to think I was in the Garden, and any moment I almost expected to see the face of Jimmy Johnston appear at the ringside.

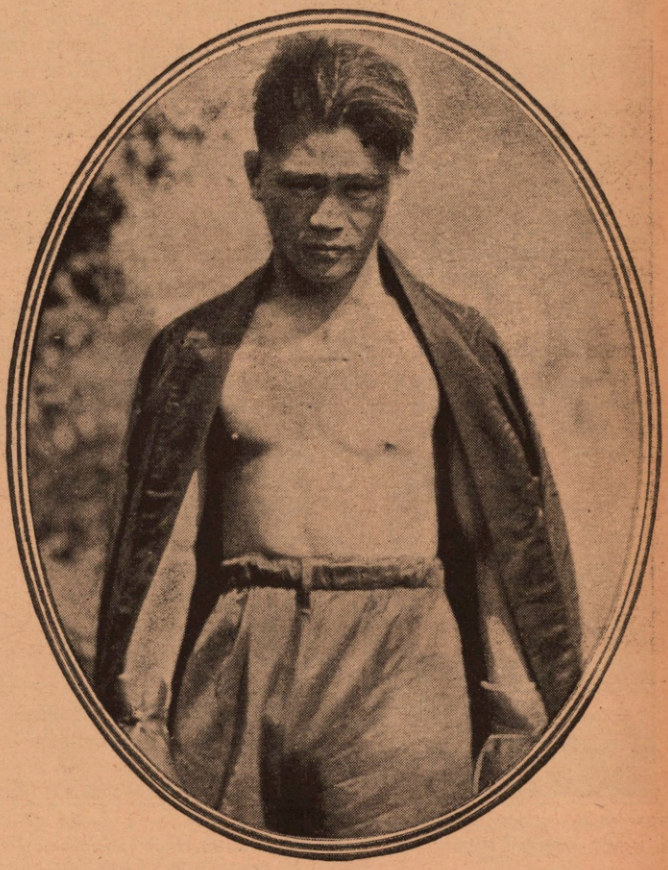
Instead, I saw Len Harvey, whom people in New York will remember for his three appearances at Madison Square Garden in 1931. Immaculate in dinner jacket, and a broad smile betraying the pleasure he must have been feeling at the box office receipts Len officiated at the ring in his capacity of boxing promoter of Wembley. He is the "Jimmy Johnston" of London's "Garden."

Len seemed little changed since I saw him in America in 1931. He looked the picture of fitness, though definitely appeared to have grown fatter since those days. Only a few weeks ago in the same ring for which he is boxing promotor, Harvey lost a fifteen round decision to another great American fighter, John Henry Lewis. Lewis returned to the United States not only with his world's light heavyweight title intact, but with the stamp of approval of the British fight-following public firmly imprinted on him.

* * *

ONE thing which Wembley has and Madison Square Garden has not, is a section set apart where refreshments may be consumed in full view of the boxing ring. This section, situated where, in New York, would be the mezzanine seats, is furnished with comfortable seats and tables. At these, specially-invited guests may sip drinks and enjoy sandwiches and other sweetmeats while the boxers whale away at each other in the ring. The idea is similar to that in the famous Winter Garden Theatre, Berlin, where, from the balcony, patrons can eat and drink and watch the performance on the stage at the same time.

One point on which Wembley and Madison Square Garden, and for that matter, all American boxing arenas, differ widely, is that of the working press section. Everyone who has attended a fight in America, knows the elaborate facilities placed at the disposal of the sports writers there, and has seen the rows and rows of them working with ringside wires and morse operators, despatching their stories to their newspapers and to the four corners of the earth with lightning speed.



Pancho Villa, America's last great flyweight king.

In London it is vastly different. Of course the press sit around the ring as they do in America, though not usually in such large numbers, but their lot is not nearly so fortunate as that of the sports writers in the United States.

There are no convenient wires installed at London ringsides for the journalists to use, and no operators to telegraph the stories. Instead, and I shuddered as I watched them, British journalists must *telephone* their accounts from the ring.

I have not tried the English system, except at Wimbledom for tennis championships, when I found it most inconvenient compared with the wire and operator facilities permitted at Forest Hills, New York. But I know which I prefer.

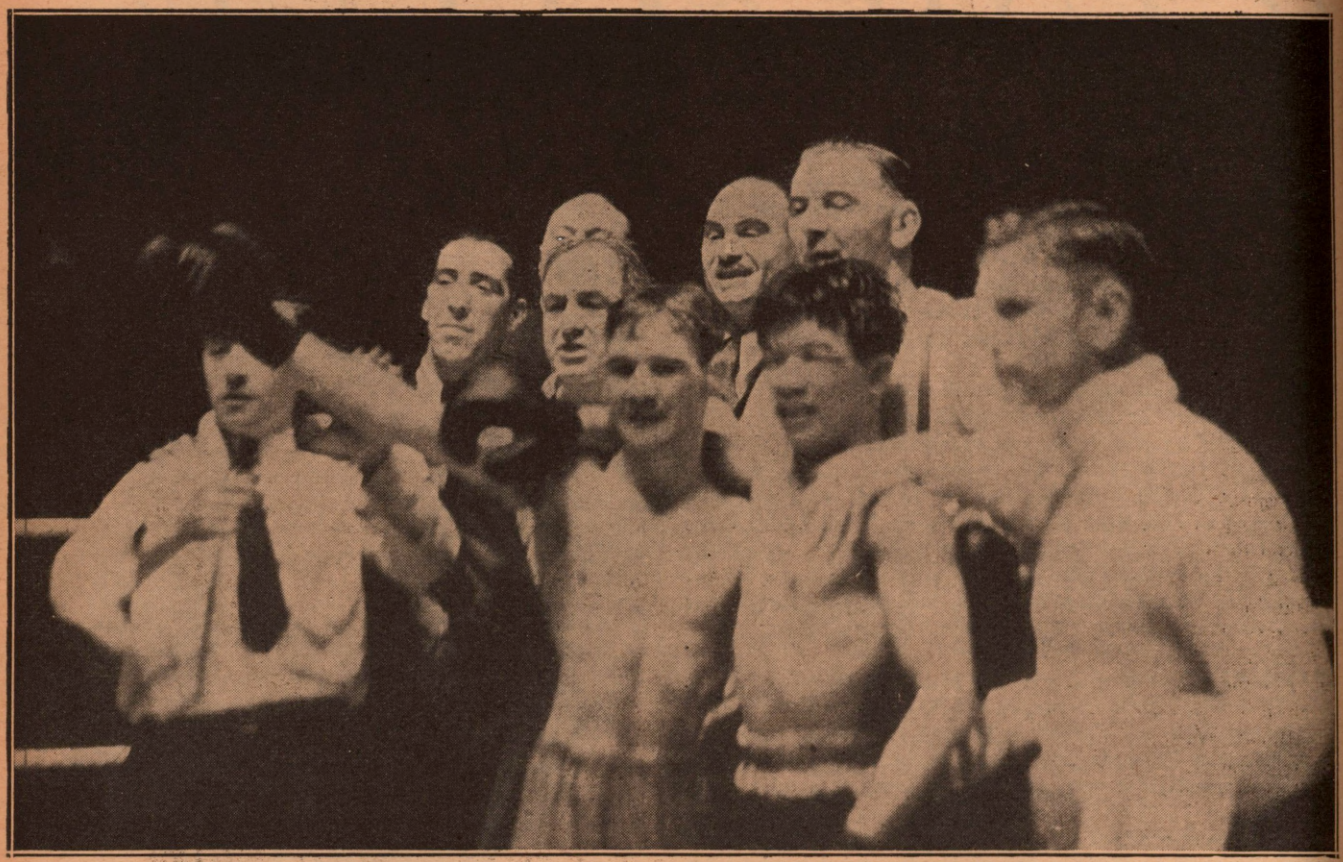
In the matter of the crowds at Wembley and Madison Square Garden, there is not much between them. When thrills are coming thick and fast from the fighters, the roars of the London crowd can hold their own any day with those of the Garden patrons.

* * *

LIKE the Americans, whose sportsmanship towards foreign boxers I have always admired, London fight "fans" are extremely fair to the visitor. They certainly were in Montana's case. They poured forth unstinted applause for Montana whenever he deserved it. There was no one-sidedness about it, even though the crowd was naturally preponderantly British and wanted to see a British victory.

In conclusion, England can do with more visits from boxers of the Lewis and Montana calibre. They will find here admiring and appreciative audiences, and if they acquit themselves as nobly as have Montana and Lewis they will do much to keep American boxing at the high place it enjoys to-day in the esteem of the British boxing public.

Flyweights Have Their Day



Benny Lynch, hand raised, is proclaimed the new world flyweight champion. He has his other hand around the shoulders of the defeated title-holder, Small Montana of the Philippines. The bout drew a record gate for flyweights, with an attendance of more than 13,000 and receipts amounting to $70,000.

Over in Paris, Peter Kane, the eighteen-year-old flyweight star, added to England's prestige among the small boys by defeating Valentin Anglemann, French flyweight king, before 20,000 fans at the Palais des Sports in Paris. The referee is holding up Kane's hand in token of victory.

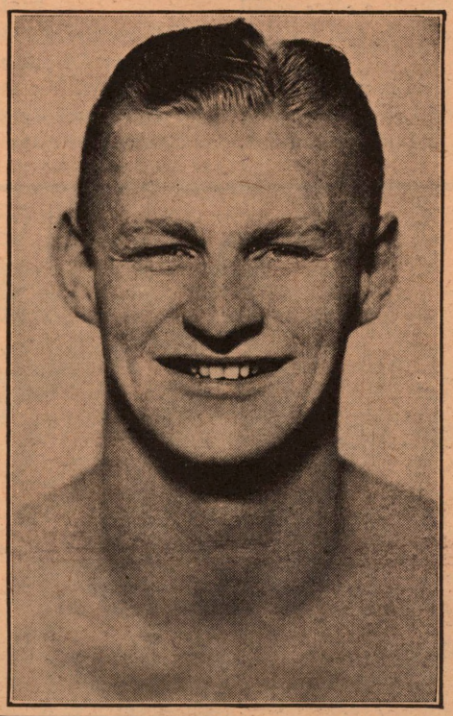
Tommy Burns' Prospects

By VAL J. ROCHE

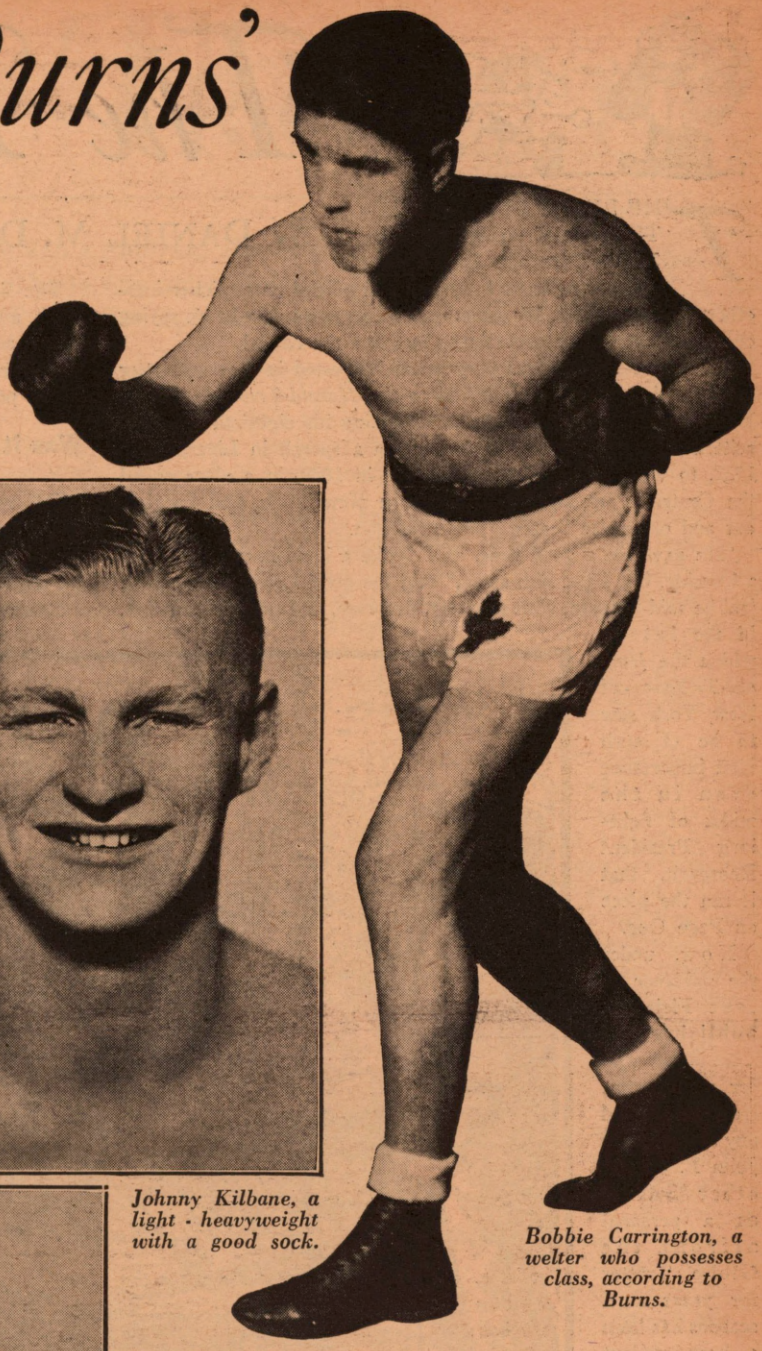
IT takes a champion to recognize a good fighting prospect, and that's why Tommy Burns, former world's heavyweight title-holder—and the only Canadian-born fighter ever to climb to the heavyweight heights—is displaying a whole lot of pride these days. There's a reason, for Tommy, who has been residing in Vancouver, B. C., for the past year, has under his direction two lads who he declares will measure up to the best. He has had them under his tutelage for several months, and is highly elated over their progress.

First comes Johnny Kilbane, born and raised in Bellingham, Washington. He is a light-heavyweight, nineteen years old, who Burns declares has the style and punching powers of Bob Fitzsimmons—and Burns should know. Six feet tall, and with a reach of seventy-six inches, this lad has had seventeen professional fights, and won them all, eleven by the K.O. route.

Kilbane appeared in the semi-windup with Jerome Louis of Seattle recently on the same card with Gordon Wallace, Canadian welterweight champion, and Midnight Bell, and the Kilbane-Louis bout stole the show. Kilbane had his man down for the count of eight in the first round and for the count of nine in the third, and won easily.



Johnny Kilbane, a light - heavyweight with a good sock.



Bobbie Carrington, a welter who possesses class, according to Burns.

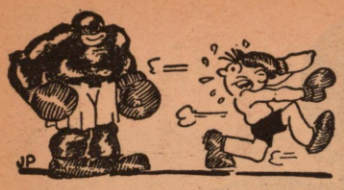
Tommy is looking forward to the day when Kilbane, with added weight, will be cutting a big swath in the heavyweight ranks; and for this reason, Burns has sent the boy up to the mountains, in care of his friend, Fred F. Foster, prominent mining man and owner of the Red Buck Mine. There Kilbane will put on weight and benefit from the mountain air.

* * *

THE second string to Tommy's bow is young Bobbie Carrington, who the former world champion declares will be as big a sensation as was Vancouver's fighting Irishman, Jimmy McLarnin.

Young Carrington, who hails from Alberta, is nineteen years old. He has a splendid record as a lightweight. In forty-seven bouts, he has emerged victorious in all but one. Now carrying 147 pounds, he is a full-fledged welter. Tommy has stacked him against the best of his class in and around Vancouver and the boy has proved his mettle. He has boxed with Gordon Wallace, Canadian (Continued on page 44)

Tommy Burns, as he now looks. The former world heavyweight champion is now living in Vancouver.



The RING'S

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

THE RING'S GLOBE TROTTER is not merely a Globe Trotter. He also is the self-constituted RING busybody and official nose-sticker-into-other-people's-affairs. He scans the boxing news as a hawk spying out the country barnyard. Yeah, just like the hawk!

The Globe Trotter was very much interested in a recent letter from Lord Lonsdale of England to the *Herald-Tribune* of New York, in which the good Lord, celebrating his eightieth birthday, reiterated a statement he had made in a speech in Liverpool in 1932, to wit, that he, Lord Lonsdale, in 1879, in a place called the Central Park Riding Academy in New York, had knocked out and otherwise beaten "Jim" Sullivan.

"He gave me a good time, as I broke a bone in my chest and a knuckle, but I put him away," said the good Lord in Liverpool, and he said it again, with modesty, decorum, and splendid English, in the letter which the *Herald-Tribune* of New York saw to be of such vital importance even in the midst of fighting President Roosevelt, that it ran the piece on Page One.

Now, under the guidance of Nat Fleischer, publisher of THE RING, who for many years has regarded any aspersion on John L. or any other Sullivan as a personal affront, the Globe Trotter for years and seasons has been a keen student of things relating to the Boston Strong Boy.

Consequently, the Globe Trotter dashed for the boxing record book in quest of a fight between Lord Lonsdale, the British Lion, and John L. Sullivan, the Yankee Thumper, in New York in 1879. Remember, Lord Lonsdale refers to him as Jim Sullivan, which may furnish a clue either to double personality on the part of Sullivan, or misapprehension on the part of Lord Lonsdale.

Well, the Globe Trotter dashed for the records, and there on Page 164 of Tom Foley's very fine and authentic book was the story of John L. Sullivan, but no Jim.

In 1879, Sullivan, it would appear, was known only to a somewhat limited circle of the Fancy in his native Boston. He was comparatively unknown in New York and one might even go so far as to say that in 1879, Sullivan had not yet been to New York.

In 1878 and 1879, John L. was better known as a ball player around Boston than he was as a fighter. In those years he met such worthies as Cocky Woods, Dan Dwyer, Tommy Chandler, Mike Donovan and Patsy Hogan.

Of course, it is just barely possible and barely conceivable that Lord Lonsdale was here incognito, and that he really was Cocky Woods. Or even Tommy Chandler. Or Patsy Hogan. Not that Lonsdale would have scorned such monikers, as when he was a lad he ran away with a circus.

The Sullivan historians say John L. did not show up in New York until 1881, when he landed at Harry Hill's on Houston Street and kayoed Steve Taylor in a couple of heats. Then John took John Flood out on a barge off Yonkers and cancelled the future police officer in eight rounds.

Was it Jim or John, or was it a Spoof, is what the historian wants to know!

OF course, we must enter into this investigation with every effort for the truth and every determination against misapprehension. We must deny the door to nobody, and yet open the door to nobody who hasn't the pass word.

Boxing historians of the long ago were not over-careful. We catch them in error ever so often. Arrant error, sir!

Historians insist this picture shows John L. Sullivan beating Flood on a barge, but it may be Jim Sullivan taking a socking from Lord Lonsdale. Who knows!

Then again, Lord Lonsdale says he did all this under a sort of incog. He adds that nobody knew that he had Charley Mitchell with him. That is another ramification which may lead us off on another tangent, but we will resist its temptations and stick to the main issue.

There is still another angle. In those days it was the habit of famous fighters to meet well-known sportsmen, or guys of wealth who fancied themselves handy with the mitts, and let these birds of money sock them "out" in some out-of-the-way barn.

There are some five or six others who, unwritten history will tell you, also "disposed" of Sullivan in riding academies and barns. Of course, you have heard of the man who whipped Corbett "in private," or the man who knocked Jim Jeffries down "in private," of the millionaire who would have been champion of the world if he had not been a millionaire.

Lord Lonsdale, in writing to the *Herald-Tribune*, says he knocked out Jim Sullivan. It is the disposition of the Globe Trotter to concede that point. Let there be no more debate as to what

GLOBE TROTTER

Lord Lonsdale and a Sullivan, Jim or John L.?—Other hitherto unwritten chapters—The Louis-Pastor foot race analyzed.

Lord Lonsdale did to Jim Sullivan.

One thing is certain. Lord Lonsdale WAS in New York in 1879. He DID fight a man by the name of Sullivan in 1879. He DID knock out a man by the name of Sullivan. It may have been Jim, it may have been Harry or Fred or even Esau.

Lord Lonsdale's veracity is not under question. His having been here and stopped a man by the name of Sullivan is conceded, and we wish Lord Lonsdale many happy, healthy years loaded with pleasant reminiscences. He is a kindly old gentleman, a fine sportsman, in his day he was a good fighter.

This piece is not undertaken with the idea of doubting Lord Lonsdale or spoofing a kindly old gentleman of eighty, who has earned the respect of the world. But if boxing historians are to be reproved, let them be. Where have they been all these years? Or don't they give a hoot about "Jim" Sullivan?

Before jaunting off the range, the Globe Trotter would like to look into stories far less credible than the one which involves Jim-John Sullivan—yarns of a very romantic nature which boxing historians have neglected to follow up and have failed to include in their tomes on the subject of fights and fighters.

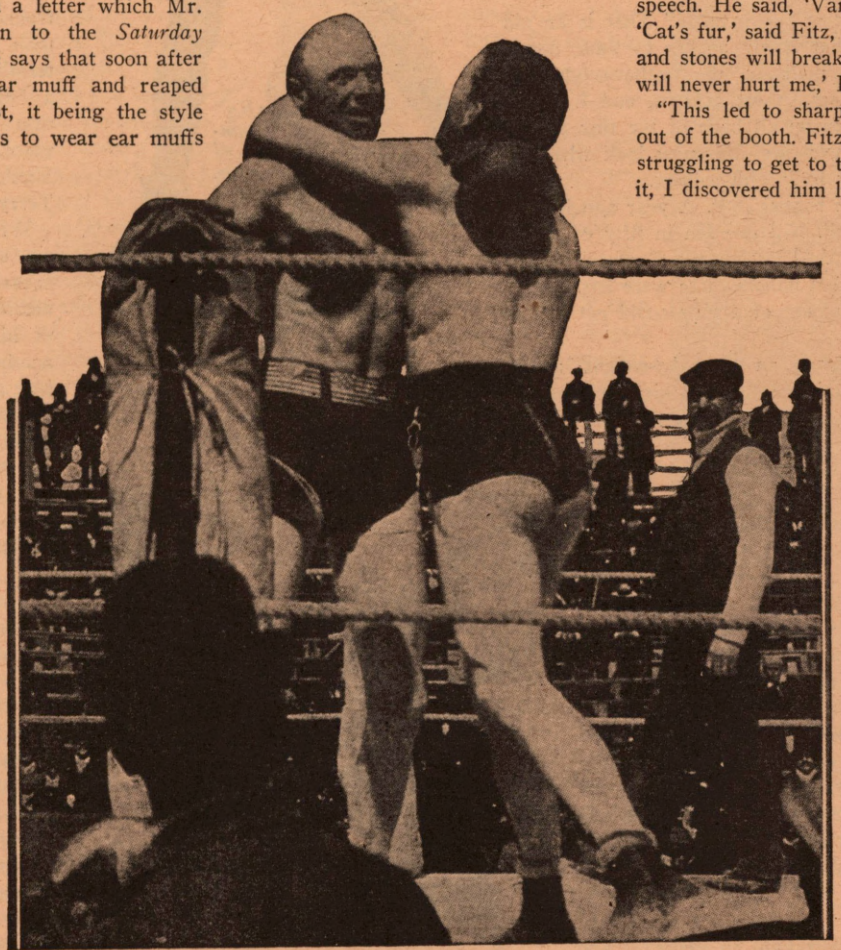
"I knocked out 'Jake' Corbett in 1882 in the Old Mill at Coney Island," says G. Harrtington Sneakwood, inventor of the Ear Muff.

THE GLOBE TROTTER is very much interested in a letter which Mr. Sneakwood has written to the *Saturday Night Bath*, in which he says that soon after he had invented the ear muff and reaped quite a financial harvest, it being the style and habit of our fathers to wear ear muffs on account of the old-fashioned winters, he engaged "Jake" Corbett in a bloody encounter in the Old Mill in Coney Island.

"I remember meeting 'Jake' in the Old Glory saloon, which at that time was on the corner of—well, never mind. It was on a corner, and I met 'Jake' there and he got to boasting how he had knocked out 'Phil' Sullivan in New Orleans.

"I suppose I had had a couple of snifters. In my school days I was known as Snuffles. This was a nickname I got on account of my being tough with the kids. Well, I stepped up and I said, 'Jake, here is one man whom you can't beat.'

"I challenged 'Jake' and he challenged me, and we got into a hansom cab and drove out to Coney Island. The Old Mill was deserted. I had planned my battle coming over the Brooklyn Bridge, and that was to startle Corbett by leading with my right. At first, I was disposed to upset him by leading with my left. But in the end, strategy got the better of me, and that is the story of how I stopped 'Jake' Corbett in the third round at Coney Island."



This picture, Chumley, is supposed to show Jim Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons in action, but it is likely it is just a shot of the Sneakwood triumph over Jake Corbett at Coney Island, or some place. Who knows!

Fred S. Nosewart, steel magnate, tells of his great triumph over Fitzsimmons in a telephone booth.

ONE of the classics of unwritten boxing history, which must be here written at last, has to do with the great one-round victory of Fred S. Nosewart, the inventor of the steal process of making steel, over Fitzsimmons in 1892.

Every year, on his birthday, Mr. Nosewart gives a dinner, and over the ninth cup of Cheateau Yquem he spills the inside story of his great triumph over Fitz.

"As you know, 'Lou' Fitzsimmons just had come here from Tahiti and was creating quite a furor," Nosewart says. "Telephone booths were new in those days. It took an expert to get into one and a bigger liar to get out. I was in a booth sleeping off—or, rather, I was calling someone about important business—and suddenly I discovered another man in the booth with me.

"I saw immediately it was Fitzsimmons! He had that broad Samoan accent which characterized his speech. He said, 'Vamos.' I said, 'Whutfur?' 'Cat's fur,' said Fitz, quick as a flash. 'Sticks and stones will break your bones, but names will never hurt me,' I snickered.

"This led to sharp words. I tried to get out of the booth. Fitz tried to get out. While struggling to get to the air and let him have it, I discovered him lying in a heap. He had been knocked colder than an absinthe frappe. The coroner's verdict was self-defense. Fitz never again was the same."

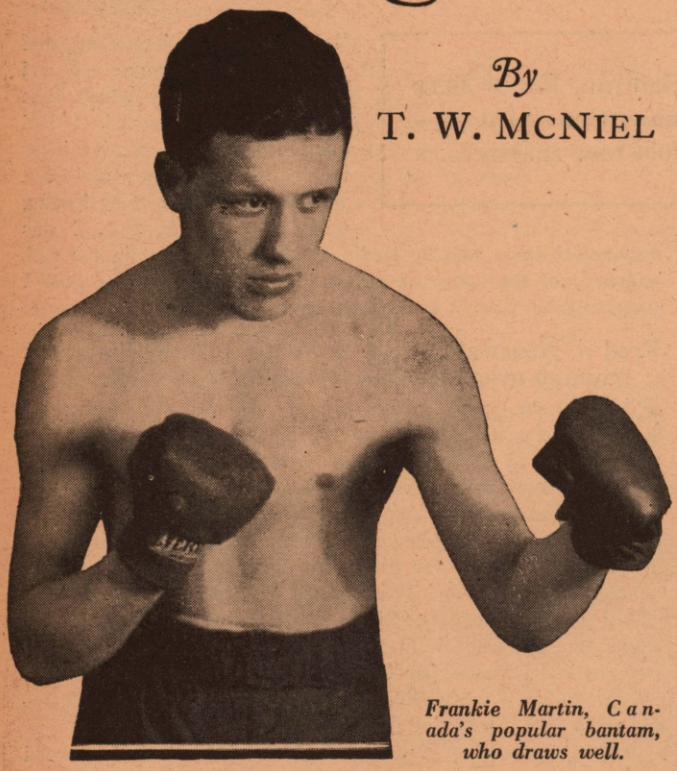
Louis and Pastor fail to help each other in great foot race in the crowded Garden.

THE GLOBE TROTTER here will take a merciful attitude toward the sixty-five other unwritten boxing classics which he has hidden away in his brief case, and for the time being will oblige his readers by keeping them hidden. There is no time like the present to keep such things out of print. They might become epi-

(Cont. on page 45)

Boxing's Gamecocks

By T. W. McNIEL



Frankie Martin, Canada's popular bantam, who draws well.

"IT'S a long road that never turns." That is an old axiom, and one that surely applies to those down-trodden flights of pugilism, the featherweight and bantamweight classes, A lot of fans, and I among them, had just about given up all hope of the tiny fellows ever coming back into their own. But now look what has happened. They're coming back with a bang.

Let's take a peek at the banties first. A year ago interest in them was practically nil. Not one fan in fifty could tell you who was bantie champ. Al Brown, the elongated Negro, had the firmest grip on what honors there were left. But he was in Europe, and no amount of urging could get him to these shores.

Furthermore, he had become an "over-the-weight" addict. Various state boxing commissions vacated his title, but, like a lot of boxing commission edicts, nobody paid any attention to it. After all, some guy had to lick the Panama bean-pole in the ring before they could jar him loose from his title.

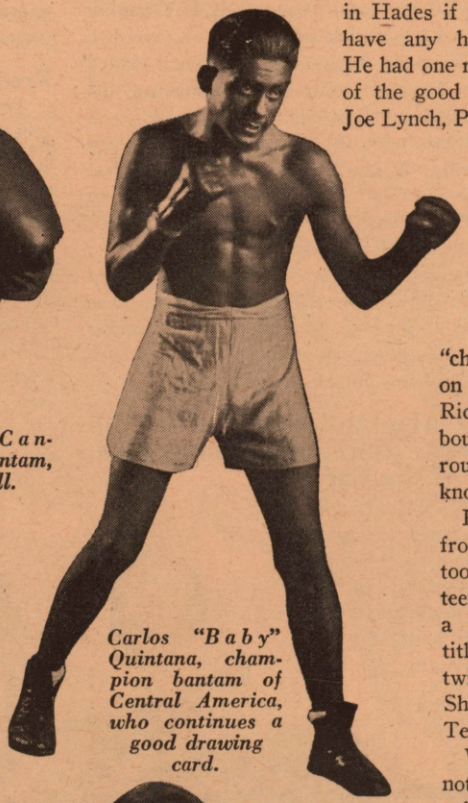
Then, with bantamweight fortunes at the lowest ebb of all time, things began to happen. First, Mrs. Brown's skinny son got a good, old-fashioned tanning over in sunny Spain at the hands of one Baltasar Sangchili, a swarthy descendant of the haughty Spanish Dons. Nobody outside of Europe had ever heard of young Mr. Sangchili, therefore most of us thought it must have been more or less of an accident.

Nevertheless, fans pricked up their ears with the announcement of a new champion. Of course, the various commissions over the country laughed off the Spaniard's title claims. He hadn't licked any of their hand-picked "champions," so naturally, he was just another pug to them.

* * *

BUT Mr. Average Fight Fan, an impartial and fair judge of fights and fighters, in spite of what a lot of guys think, jotted Mr. Sangchili down in their book as champion. Then the Spaniard crossed over the big basin to prove his right to be called champion. In the due course of time, he tangled with Tony Marino, who was killed in a bout a fortnight ago and who was not rated high in mitt circles. In spite of his lack of reputation, Marino proceeded to knock the daylights out of his Spanish foeman after he had absorbed a nifty thrashing.

Things began to hum now in bantie circles. Here the championship had changed hands by the proper route—the kayo. That is the way your fight fan likes them to change. There ain't no finding fault with a "ten" count wallop. Nobody gave two whoops in Hades if young Mr. Marino didn't have any high-powered background. He had one now anyway. This savored of the good old days when guys like Joe Lynch, Pete Herman and Kid Williams were dusting their fistic brethren off the canvas.



Carlos "Baby" Quintana, champion bantam of Central America, who continues a good drawing card.

And did Tony Marino embark on a "safety first," program? Not that lad. He hadn't got used to being called "champion," before he took on Sixto Escobar, the Porto Rico Whirlwind, in a title bout over the fifteen round route. The result is well known.

Poor Tony was battered from pillar to post before he took the count in the thirteenth round, but he showed a fighting heart. Here the title had changed hands twice, and by the kayo route. Shades of Gawgie Dixon and Terry McGovern!

Whether they like it or not, anybody that denies Escobar's title claims now, is making a plain "damphool," of himself. Maybe he isn't another Dixon, certainly he isn't another McGovern. We even hesitate to say that he could have licked Pete Herman or Joe Lynch.

But we do say, that Sixto Escobar is the undisputed bantamweight champion. And we further say, that Sangchili, the late Tony Marino, Salica and Escobar helped to put bantamweight boxing on the highest plane of popularity that the division has enjoyed since old Kid Depression took a round-house wallop at the mitt industry back in 1929.

Tony Marino, who was killed in ring battle last month.

And give us a few more fighting bantie champs like the three above mentioned laddies, and you'll see more interest among the 118 pounders than any time since the turn of the century. The bantams have been in eclipse a long time, and as I said at the

Coming to the Fore

beginning of this article, "It's a long road that never turns," and all indications now point to the little fellows as about to have their inning.

* * *

AND these 126 pounders. They've had their day of adversity, too. Their ranks shorn of exceptional performers for years, interest in the class nullified by silly commission made "champions," now find them forging to the front again. The guy that put spice in the featherweight dough, was none other than Freddie Miller. He wasn't the greatest 126 pounder that ever lived. Far from it. In fact, I believe I could name you a half a dozen featherweights that could have taken the Cincinnati walloper at their own pleasure.

But Miller isn't a "shove-over," by any means. Furthermore, he would as soon fight a guy in his own backyard as any place else. And he didn't hesitate to put his crown on the barrel-head when he did it, either. He went out over the country, in fact, we might add, he went out over the world and earned his title by right of conquest.

He licked the champions of practically every country on the face of the globe and returned home to find that his Mexican pal, "Baby" Arizmendi, was "champion," in the eyes of the New York boxing commission. It was so silly a ruling, it was comical. However, he was the real champion despite that august body's proclamation to the contrary.

Then he journeyed down into sunny Dixie to fight a native idol, Petey Sarron. The pair put on a rip-snorter of a scrap, but Freddie emerged with his crown, though the Alabama Syrian succeeded in knocking it somewhat askew. Sarron demanded another shot at him, and Freddie, instead of seeking refuge in the "non-title" shell, promptly accepted the challenge.

The pair met at Washington, D. C. A place where they used to put you in the jug if you even looked like you wanted to see a fight. (Further proof that boxing is progressing.) This time, Birmingham Pete licked the Cincinnati southpaw, and forthwith established himself solidly as kingpin of the 126 pounders. He ain't another Johnny Kilbane, not even another Johnny Dundee, but he is a guy that will fight when the occasion demands it. And you've got to hand the guy credit for bringing the featherweights out of the swamp of oblivion. Not forgetting to give Freddie Miller an equal share of the same credit.

Jim Warnock, Ireland's best flyweight.

And lest we forget, there is still another splendid feather in Mike Belloise, who is the recognized world champion so far as New York's commission is concerned. There can be no doubt about his calibre. He's tops as a fighter.

* * *

NOW the "mosquito fleet" of boxing, the flyweight division. They alone, of the little fellows, seem to be lagging a little in renewing their old-time activity, yet they are coming along. The wee fellows are sadly handicapped by a lack of a colorful champion. Another Jimmy Wilde, another Pancho Villa, or even another Frankie Genaro, would put them back on the upgrade. Right now there isn't an outstanding performer in the country.

Possibly Small Montana, a remnant of the Filipino horde that once swarmed over the country, is the best of a none too good a lot in this country. I never think of those 112-pounders but what I recall the unfortunate Pancho Villa and the crew of fellow countrymen that helped put the flyweights on an even keel with the other small classes of pugilism. Clever Senico, Young Dencio, Young Nationalista, Snake Aguinaldo, Pete Sarmiento and Frisco Conception.

Wow! what a crew of scrappers that gang of Filipinos were. Of course, all of 'em weren't 112-pounders, but every man Jack of 'em fought in that class at some time or other in their careers.

But it is always darkest before the dawn, and with the class at the lowest ebb I've ever known it, I can't help but feel that somewhere just around the corner, is lurking another Jimmy Wilde or Pancho Villa. And when he does come to the fore, look out! For those 112 pounders will come alive like a forest fire in a hurricane.

* * *

STRANGE as it may seem, America, the land of the greatest fistic fighters for many years, finds it most difficult to develop topnotch flyweights. In the bantam, feather and lightweight classes, we boast of a high class corps of fighting gamecocks. But somehow we just don't seem able to develop the flyweights.

Benny Lynch, new world's flyweight champion.

With the exception of Small Montana, the sturdy little Filipino who until a few weeks ago was our choice for the world flyweight championship, we cannot account for two other topnotchers among the first fifteen. Practically every boy of note in this division is a foreigner.

When Small Montana defeated Midget Wolgast about three years ago in California, despite stories to the contrary, both weighed in at the championship limit and Wolgast at that time was the universally recognized champion, there could be no doubt about Montana gaining the title from him, and now that Lynch has scored over Montana, he is the world flyweight king and no other fighter shares that honor with him. With the flyweight, bantam and featherweight divisions taking on a new lease of life, I expect to see things humming swiftly ere the summer comes around.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Who Said Depression! Not in the Boxing Game. Boxing the World Over, Draws Throngs. Loughran Pleads for Chance at Stars

SELDOM in recent years have so many important bouts been staged during the first month of a new year as was the case during the month of January. Starting with the Freddie Steele-Gorilla Jones battle on New Year's Day in Milwaukee, there were two or more bouts of major calibre each week. During the month such famed ring artists as Tommy Loughran, Benny Lynch, Small Montana, Petey Sarron, Gunnar Barlund, Henry Armstrong, Mike Belloise, Fred Apostoli, Joe Louis and Barney Ross were seen in action—something unusual when one considers that in past years it has been most difficult for a promoter to get one pair of such topnotchers in the ring during a month.

This is proof that boxing is in for a good year. The small clubs are continuing to pack 'em in. The Coliseum of New York, an organization that carries on fifty-two weeks during the year, is having a banner season as are the Ridgewood Club and the St. Nicholas Clubs in New York City. Not once in the past four weeks has the Coliseum arena had less than 8,000 persons present, and only a fortnight ago, close to 11,000 watched the performers. Of course the admission there ranges from only 40 cents to $1.50, with the majority of the seats listed at the lower price and without reservation, yet when we consider the fact that two years ago that same club couldn't get sufficient patronage to run regularly, it is an indication of what is in store for the sport this year. Just think of it—a gate of $111,000 for the Pastor-Louis battle? Depression, did you say? Unemployment in our midst!

Perhaps those who booed and hissed Joe Louis after his attempt to catch Bob Pastor in the Garden, will stop to ask themselves the question, who and to what cause, can we attribute the tremendous rise in boxing since 1935? I don't think they'll have to scratch their head to get the answer. No one person has been more responsible than Joe Louis and instead of hissing him because he tried to make a fight of it in the Garden fiasco recently, they should give him a vote of thanks for having saved boxing.

* * *

MOST amazing, so far as recent boxing matches are concerned, was the attendance at the flyweight championship bout between Small Montana and Benny Lynch in which the title changed hands. Considering that a flyweight or even a bantam championship mill in this country could scarcely hope to draw a gate of more than $20,000, the $75,000 house these boys drew is an eye opener. It shows to what extent the British will go to support their boys when an international battle is staged. The John Henry Lewis-Len Harvey bout and the Neusel-Petersen battle of last year, likewise proved this.

The little fellows abroad are the attraction. There are so many good boys in the lighter divisions in Europe, especially in England, that there is no need for such lads to make a trip to America for action. They are better paid and have a far better chance in Europe than would be the case in America and that's why they turn down offers from our promoters. Where they would probably figure in a $3,000 gate in New York, they fight for a percentage of a $50,000 or more purse abroad. Interest in the kids of the boxing game is just as big in Europe as is that in the middleweight and heavyweight classes in this country.

The defeat of Montana by Lynch was not unexpected. THE RING predicted it when it placed the Scottish boy No. 1 in its annual rating. He has been coming along at a rapid rate and judging by the report from abroad, and the photos we received from our staff cameraman who was at the ringside, he readily earned the verdict. He won the major portion of the rounds by good, stiff fighting, and had both of Montana's eyes in bad shape. The Filipino's left eye was almost closed.

The showing of the loser was such that he merited most favorable comment from the critics and he should come back to the States with a snug sum, judging by the offers that have been made, several of which he has accepted. Montana's purses were small here, there being insufficient flyweights for good competition.

* * *

TOMMY LOUGHRAN is getting old but he is not too old to show the younger aspirants to heavyweight fame a few pointers. Eastern and Coast promoters who are hunting for talent to tackle some of the so-called new stars of the division, should remember that Loughran is still in the field. This veteran of many years' ring work has lost much of his cleverness but is still good enough to show up many of those who are rated above him because they are more active than he and have been rolling up victories while he has been clamoring for a chance to prove that he is not yet ready for the old man's home.

Tommy was given that chance a few weeks ago against a pretty good fighter, Sonny Boy Walker, and what the veteran Loughran did to Sonny, should earn him several lucrative bouts. He outpointed Sonny in the first round and then knocked him down in the second round. In a message to THE RING, Tommy asks:

"Why is it that promoters in the East keep signing foreigners but refuse to give one to an American, a man who has been fighting for more than fifteen years, has held the highest honors the ring game could offer, has never participated in a shady contest, has been a credit to the sport in which he has earned his living, both in and out of the ring? Is that the reward that an honest, gentlemanly fighter can look forward to?"

* * *

WELL spoken, Tommy. You surely do deserve better than you are getting. You should receive some of the coin now being passed around to foreign talent, and I have no doubt, that even at this stage of your boxing career, you're still good enough to take the measure of several of these "phenoms."

American promoters, wake-up! An honest, tried, skillful, capable heavyweight, a man who has done much for the progress of the sport in this country, is pleading for the chance that should be his. Give it to him. How about a Loughran-Barlund or Loughran-Godoy match?

* * *

SPEAKING of foreigners, recalls the bout between Gunnar Barlund, voted by American scribes as the most promising boxer of the year, and Tom Beaupre of Texas. The Gunnar contrary to expectations, made a poor showing. He defeated the young, inexperienced Beaupre who only a few weeks previously had lost a ten-round bout to Loughran, but he had a far tougher time than did Tommy. That should at least earn for Loughran a chance at Barlund, but I doubt that Tommy will get it because the shrewd manager of Barlund, Paul Damski, still remembers what Tommy did to Walter Neusel of the same stable.

True, Barlund, suffering from the flu, was compelled to give up training for three days and came into the ring feeling anything but fit for the tough Texas youngster, but even taking that into consideration, we must admit that Barlund proved he has much to learn if he hopes to attain the heights. That he remains an excellent prospect, despite his poor fight against Beaupre cannot be denied, but he has a lot to learn.

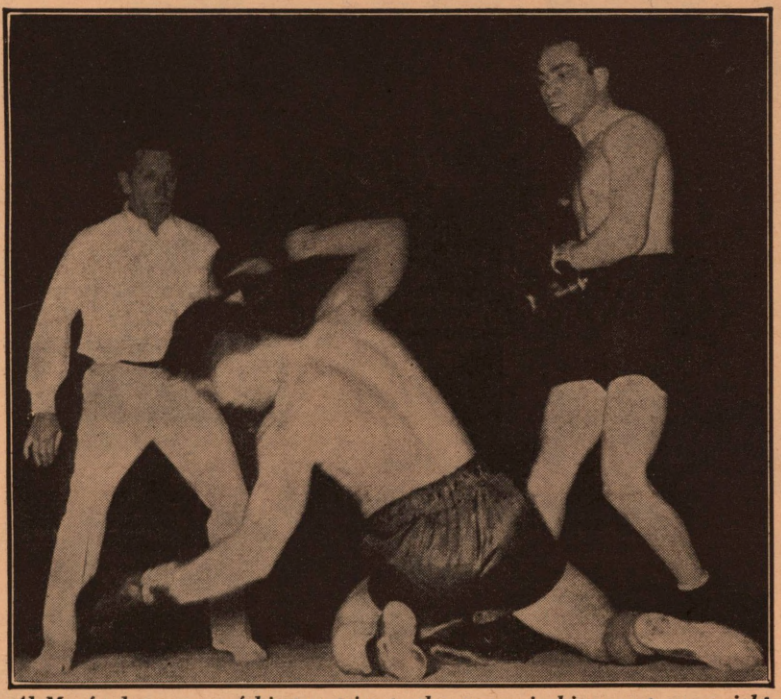
The Gunnar is a terrific body punisher, but lacks science. He should be taught the finer points, even though at his age—he is a veteran in years—it will be difficult for him to absorb new tactics. Above all, he should learn how to protect himself against a straight right, something he couldn't do against Beaupre, who stabbed his face repeatedly. But the Gunnar is still a good bet—make no mistake about that.

* * *

WHILE on the topic of foreigners, a word about the comeback of Kid Chocolate is in order. The Keed, back in harness after a long layoff and training as he did when he was at the height of his career, is bowling over opponent after opponent. Those who are not knocked out, are whipped by a big margin, and thus the rise of Kid Chocolate continues.

Chocolate is working hard to reach the contender's post and he won't be satisfied with his comeback until he gets another crack at the title. Whether he succeeds is entirely up to him. Wine, women and song ruined him once and unless he steers clear of those, he'll find himself back on a boat for his native soil, with little chance to return here.

The only reason he was permitted to return to the States was because he has a debt of several thousand dollars to settle on back income taxes with Uncle Sam. As a matter of fact, he has been fighting for Uncle Sam, whose revenue department has been supervising the bouts in which he has engaged and has been taking for itself the greater portion of the amount he earns.



Al Manfredo on one of his two trips to the canvas in his recent overweight match with Barney Ross in Detroit. A smashing left hook delivered by Ross was responsible.

* * *

ELSEWHERE in this issue, in "Letters from Our Readers" is a most interesting letter from Petey Sarron's manager, one that foreign critics who continuously heap abuse on American fighters and managers, should carefully read, digest and then save for future reference. Never in all my career, have I received such a splendid tribute for foreign people as is Erwin's letter to me on Johannesburg and its sportsmen.

The letter, written a few weeks before Sarron's knockout of Laurie Stevens, British lightweight king, should pave the way for a grand reception for Erwin and Sarron when they arrive in England shortly for Sarron's championship fight with McGrory. You British fight fans are going to have in your midst two fine gentlemen, who appreciate sporting treatment, the kind I know from my experience with the British, they'll receive.

As for the fight, I predict a victory for Sarron, based on his knockout of Stevens to whom he had alloted a handicap of almost eight pounds. I also predict that the British will most certainly enjoy the aggressive fighting style of the world featherweight king.

I HAD a visit from Wesley Ramey. Wesley, who had fought Laurie Stevens in Johannesburg, informed me that the feat of Sarron in scoring a kayo over Laurie, was a noteworthy one, as he should know.

"I fought Laurie, and he's a tough baby. For a featherweight like Sarron to beat Stevens on his home grounds by a K.O. is something I never dreamt of," said Ramey. "Petey deserves a world of credit."

And while speaking of Ramey, I would like to ask the question which he so often has asked: Why is he shunned by the lightweight king? If ever a fighter has earned the right to a championship match, Ramey has.

Here's a young man who has been winning consistently, has fought the best boys in his division and boys weighing pounds more than he, yet cannot force his way to a title bout. While mediocre fighters have been picking up good purses, he has been forced to compete for a mere pittance to keep in trim, and all because the top flight boxers are afraid of him.

What lightweight has accomplished more in one year than did Ramey? Look at his record and then judge for yourself the reason why the leaders shun him.

In 1936 Wesley fought seventeen bouts, lost only one to Leonard Del Genio, fought two draws, scored one kayo and won thirteen contests. One draw was with Joey Zodda, whom he later kayoed in a return bout in five rounds, and the other was with Indian Hurtado, who was defeated by Ramey later in ten rounds.

A most impressive record, you fight promoters who seek high class talent must admit. Lou Ambers, Tony Canzoneri, Pedro Montanez and Enrico Venturi, please take notice.

* * *

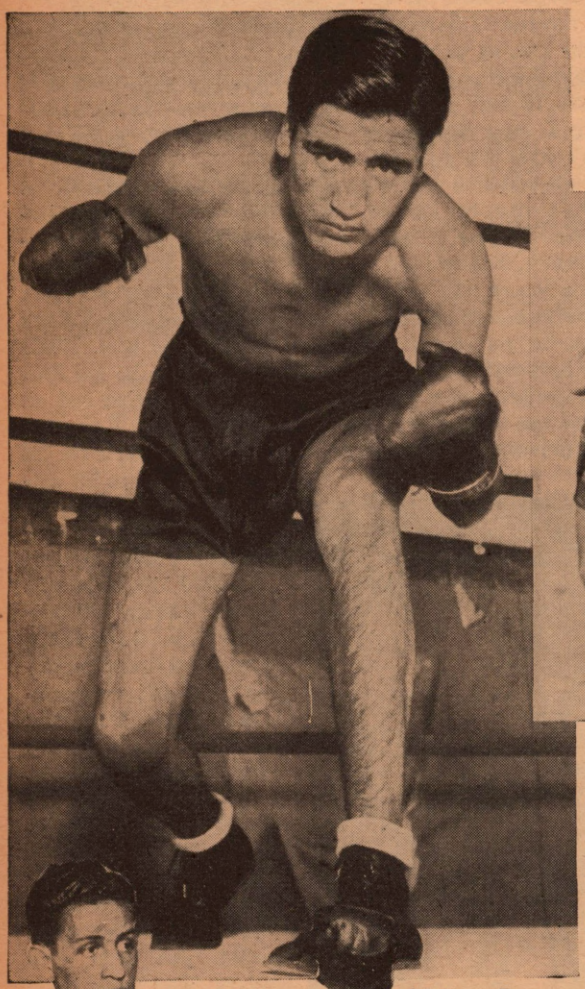
MIKE BELLOISE, New York State's world featherweight champion, like Benny Leonard and Young Griffo of old, is a treat to the eyes. I would rather see Mike perform than have a good meal, because in his action I can see the boxing art at its best. It is most unfortunate that commission rule has prevented a fight between Belloise and Sarron for the world title, because each insists on the champion's percentage of the purse. Such a fight would settle for all time, as did the Lynch-Montana battle, the matter of supremacy and bring to the division one champion.

The recent defeat of Johnny Cabello by Belloise at the Star Casino, was a masterpiece performance by the Empire State title holder. He had everything. He displayed a brand of boxing such as isn't often seen and if McGrory should defeat Sarron for the world title in England, I would advise Belloise to forget his title claim, go to England and fight McGrory.

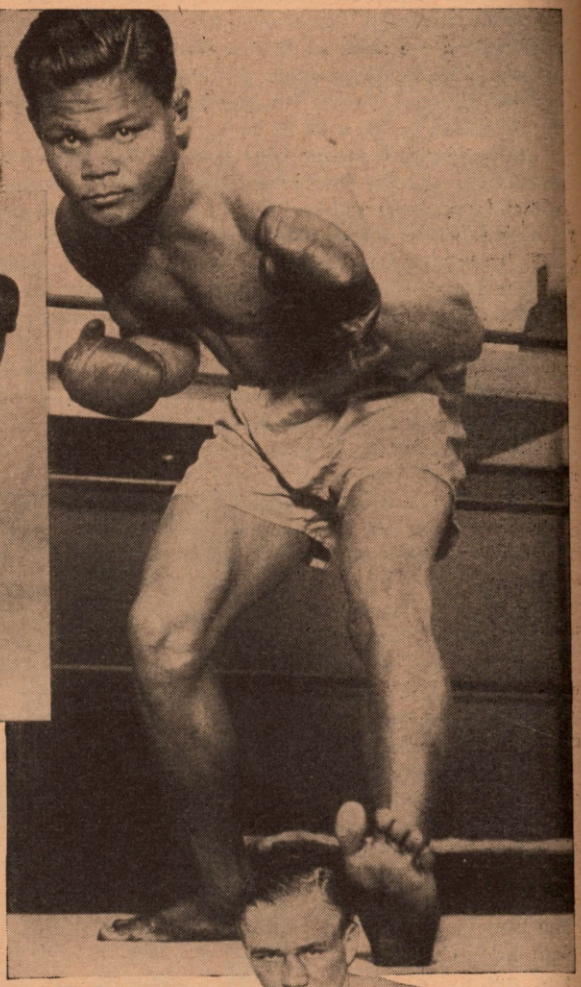
Why? Because in Glasgow or London, such a fight, with a British champion and a second Ike Weir performing, would be good for a nice gate and Belloise could get more out of such a bout than he could out of five championship mills in America.

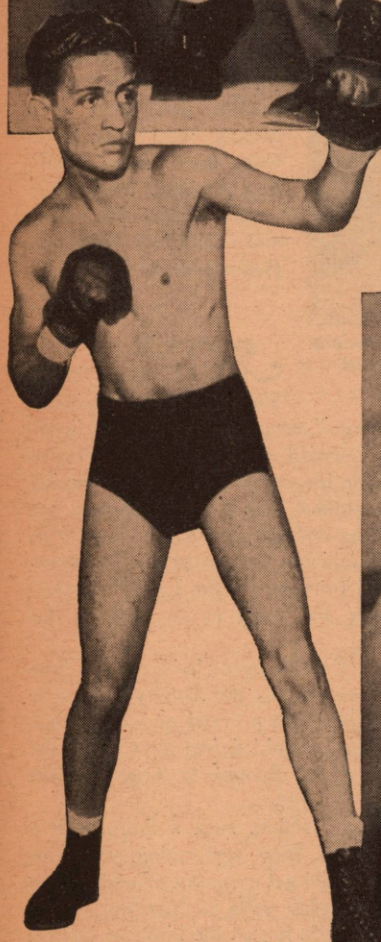
Just a suggestion, Mike. Your style is just the kind the British admire and will go miles to see, and therefore even if McGrory should lose, I would urge you, for financial reasons and to enhance your reputation as one of the world's most scientific fighters, to go to England for a fight or two. I'll be glad to help in any way.

Far Western Headliners



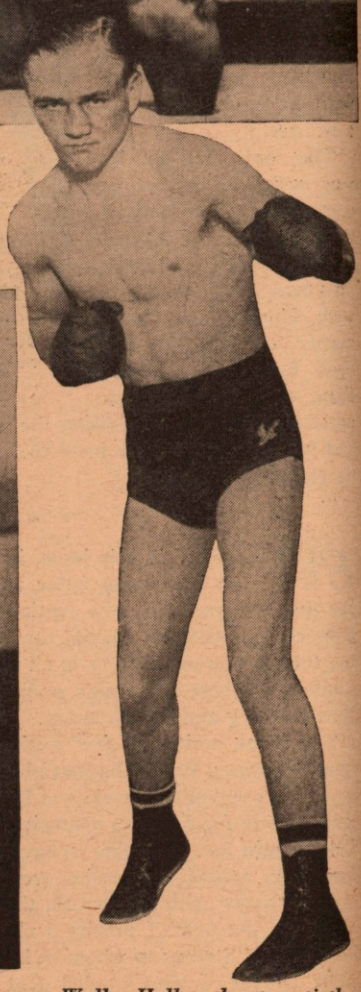
Hubert Kid Dennis, rough, tough, Bozeman, Montana, lightweight, who is expected in New York shortly.





Chico Romo, Mexican Indian featherweight, doing good work on the Coast.

Mark Diaz, rugged Filipino featherweight, who bars no one.



Little Caesar, San Bernardino, Calif., bantamweight. He is of Spanish-Hawaiian descent.

Swede Berglund, hard-hitting San Diego, Calif., middleweight, who has a swell record.

Wally Hally, the twentieth century edition of Ace Hudkins. He is a featherweight.

Who Is Gunnar Barlund?

Finland's Fistic Hope for World Heavyweight Honors Has Established Himself in America

By ED. VAN EVERY

GUNNAR BARLUND—you've heard that name before. You've seen it in print on the sports pages. You've heard his fistic prowess discussed over the air by the Editor of this magazine, and you've undoubtedly asked, "Who is this Gunnar that receives so much publicity?" Well, Gunnar Barlund is a name that may mean no more than a combination of queer sounds to the ears of most pugilistic devotees, but to those who make a close study of boxing, he seems destined to make considerable noise in the boxing realm.

This son of Finland is rated as a heavyweight of promise, not only on his performances in this country, where to date he has taken the measure of four opponents, but because he also has defeated some good talent abroad. He fought a six-round no-decision bout with the tough George Godfrey and has a victory over Ben Foord, the present British title-holder. The Finn had Foord down twice. That happened in November, 1935, when Barlund had fought only his seventh professional battle.

Barlund is another Louis, physically. He is identical in height, chest and other measurements. His fighting weight is 198, and he seldom weighs more than 200 pounds, so carefully does he stay in training.

One of the most interesting facts about the newcomer is that he is the first professional pugilist ever developed in Finland. Like most young Finnish athletes, Barlund was a distance runner until Paavo Nurmi influenced him to switch to boxing.

"As a distance runner," pronounced Nurmi, "you are good, but not good enough. With your build and fine endurance you should do well as a boxer."

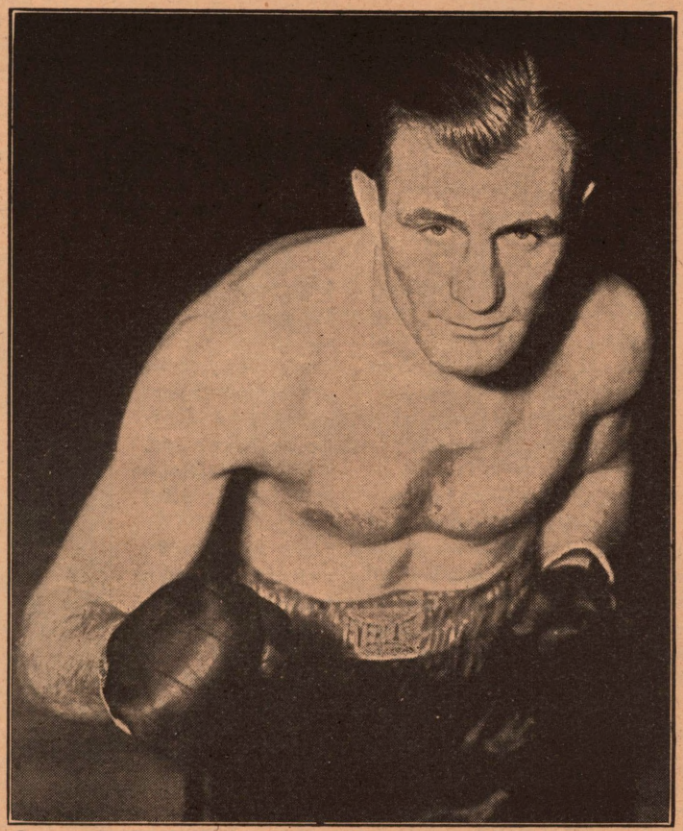
Boxing at this time was purely an amateur sport in Finland, and not until a year ago did Barlund give thought to fighting professionally. He started his amateur career in 1932, and, after about a dozen bouts, represented his country in the Olympics. He drew as his first opponent the youth who ultimately came through as the champion.

"That was the only decision Gunnar lost in more than one hundred amateur fights," boasted Damski.

"No, Paul," corrected the young giant, "I lose one other decision—two defeats in 106 amateur bouts is not bad."

Barlund speaks English exceptionally well for a young man who six months ago did not know a word in the language. That he is well-gifted mentally as well as physically is indicated by his reply to a question as to how he took up pugilism as a vocation.

"My country is the only nation that pays its war debts and maybe," he said with a slow grin, "I can earn enough in the ring to help Finland continue the payments of our debts."



Gunnar Barlund, chosen by Jack Dempsey as the most promising heavyweight of the year.

BARLUND, according to his manager, is only twenty-three, but he looks much older and reports from abroad have him listed as twenty-five and twenty-eight years old. We'll take his word for it, however, that he was born on January 9, 1913, which makes him twenty-four.

He possesses a good fighting style. He doesn't waste punches, nor does he miss much. He lacks science, but is aggressive and courageous. He is a willing mixer when necessity forces him to fight that way and is a good body puncher. He can take a punch and he can give one, but still is very crude.

Observers who watched Max Schmeling in his early fights, say that Barlund at this stage is a better rounded out fighter than was Schmeling in his early career, and that is an excellent compliment. The Gunnar is remorseless in his attack. He never lets up. He keeps shuffling forward ever ready to attack, even though he gets several good clouts in an effort to stop him.

While it is true that he put forth a very poor fight against Tom Beaupre, Texas heavyweight, he did a fine job against Abie Feldman and Connolly, victories that proved the Finn could fight. Of course, he has not yet met a slugger who might clout him on the chin, and until he does, we would rather not sing his praises too high, remembering the cases of Joe Louis and Harry Balsamo, but it is my opinion that he will stand up under severe fire.

* * *

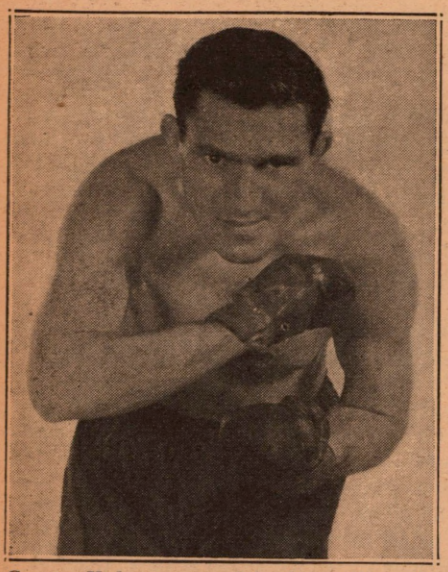
HE has moved along slowly, without the use of modern ballyhoo. He has learned his trade from the bottom up—through the school of hard knocks. He engaged in one hundred and six amateur fights before turning pro, and once he went after the dough, he didn't ask for easy marks. He tackled the best in his native land and then tried his hand with success in England. Since his arrival in the States, he has continued to show fighting class.

He is not being rushed, because his mentor, Paul Damski, knows he has many shortcomings and will not pit him against the top flight men until he has had sufficient schooling. Damski realizes that he has a big shot in the money ranks in Barlund, and refuses to take unnecessary chances. He intends to pit the Gunnar against good talent, but will leave out the cream of the heavyweights until next summer. Even so great a judge of fighters as Jack Johnson, who predicted the downfall of Louis and called the turn accurately by pointing out his defects, says this of Barlund:

"Boy, how I'd like to have him. I'd even like to get him just to teach him something about the science of boxing, which he lacks. If he masters that, he'll be a great prospect."

New York's Budding Talent

By Ted Carroll



George Holmes, a good featherweight, who is handled by George Sheppard.

IN line with the general trend of recovery throughout the nation, a bumper crop of rising young cauliflowers is blooming in metropolitan boxing rings.

The fistic industry seems to keep in step with the times and the absence of up-and-coming young pugilists during the dear, departed days of the late depression, has given way to a plethora of punch-throwing prodigies. The various neighborhoods and sections of the big town, long as free from fistic fodder as the Sahara is of rain, are turning out pugilistic prospects in numbers that crowd local gyms as they haven't been jammed since 1927.

East Side, West Side, the Bronx and Brooklyn, too, the sidewalks of New York haven't produced as promising a group of young boxers in many a day as the present crop. The ability of the young men is reflected in the volume of business the small clubs in and around the metropolis are doing this season as contrasted with the lean and hungry years of recent memory.

Back in the old days the West Side of New York was famed in song and story for the prowess of its fighting men, in the ring or in an alley. This rip-roaring old neighborhood, mellowed and subdued in its turbulent tempo by time and other refining influences, has seen many of its scrapping sons reach pugilism's highest pinnacle. Frankie Genaro, Johnny Dundee and Joe Lynch were three prize products of this colorful section, sometimes called Hell's Kitchen, who went on to win world titles in the prize ring.

* * *

WITH all due respect to the illustrious memories of these and other West Side stalwarts, it is doubtful if any of them showed promise surpassing that of young Pete Scalzo, who is at present carrying the banner of the old West Side in New York's rings. This quiet, gentlemanly little Italian, whose manners hardly suggest a Hell's Kitchen background, nevertheless hails from this section, Forty-first Street and Ninth Avenue.

New York's Golden Glove bantamweight champion in 1936, he came to be regarded as the greatest of all Golden Glove bantams, as his swift attack swept him to the inter-city and international championships. He missed out on Olympic glory because of the international Golden Glove clashes in London last spring, but had little difficulty capturing the New York State and Metropolitan titles. He was beaten only once as an amateur, a reverse he later evened up by defeating his conqueror. His professional record is clear of defeat, only a draw with Al Reid breaking a string of uninterrupted triumphs.

Extremely fast and clever as an amateur, he has, like Benny Leonard did years ago, suddenly charged his punches with dynamite. Boxing rough Georgie Holmes, a little iron man who had been absorbing the blows of all his previous foes with ridiculous ease, little Pete suddenly whipped over a T.N.T.-laden right in the first round that dropped the tough little Irishman, and went on to stop him in the second stanza. The extra power in his punch is probably the result of his added poundage as he is now a featherweight and still growing. Most of New York's fight fraternity rate Peté No. 1 on the list of championship prospects hereabouts.

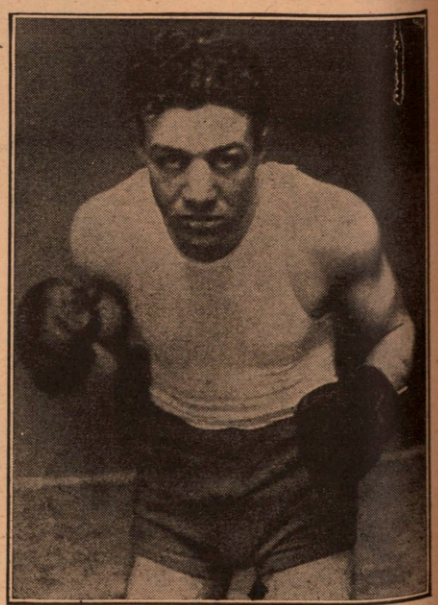
* * *

ALSO Italian and a West Sider, but hailing from the lower regions of the district, the celebrated Greenwich Village Baby Salvy Saban, is the power puncher in Pa Knick's parade of pugilistic prides. New York's only modern heavyweight champion, Gene Tunney, was born in Greenwich Village, so the Baby Bomber doesn't lack distinguished antecedents. A devastating hitter with either hand, this young 145-pounder never had an amateur fight. A rough and ready kid with a local rep as a street fighter, down on hard-boiled Thompson Street, Baby Saban plunged right into the moneyed ranks three years ago. Since then, he has flattened seventy-five per cent of his foes, and is about ready for sterner competition among the welterweights.

The fighting Irish and the Gashouse—here's a combination that has supplied fight fans with thrills and the ring with some of its greatest names for decades. The latest Gashouse Terror is Walter Woods, middleweight from this East Side section of New York. Baldish and lantern-jawed, Walter is a deceiving specimen in his street togs. Under those arc lights he is a fast, strong, hard-hitting middle. He convinced even the most skeptical of fight followers he had arrived, when he turned back the highly-touted Al Quaill, who had beaten some of the East's ranking middleweights, at the Broadway Arena in Brooklyn some weeks back. Woods is also one of the numerous former amateur aces who has forged to the front with such rapidity of late.

Over in the Williamsburgh section of Brooklyn, they call him the "machine gun," but his recent ring foes have found young Nicky Jerome an opponent of Big Bertha proportions. Looking around for a likely rival, not too tough, for Lou Salica, shortly after the former bantam king dropped his diadem, wily Hymie Caplin decided young Mr. Jerome filled the bill perfectly. Fight fans and critics thought so, too, and installed Salica a five to one favorite. When the announcer raised Jerome's hand at the end of the bout, Hymie figured it must be an hallucination and yelled for a return bout. Young Jerome repeated the dose, and he's been upsetting the dope ever since.

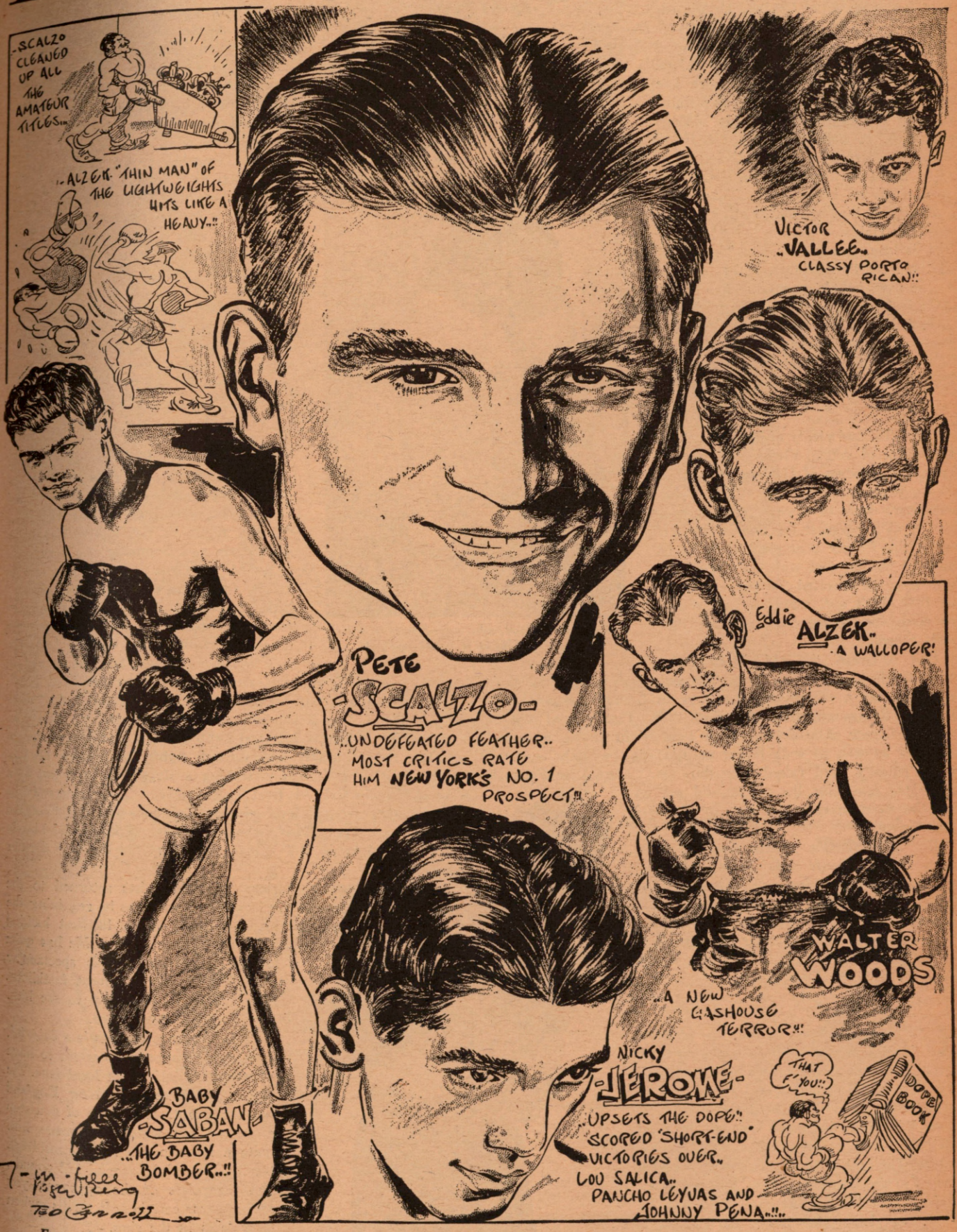
All the highly rated Coast sensation, Pancho Leyvas, got out of his cross-country jaunt to New York was a look at the big town and a licking at the hands of Jerome, who again had been picked as a sacrificial offering. Johnny Pena, tough little Spaniard, had campaigned for years against the pick of the Western feathers with considerable success, returned to his home town and ran into a two-round knockout at the hands of his fellow Brooklynite, Jerome.



Joe Pennino, hard-hitting Brooklyn welterweight.

The Williamsburgh lad is blaz-

POP KNICK'S CROWD PLEASERS



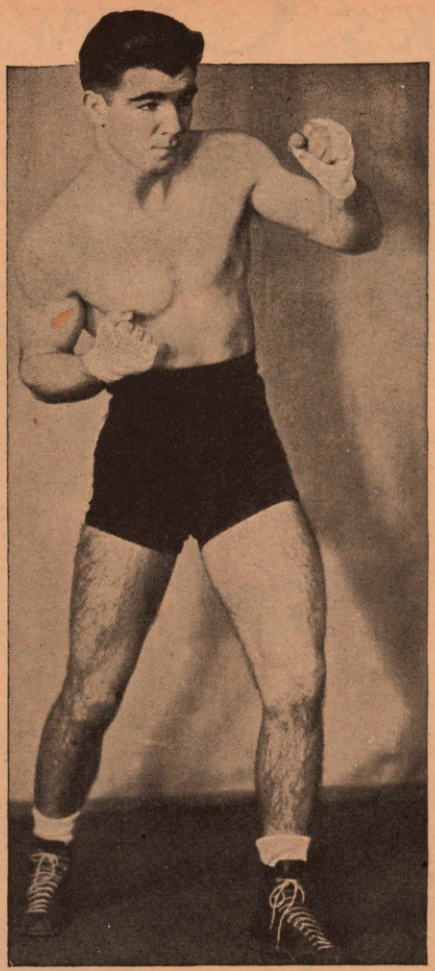
From this group of boys will come the headliners of tomorrow. They are prospects of exceptional ability who are helping the New York clubs carry on in a prosperous manner. While they are around, the New York organizations will not lack for good talent. There is a general revival of boxing interest at all Metropolitan clubs, with eight running shows on a weekly basis and each showing a substantial profit.

ing hot at the moment. He is out of the promising youngster class and rates as one of the most dangerous featherweight contenders at the present time. The pale, blond youngster who marched out to meet his heavily muscled Porto Rican rival at Harlem's Rockland Palace last December looked more like an undernourished schoolboy than a fighter, and the crowd hooted this obvious mismatch. A half-hour later the Porto Rican, Guillermo Nelson, was being treated in a nearby hospital for a slight concussion of the brain, after Eddie Alzek had tagged him with two of his bone crushing rights.

This lean, young Pole, the "thin man" of the local lightweights, looks like one of the most lethal one-punch kayo artists since Ruby Goldstein was felling his foes with left jabs a decade ago. Only one punch is all he ever needs, and although he's been in the ring less than a year, the boys are already giving him a wide berth.

* * *

GLASS, and plenty of it, is the trademark of young Victor Vallee, most promising product of Harlem's fight-mad Porto Rican colony. This swift-stepping speedster, who is always pressed into service as a sparmate for Tony Canzoneri when the former champion needs to be speeded up, has met with consistent success since he deserted the amateur ranks in 1934. He's still maturing and should be ready for the topnotchers before 1938 rolls around.



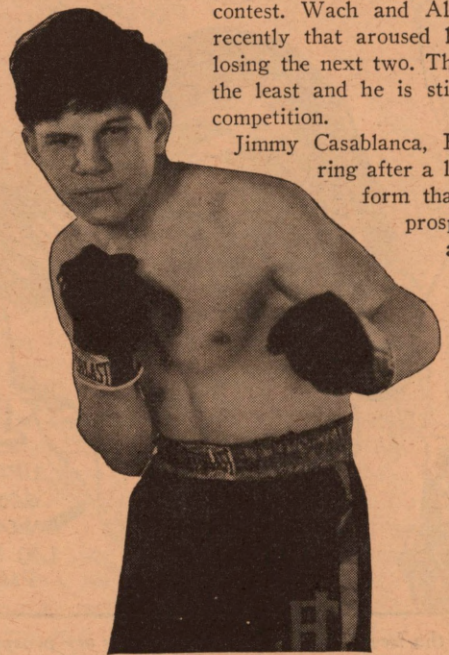
Eldred Davenport, who never fails to satisfy the fans. He is a welterweight.

Phil M'Graw, the old Greek lightweight, who thrilled New York time and again back in the early twenties, has a present-day prototype in George Zengara, club fighting lightweight from the East Side. This rugged son of ancient Greece, who doubles as a lightweight strong man and wrestler as well as soda jerker on the side, has only seen the other fellow's hand raised once thus far. Canny Lew Feldman knew too much for the novice and got up off the floor to outsmart him in his first main event.

His most notable efforts thus far have been his two bouts with Jimmy McLeod, capable youngster from Washington. The first, a hectic affair, was called a draw, the second resulted in a decision for Zengara. Zengara wages warfare along the same lines as M'Graw and looks like the best Greek prospect since the Detroiter.

* * *

UP near the top in the list of New York's ring prospects is young Al Reid, Bronx nominee as the town's best youngster. The Bronx hasn't had a real Jewish idol in many a day, and throughout the reaches of New York's northernmost borough, little Al Reid is being hailed as this long awaited figure. He ranks very close to Scalzo as a comer in the 126-pound class. They've boxed a draw, but Smiling Al has just a wee bit more experience. Broadway Charlie Rose is Reid's mentor, and at the rate the Bronx lad is going, the tear that has so long dimmed Broadway Rose's eye should soon turn to one of happiness. Reid started boxing in 1934, and is generally regarded as New York's most promising Jewish boxer.



Joey "Baby Face" Fontana, a 122-pound lad who is now being handled by Tony Canzoneri.

Outstanding among the horde of competent kids making bids for fighting fame and fortune are others, such as Paul De Bello, whom Sammy Goldman seriously talks of as a successor to his marvelous pair, Tony Canzoneri and Pete Herman. Then there's baby-faced Joey Fontanna, who looked good enough for Canzoneri to interest himself in his management.

Julio Gonzales, crowd pleasing Porto Rican, has very definite prospects among the lightweights. Down from Yonkers, New York suburb, comes Stanley Hasrato, beaten only twice, and then by Walter Woods, to add excitement to the festivities among the younger light-heavyweights.

Henry Cooper, rangy and rugged young Jewish heavy, has plenty of heart and is coming along rapidly. Sammy Julian, protege of Eddie Benson, former heavyweight, recently stopped Solly Ambroso and seems headed for bigger things.

* * *

THEN there is Phil Sommese, a likely looking heavyweight, who is being carefully guided by the experienced Dan Caplin, who brought Sid Terris to the top flight in the lightweight class some years ago. Sommese is a very cagy boxer of the Gene Tunney type and is rapidly forging to the front. Cliff Kusterbeck, a strong, hard-hitting youngster from Brownsville, seems to have some necessary qualifications for stardom. He is a light-heavyweight and has turned in several impressive victories, mostly through the knockout route.

Joey Wach, a strong little featherweight, is being looked after by Ray Arcel. Joey is handicapped because of size, but that does not interfere with his grit and fighting heart. He has plenty of courage and invariably makes tough fights for himself because of the delight he derives in making a slugging match out of a contest. Wach and Al Reid staged three classic engagements recently that aroused local rivalry, Joey winning the first but losing the next two. That, however, has not disheartened him in the least and he is still ready to take up the defi for further competition.

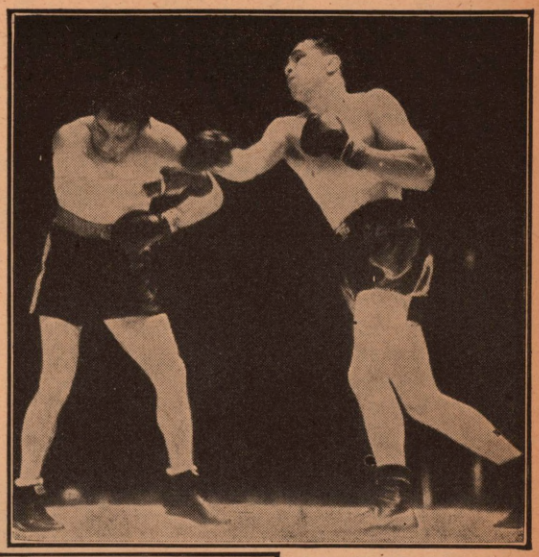
Jimmy Casablanca, Harlem lightweight, has returned to the ring after a long layoff, and seems to be regaining the form that made him one of the likeliest looking prospects in the Harlem region. He has quite a following and his style is spectacular enough to satisfy the most fastidious. The fans go a long way to see him. He is a good club fighter.

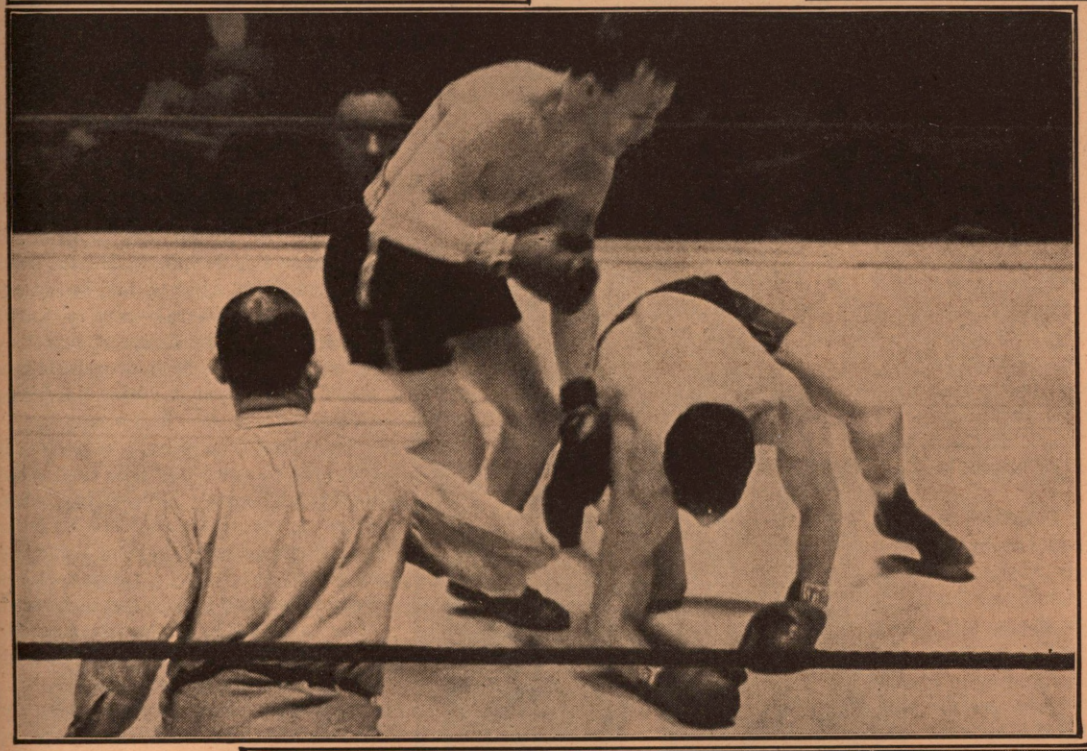
"Irish" George Holmes is a colorful, two-fisted scrapper who seems to have endeared himself to the local fans. He originally comes from New England but has a captivating style of non-stop glove wallops which has made him quite a favorite and he is considered locally. He weighs around 122 pounds, and regardless of the opponent, you are always certain of thrills when Georgie is in the ring.

These great youngsters, and various others, have been largely responsible for the revival of boxing interest in the neighborhoods of New York.

In the Month's News

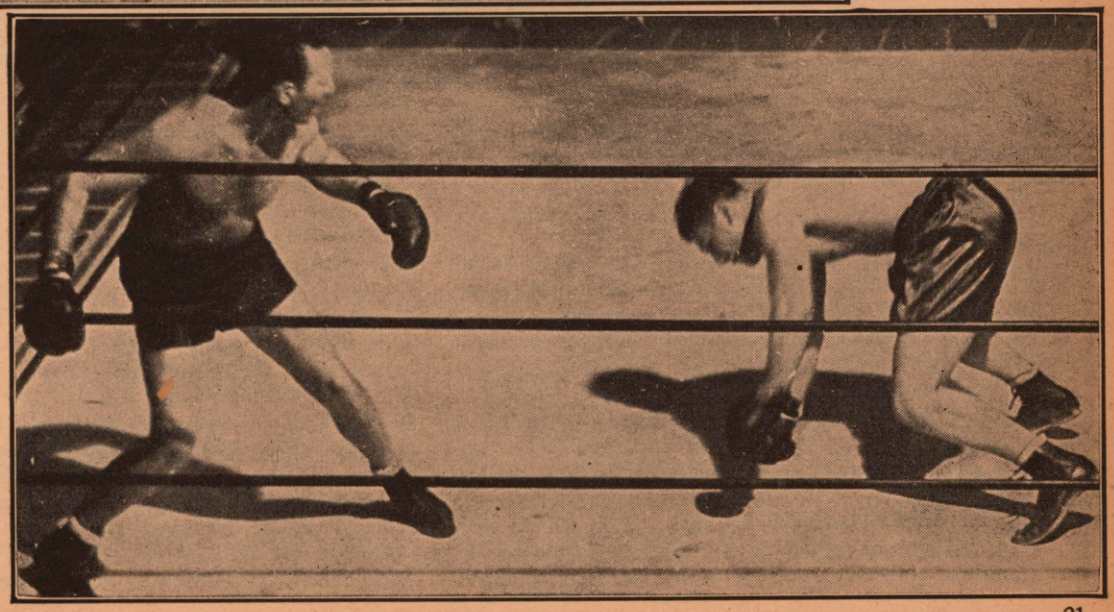
A scene in the fight between Ken Overlin of Richmond, Va. (left) and Fred Apostoli of California in the New York Hippodrome. Ken won the verdict although the scribes at the ringside thought that Fred was entitled to the decision. My count called the bout a draw. It was a tough, close battle.



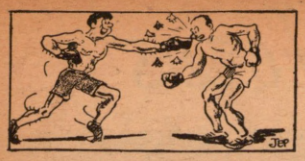


Teddy Yarosz of Pittsburgh (right) handed Solly Krieger a severe setback in their middleweight elimination bout by outscoring him. Here we see Solly's head turned away from his rival after Ted crashed his powerful right to Krieger's chin.

Lou Ambers, lightweight king, standing over Enrico Venturi after flooring him with a right in the second round of their Garden overweight battle. Venturi came back strong to gain a draw.



Still at it. Maxie Rosenbloom has just floored King Levinsky in their Olympic Arena bout in California. Rosie is still an idol with the movie stars who packed the arena to see him beat the Kingfish.



FISTIC

THERE are many who consider Damon Runyon the greatest reporter on things pugilistic in America.

There are other reporters, particularly Bill Corum, Gene Fowler and Westbrook Pegler, who are equally capable with Runyon of describing vividly their impressions of ring encounters. However, Runyon is in a class by himself in that he is a great all-around reporter.

Pugilism has intrigued some fine English writers. Conan Doyle writes of it in "Rodney Stone"; George Meredith in "An Amazing Marriage"; Hugh Walpole in "Fortitude"; Thackeray in "Vanity Fair"; George Bernard Shaw in "Cashel Byron's Professions"; George Borrow in "Lavengro," and William Hazlitt in his Essays.

Mr. Shaw once made the criticism that one of Bulwer Lytton's pugilists was not scientific—that his technique could hardly be recognized by experts. The same could be said of Mr. Shaw's "Cashel Byron." The brilliant Irishman says further that his book "is an attempt to take the reader behind the scenes without unfairly confusing professional pugilism with the blackguardly environment which is no more essential to it than to professional cricket and which is now losing its hold on the pugilist . . . ."

However, it is better regulated in America.

This country has not developed a creative writer on pugilism worthy of the name. Judged by their work, they seem to have contempt for them. To make characters live on the printed page, one must have sympathy and understanding.

Van Loan and Witwer are not worth mentioning. Jack London is at his worst in tales of the ring. But as a journalist describing a fight, he was splendid. He invented the word "cave-man" at the time of the Jeffries-Johnson fight.

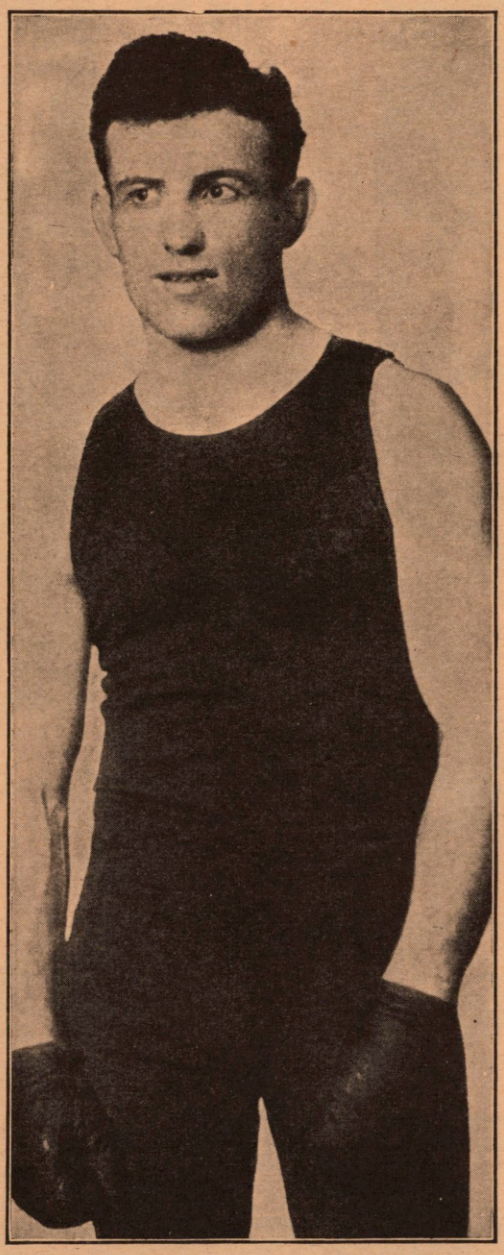
The bruiser is generally held in contempt by the most uncouth word bungler on a metropolitan daily. These writers also have an academic scorn for the reality of life.

* * *

PUGILISTS develop cunning in much the same way a banker develops it—by thinking in circles. There was in Kid McCoy, Kilbane, Packey McFarland, Jack Delaney and many others, a streak of talent concerning the ring. They have an astonishing sense of humor and intuitive knowledge of mob psychology.

McCoy was one of the greatest figures in the history of pugilism. His cunning in the ring was tigerish. He never asked mercy in the ring. He never gave any. He popularized the "cork-screw" punch. His gloved hand twisted as it landed on the body and tore the ligaments loose.

He was five years a young hobo. A year after he left the road, he had an international reputation as a pugilist. Within another year he came out of the West and cut the then middleweight champion of the world, Tommy Ryan, to pieces at Maspeth, L. I.



Packey McFarland, who always kept a decision well in hand.

Out of the ring McCoy was very kind. He many times gave his last dollar away. He had three trunks full of newspaper clippings which told of his exploits. There were many. He hob-nobbed with John Hays Hammond in Africa. He had a villa at Nice. He was a handsome fellow with very black hair and black eyes. He was a kind friend to me in my days of struggle.

* * *

JOHN PATRICK McFARLAND, better known as Packey, has a niche all his own in pugilism. He came out of the stockyards district in Chicago and never held a championship, yet, was a greater fighter than any man who held it.

He was too heavy for the lightweight limit, which was then one hundred and thirty-three pounds. He was too light for the welterweight limit, which was one hundred and forty-two pounds. As a result, he fought lightweights and sometimes middleweights. He was never defeated. Even after he had been away from the ring several years he fought Mike Gibbons, the cleverest man then active with gloves in the world. He won the decision over Gibbons in fifteen rounds.

He seldom knocked a man out. It seemed to jar on his artistic soul. When he fought Tommy Kilbane in Buffalo (who is not to be confused with the far greater Johnny), he kept a safe lead at all times. Kilbane, a rushing, vicious fighter, crowded McFarland each round. If he happened to get an advantage for a second, McFarland would speed up enough to overcome it.

His object was always to keep the decision well in hand. The audience, noting Packey's mastery, demanded that he finish Kilbane. McFarland merely smiled at the rushing youngster, who was trying to "tear his head off."

At the end of the ten rounds, Packey said in his dressing room, "Well, the kid's Irish and has to get along—so I let him stay."

Kilbane had asked for no such kindness—he would have granted none himself.

Kilbane had a world to gain by whipping McFarland. The latter had nothing to gain by whipping Kilbane.

Still McFarland could afford to be kind. But who knows? Perhaps the wily, black-eyed Irishman had another motive.

So supreme a master was he in the ring that opponents were hard to find. He was accused of "carrying" adversaries so that he might fight them again in some other section of the country. In such a case it was to his interest to retain the lead as much as possible and allow his opponent to make a good showing. In other words, for financial reasons, the master did not dare show his complete mastery. He fought some men a half dozen times, always defeating them.

Leach Cross, the East Side Hebrew of New York, once boxed McFarland on St. Patrick's Day in New York. Leach should

RAMBLINGS

By JIM TULLY

have been delivered from his friends. They teased John Patrick on his way to the ring. He entered it in no pleasant mood for a Jewish dentist. Leach was taunted, exasperated and nearly massacred with gloves. Years later I said to Leach, "You fought Packey in the Garden, didn't you?"

"Nope, I was just in there. It was like tryin' to hit a black ghost."

All pugilists feint with their hands. Feinting is a pretense of hitting—to draw the adversary out. Such methods were too crude for Packey. He would use his eyes instead. They would dart quickly at the spot he did not wish to strike. His adversary, in alarm, would guard that spot. Suddenly McFarland's hands shifted to the opening his eyes had made.

Over the world McFarland traveled and amassed a fortune. He then married a millionaire's daughter. No sign of the pugilist is upon him. He dresses in excellent taste. He weighs two hundred pounds. Philosophers could learn the mastery of life and circumstance from this man. He is in middle life.

* * *

WILLIAM H. ROTHWELL (Young Corbett), the conqueror of Terry McGovern, was one of the first pugilists to use psychology in the squared circle. Only in ring parlance it is known as "getting the other fellow's goat."

Young Corbett used a definite method in defeating Terrible Terry McGovern. The latter was one of the greatest ring sensations that ever lived. Few men were able to withstand his terrific attack for more than a few rounds. He knocked Pedlar Palmer, featherweight champion of England, out in less than a minute. His reputation was really terrifying.

Corbett, a good looking Denver lad, secured a match with McGovern. It took place at Hartford, Connecticut. The match was considered a "set-up" for McGovern—hardly a light workout.

The blond boy met McGovern in a Hartford restaurant the afternoon of the fight. With perfect nonchalance he said to him, "Be ready tonight, Terry—I'm goin' to tear your head off." He then walked to his own table and ignored the Terrible Terry.

This was exasperating. A cat had not only dared to look at a king—it had brushed its tail in his eyes.

That night McGovern tore at the blond boy, who whispered, "Come on you—you can't lick a stamp—come an' battle."

* * *

IT was said that Corbett made ugly remarks about having seduced certain female members of Terry's family. Terry was a good Christian and highly moral. The blond boy had no such qualms.

When the gong rang for the second round, the terrible featherweight champion rushed at Corbett. He was taunted even more than in the first round. After each taunt, Corbett drove a yellow sledge into McGovern's anatomy. With blow after blow he paved the way to oblivion for the maniac that was McGovern.

Unheralded, unknown, from out of nowhere had come this lad, to become the master of one who was otherwise the master of all the world. It was as if Fate sat on a hill and thumbed its nose at McGovern. He rushed in madness at the last insult—a blow clattered against his jaw and Terry went to Irish pastures rich with rest.

Wise men, among them Sam Harris, the successful theatrical manager, then McGovern's manager, thought the victory a fluke. The good looking blond returned to Denver with the championship of the world—won in two rounds.

With the courage of the master, he gave McGovern a return match quickly. It took place in San Francisco. McGovern was taunted, insulted and crashed to the floor in eleven rounds.

Even when he was a shell of the once mighty Young Corbett, he had a keen mind in the ring. He once fought a younger man on Pioneer's Day at Cheyenne, Wyoming. He was hardly able to stand against his stronger antagonist.

Leg-weary and tottering, he held his right hand back and said, "What a hell of a fighter you are. Here I am ready to drop and you can't put me out."

Maddened by the slur, the younger man dropped his guard for an instant. The right that had slammed McGovern twice now crashed over. It was curtains for the younger man. Corbett returned to Denver with the winner's end of the purse.

Kid McCoy, whose cunning in the ring was tigerish.

In the heyday of his career Young Corbett haunted Broadway. It was at this time he coined a phrase which has since been twisted about and used in many ways—"I would rather be a lamp post in New York than the mayor of Denver."

Strange, indeed, are the uses of adversity. Young Corbett matched his brain with the mightiest of human tornadoes—and won. He did not do so well against life. Now if life could only have come at him in the disguise of McGovern—but that is abstract.

* * *

EVEN the most stolid pugilist betrays nervousness on the day of or directly before a battle. Battling Nelson patted the rope with the gloved hands before the gong rang. James J. Jeffries was sullen for several days preceding a fight. Ketchel laughed and talked even as the gong rang. He felt himself invincible. This feeling, combined with his great ability, carried him far.

Kid McCoy was nervous for several rounds, then settled into the coolest of punishing bruisers. Jack Johnson smiled his "golden smile" at all times. Even under the burning sun of Reno in the "battle of a century" against Jim Jeffries, the magnificent black ruffian smiled in the faces of thousands who wanted to see him annihilated.

When the phlegmatic Jeffries rose from the canvas in the second round, Johnson asked Jim Corbett, who was in Jeffries' corner—"How'd you like that, Mistah Cohbett?"

After the second round Jeffries was helpless. The white champion was literally a baby in the hands of his black master. He threw his two hundred and thirty pounds of bone and muscle against the greatest defensive

(Continued on page 44)

Bill Doherty, the author.

The BRUISERS *of* MELBOURNE

By
BILL DOHERTY

One-time heavyweight champion of Australia. Author of "In the Days of the Giants."

DARE I write of the bruisers of Melbourne, when the fame of the giants of Sydney is so real and permanent? Great indeed are the names of the men who learned the game north of the Murray—Foley, Jackson, Slavin, Fitzsimmons, Hall, Goddard, Dawson, Barron, Dooley, Griffo, Les Darcy and many more, and it seems at first that in the whole range of Australian pugilism there is left none worthy of mention besides those champions of Sydney.

It is idle to look in the record books for an account of the fighters of Melbourne, for the greatest of them appear not at all in printed chronicles of the noble art except as opponents of their more favored brethren in New South Wales and sometimes not even then. This, I might mention, fills me with regret, for I am a Melbourne man and know only too well the merits of those fighters, particularly old-timers who flourished on the banks of the Yarra when I was a stripling climbing painfully along the rocky road towards the championship.

There was Tom Duggan, a fierce, hardy and tough youngster who revelled in punishment, and with whom I fought three terrific battles—two losses and one win—in which such hard knocks were exchanged that I cannot think about them now without a reminiscent stab of pain though more than forty years have passed since we stood face to face and traded punches. Tom in his day was recognized as the middleweight champion of Australia, and fought in South Africa and England. In one of his fights in London he went a respectable number of rounds with the Coffee Cooler, a taller and heavier man—but the record books are silent about Tom Duggan.

* * *

AND there was Peter Newton, a pupil of Jem Mace's, a steely-eyed, strong-jawed veteran of the bulldog breed who was of the type immortalized by George Borrow in his chapter in Lavengro on the bruisers of England. Those old Melbourne fighters in truth resembled the English champions, rather than the American. The Sydney men mostly took after the Americans—the quick and clever, dashing and stylish Americans of the Choynski, Kid McCoy and Jim Corbett school. Melbourne itself always leaned towards England and appropriately enough so did the fighters of Melbourne.

Peter Newton was the sort of man with whom Tom Cribb would have been proud to shake hands and whom John C. Heenan, the Benicia Boy, might have slapped on the shoulder and called man and brother. Newton's record I have never seen, but I have seen the Sydney-sider Larry Foley's for the period and this is how it runs:

Stonewall Jackson	K.O.	28 minutes
Portuguese Jim	K.O.	3 minutes
Fred Jackson	K.O.	20 minutes
Bill Eggleston	N.D.	2 rounds
Charlie Kelly	K.O.	8 minutes
Bill Brewer	K.O.	7 minutes
Captain Martin	K.O.	2 rounds
Alf Hughes	K.O.	11 minutes
Pat Hogan	K.O.	11 minutes
PETER NEWTON	DRAW	1 HOUR 20 MINUTES = EIGHTY MINUTES
Dick Brierley	K.O.	18 minutes
Ben Wood	Win	7 rounds
Arthur Corbitt	K.O.	11 minutes
Ben Fagan	K.O.	26 minutes

* * *

FROM the above the discerning reader will be able to gauge the mettle of Peter Newton, who was perhaps the greatest of all the old-time fighters of Melbourne. It will be remembered that Foley was well-nigh invincible in the ring in Australia, under both London and Queensberry rules.

Then there was Billy Farnan, the Melbourne blacksmith, a man wondrously like the London bricklayer, Tom Sayers, who trounced the gigantic Tipton Slasher in '57 and fought the American champion, John C. Heenan, in '60. Farnan was heavier than Sayers, but in all other respects resembled him to a remarkable degree.

Both were of the old-time bulldog breed, stayers to the last, not very quick on their pins nor swift in the exchanges, but sure and dreadfully hard punchers. Farnan was champion of Australia in 1884, though still working regularly at his trade, and at that time Peter Jackson—Professor Jackson, if you please, of the White Horse Hall—was beating everyone within sight in Sydney, so a match was arranged between him and Farnan for the title.

I saw that fight, in company with my father, and well do I remember it, for it was the first real title battle that I ever saw. Jackson, taller, heavier, faster, cleverer, younger, and longer in the reach than Farnan, gave the Melbourne man a terrible beating for two rounds and the greater part of the third.

It was not till near the end of the third that the blacksmith was able to get home with full force on the peerless black, and so battered and shaken was Farnan that it seemed impossible that he could drive his fists surely and accurately to their goal. But he did the impossible. He caught Jackson in the ribs with a right that sounded, to quote an onlooker, like the clash of a brass band, as it drummed on the diaphragm of the black and forced the air and a cry from his mouth. Paralyzed, Jackson dropped his hands, and became the target for two more terrible blows that ended the fight.

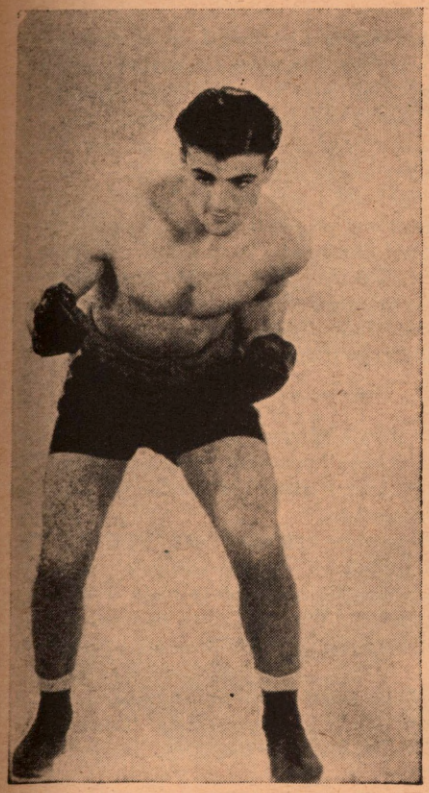
It was a quarter of an hour before Jackson was able to stand even when assisted to his feet. Never again in all his career was he so convincingly beaten, though he roamed the world and fought in England and America. That was the Peter Jackson who stood up to Jim Corbett for sixty-one rounds in 1891.

Farnan fought him again in 1884 and again the rugged Melbourne bruiser took all the Professor could give him and survived to get home with punches of tremendous force. The fight was stopped by the police in the sixth round, when, according to the account brought back by my father, who saw it, Jackson was beaten almost as badly as he had been in the earlier battle.

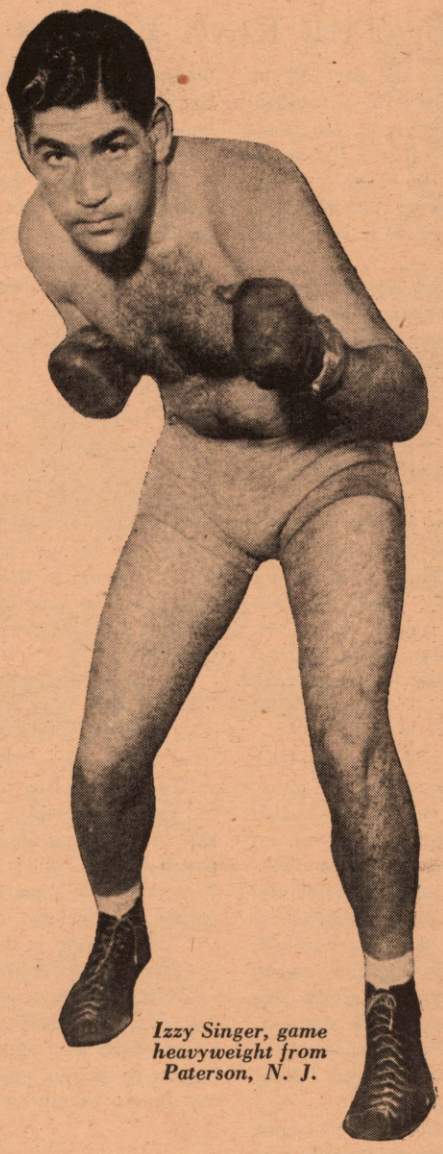
Stout-hearted, unpretending Billy Farnan, the blacksmith, who, figuratively speaking, took off his apron, fought for the championship, and was back at the forge on the following day! It is a melancholy thought that his record is hidden in the mists of bygone years and that he is forgotten by all but a few old-timers like myself.

Then there was Tommy Williams, another Melbourne fighter whose record is not in the Australian books. In 1891, Williams, who was a lightweight, beat George *(Continued on page 44)*

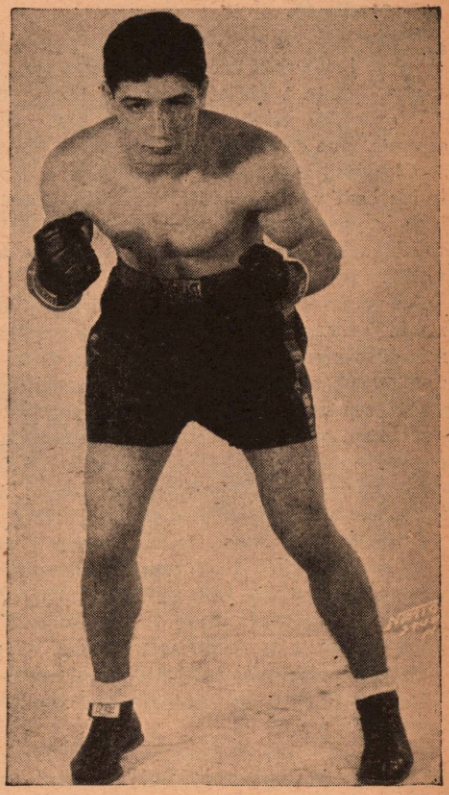
GOOD TALENT *from the* EAST



Vince De Angelo, Brooklyn's aggressive welterweight.

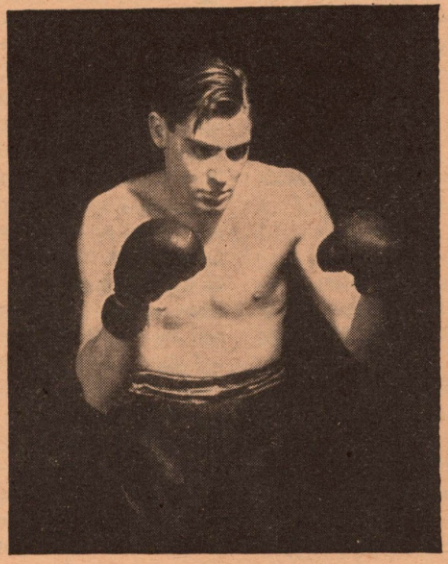


Izzy Singer, game heavyweight from Paterson, N. J.

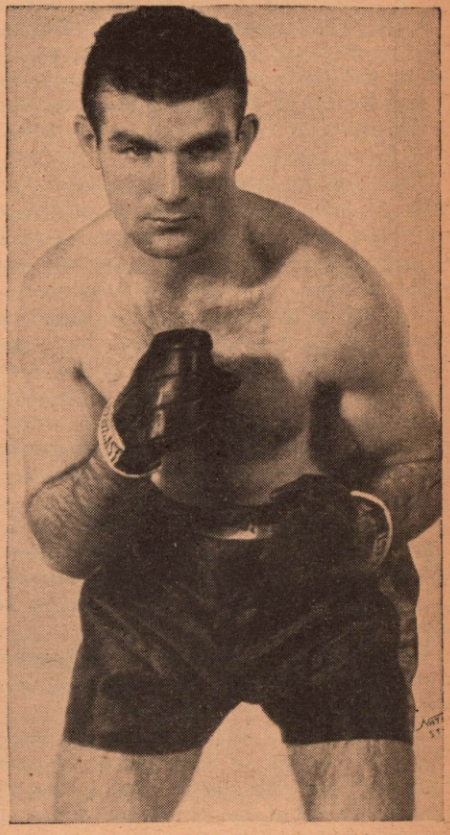


Paul De Bello, crack Brooklyn featherweight, a steady winner.

Joey Greb, slashing 140-pounder, defies the world.



Jimmy White, promising Westport, Conn., middleweight, a consistent winner.



Eddie McGeever, Scranton, Pa., lightweight, who meets them all.

The K. O. and Its

By THE RING EDITOR

THE old topic, the reaction of the brain to a knockout, came in for quite a bit of discussion during the last part of the 1936 indoor season as a result of several sensational contests. The one-punch knockout of Eddie Simms by Joe Louis in Cleveland and that sleep-producing wallop of Jack Trammell in his bout with Lorenzo Pack and Trammell's K.O. by Blunt, both in the Garden of New York, recalled other famous fights which ended either in a one-blow kayo or in peculiar actions by the victim.

A few years ago, when Jack Sharkey stopped Tommy Loughran in the Yankee Stadium, it will be recalled that a blow to the side of Tommy's temple put his brain completely out of commission. Holding the upper ring rope with one hand, Loughran, in a semi-conscious state, walked along the side of the ring towards his corner, where he attempted to sit on a stool that was not there. He asked Referee Lou Magnolia where the chair was, and that efficient, alert official, sensing danger, waved Sharkey aside and called a halt to proceedings.

In the case of Simms, he first mumbled some incoherent statement while looking in the opposite direction to that where Louis was coming towards him, and then invited Arthur Donovan for a walk on the roof. When Arthur refused, he asked the New York referee if he would take a walk with him on the street, whereupon Donovan, a smart official, patted the victim, escorted him to his corner and declared Louis the victor in a one-punch fight.

* * *

ONLY four days later, Jack Trammell turned the same trick on his Negro rival from Chicago, Pack. He caught Lorenzo with a beauty on the neck, right under the chin, a punch that traveled only a few inches but carried dynamite, and down went Pack in a heap.

From the time the punch connected until almost fifteen minutes later, when Pack recovered in his dressing room, Lorenzo's mind was a complete blank. He didn't even know he had been in a fight.

I was in the dressing room with Simms in Cleveland when he recovered, and close by his table, was a pair of gloves. No sooner had Simms got his bearings, than he turned to his manager, Danny Dunn, and, making a grab for the gloves, remarked:

"Danny, when are you going to put these on my hands? How soon do we get going?"

Thus you see how punches, landing on certain vital spots, affect the brain. Many queer statements have been made by boxers who have been so stunned. In some cases, they have continued to fight and will strike out at anybody standing in their way, while in others, weird statements are made.

And still other cases have been recorded wherein the victim continues to fight for many rounds in a stupor, by sheer instinct. Such a case was in evidence in the Garden a few years ago when Tommy Loughran fought several rounds after being floored by Leo Lomski and only regained full control of his faculties in the seventh session. Joe Louis asserts that he fought five rounds against Schmeling in just such a manner.

* * *

KNOCKOUT blows have caused many strange mental reactions. Never try to tell a veteran fight manager that there isn't such a thing as fighting by instinct. They just won't believe you.

Following the Trammel-Pack fight, I walked out of the Garden with Jimmy Johnston, the promoter, and we discussed the reactions of Pack.

"That's nothing," said Jimmy, "I had a similar experience, and I've had a number of fighters who have been so affected by a kayo that they didn't know what it was all about until either towards the end of the fight or until it was all over." Whereupon Johnston told the following:

"I was a pretty fair bantam, not of championship caliber, but I had fighting instinct, I guess. One night I was floored in the second round from a clip on the chin by a young West Side boy, and from that point to the end of the bout, I hadn't the faintest idea that I was in a bout. When the fight was over, I thought that I had been licked, until Terry McGovern put me straight on the thing.

"That was after the fight and I was sitting alongside of Terry, who remarked: 'You gave him an awful beating. Why didn't you put him out when you had him going?'

"It was all news to me. I could only remember getting knocked down, and yet I fought the remaining eight rounds on instinct and won an easy decision. That sounds like a fantasy, of course, but take it from me, it's gospel truth."

* * *

FINISHING that story, Johnston went on to tell another that involved his famous horizontal fighter, Shuffling Phil Scott, with whom Jimmy reaped a fortune in America, though Phil couldn't fight a lick.

"Take my Philip for another example," said Johnston. "You recall how he was badly hurt by Vittorio Campolo's wallop in the first round of their return fight at Ebbets Field. Well, when Scott came back to his corner, I gave him a one hundred per cent whiff of ammonia, enough to blow a man's head off, yet he didn't blink.

"It was then that I realized how badly hurt he was. I shouted into his ears, but no reaction. I kept on saying: 'Don't mix it with him, Phil, box him. Do you hear me, Phil? Do you know what I'm saying, Phil?'

"To all my pleas for an answer, Scott was deaf. He went out for the next round, and instead of boxing and staying away, he kept fighting his opponent. If you remember, it was a slugging match for six rounds, one of the few fights, I suppose, in which Phil really did some fighting, and in the seventh, he came to his corner and, turning towards me, he asked:

"'What round is it, Joimes?'

"'Seventh,' I replied, and he looked at me in amazement.

"What had happened in the other rounds? He didn't know. In fact, it was not until the end of the sixth that he was aware that he had been in a contest and in the last three rounds he scored heavily by boxing and won that bout. Now, there's a battle that was fought purely on instinct."

* * *

THAT story of Johnston brings me back to my amateur days, thirty-seven years ago. RING readers will recollect a story I told to Wilbur Wood, Sports Editor of the New York *Evening Sun*, who used it as an illustration in an article he wrote for me, "Down Queer Alley." For the benefit of those who are new readers of this publication or haven't heard me tell the story in my radio programme recently over Station WNEW of New York City, I'll repeat it, as it proves the accuracy of this queer feeling from personal experience.

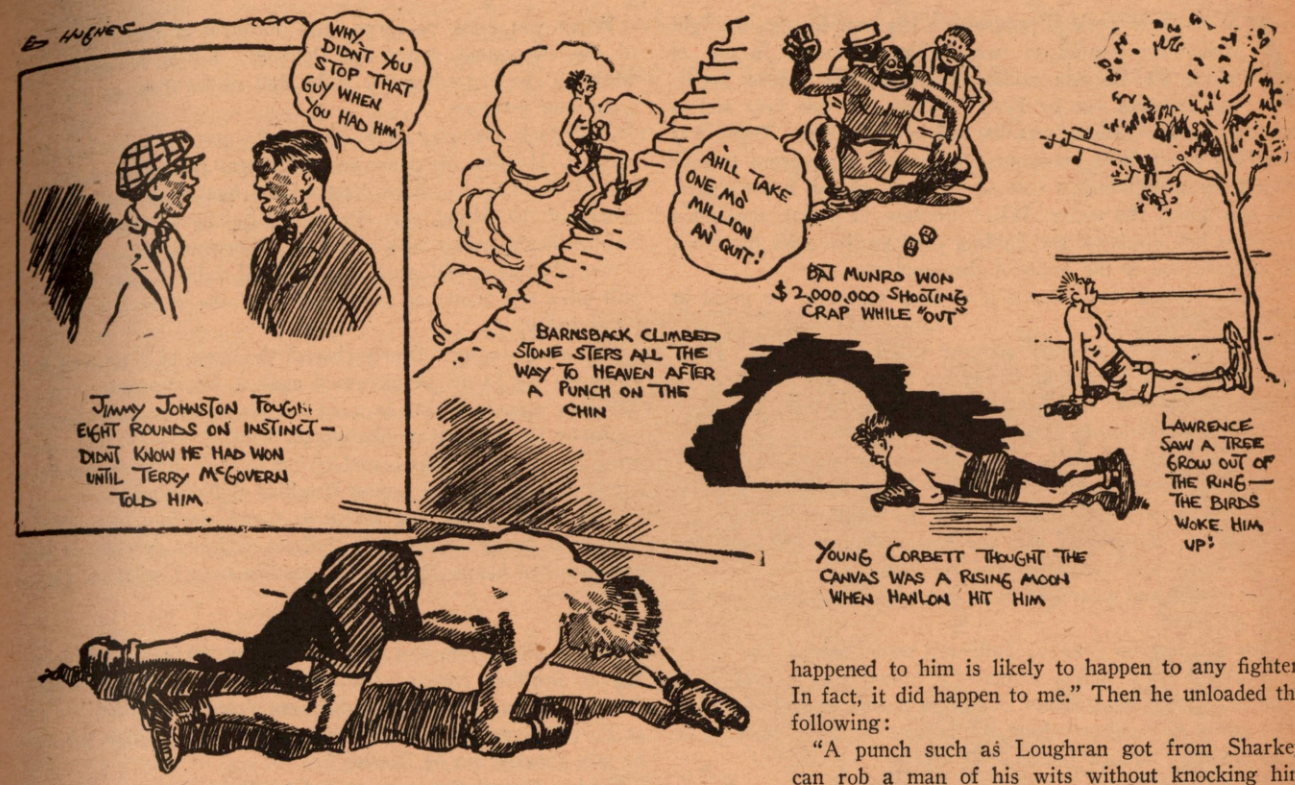
I was a pretty fair amateur boxer in my youth. I liked the sport then as I do now, and I frequently engaged in three-round mills. I was the captain of a boys' club team and on the occasion of the opening of our new club house, I was picked to lead our team against that of another club while the donor of the building and the board of directors and other notables watched the sport.

Judging by what happened, I was the cause for killing the evening's entertainment and almost the cause of having a ban placed by the directors on boxing at the club. I faced an opponent who scaled about 135, while I was only 124, and we were scheduled to box three two-minute rounds.

The gong sounded and I faced my opponent. I jabbed my left to his face and then feinted, and was told some time later that I had also fainted—right out of the picture.

As the story was told to me by the eye-witnesses, just as I tried to feint, my opponent crashed his left to my chin and down I

MENTAL REACTIONS



went. When I came to, I was surrounded by several handsome women. One, I recall, was holding my hand and slapping it; another was rubbing my forehead, and a third was imploring me to rest quietly.

I was dumbfounded. I recalled asking what it was all about, and pleaded with the women to stop petting me. Then, looking down, I noticed the gloves on my hands, and I asked who put them on me. Later in the dressing room, when I finally fully recovered, I tried desperately to recall what had taken place, but I didn't even remember having gone into the ring.

* * *

IN fact, as in the case of Eddie Simms, the first inkling I had that I was scheduled to box was when I spied the gloves on the rubbing table, and I asked the director when I was to don the mitts to go out for my bout. It was then that I learned that I had been knocked cold by a solid wallop, yet I couldn't recall being in a battle.

For the benefit of my readers, I might add that the fellow who turned that trick on me was a ringer, a professional who had fought Leach Cross and several other stars under the name of Joe Gordon. But that kayo did me a world of good because, in later years, when I was Sports Editor of the New York *Press* and later the *Evening Telegram*, and boxing was about to be pitched out on its ears by the state government, I cited my experiences before the governor to prove that boxing was not the brutal sport the Blue Law agitators of that period were trying to make of it. Thus, in my own way, I aided those who were out to save boxing.

* * *

ABOUT four years ago, soon after the Loughran-Sharkey fight, I ran into Johnny Wilson, former middleweight king, up in Boston, and as is natural, fight talk occupied our attention. I asked Johnny what he thought of the Loughran-Sharkey mill, and Wilson, without hesitation, said:

"It's a shame that some of those New York writers accuse Tommy of quitting. He's no quitter, Nat. You know that. What happened to him is likely to happen to any fighter. In fact, it did happen to me." Then he unloaded the following:

"A punch such as Loughran got from Sharkey can rob a man of his wits without knocking him stiff. The mind can go blank, for I've had it happen to me. The time I fought Bryan Downey in Cleveland, for instance.

"Downey hit me on the chin. I can recall the punch coming, and I felt its impact. I remember going down, and after that crawling on my hands and knees to catch the ropes. But after that everything was dark for ten minutes at least when I found myself sitting on my chair with my seconds around me. Only then did I learn what had happened and they had to tell me."

* * *

OF course, we encounter skeptics who call such yarns "fish stories," but we will let our readers be their own judge in such matters. One of the best managers of all time, George Engle, who handled the affairs of Frank Klaus and Harry Greb, middleweight champions, and many lesser lights, tells an interesting story about one of his boys, Eddie Barnsback of Arkansas, who later turned promoter.

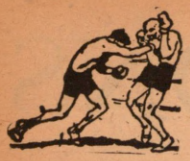
"Barnsback fought a twenty-rounder with a chap named Gilfeather and took a hard swing on the chin in one of the closing rounds," according to Engle. "It shook him badly, but Barnsback finished the bout. However, he didn't remember a thing about the contest until the next morning, and then in the funniest way.

"His favorite barber had given him a shave. Along with it a hot towel. The effect of the hot towel revived him. And now, get this: Barnsback only recalled he had been dreaming of climbing great stone steps that reached, as he remembered it, almost to heaven."

* * *

BIDDY BISHOP, the Western fight manager, once told me one as funny about a fighter named Lawrence. This individual told him that he lay dreaming on the floor after receiving a knockout wallop. Lawrence saw a little tree growing out of the canvas. It reared larger and larger, huge branches and leaves springing from the trunk. Finally, little birds appeared—and their chirping woke him up!

Hard wallops undoubtedly create such amazing fancies. Young Corbett once described to me the effect of a near-knockout from Eddie Hanlon, the famous Frisco lightweight. "I thought the canvas was a rising moon," declared Terry *(Continued on page 44)*



Defeats, Real Test of

IN the New York Hippodrome a few months ago, the fight fans were treated to two thrilling contests, in one of which the German middleweight champion, Eric Seelig, was knocked out by Harry Balsamo in one heat and in the other, Jorge Brescia was kayoed by Joe Louis. There was something about those knockouts that caused the patrons to give to the loser of each bout a rousing reception, as big, if not bigger, than was given the victor. Why? Because in defeat, the fallen gladiators had displayed the fighting courage that stirs the blood and endears one to the heart of the sportsman.

To gain lasting fame in the prize ring one must be great in defeat.

Look over our ring heroes and you will find that those whose names are handed down from generation to generation and spoken lovingly of wherever and whenever the clans gather, are those who have lost gloriously as well as won grandly.

For what fight is John L. Sullivan most remembered?

Was it his great battle with Paddy Ryan, the Trojan giant, amid the oleanders and magnolias on the lawn in front of the Barnes Hotel, Mississippi, with the blue waters of the Gulf lapping the shores less than a hundred feet away?

What a fight and what a setting! But we did not make John L. a hero for that.

When we mention John L. Sullivan's name, neither do we instantly recall his gruelling seventy-five round victory over Jake Kilrain in Richburg— the last of the great bare knuckle goes.

The thing that endears John L. Sullivan in our memories, is his heroic stand against James J. Corbett.

* * *

SULLIVAN, fourteen years in the ring, most of which were spent in riotous dissipation, a bloated effigy of himself, chasing the fastest, trickiest, most scientific heavyweight that ever breathed for twenty-one rounds! Yes, and added to that, he fought the young speed king from California in a ring ankle deep in river sand and in a stuffy New Orleans hall on a hot, murky September evening.

Standing up for twenty-one rounds against Corbett! That doesn't mean much to the unthinking fan, but to those who know, Sullivan's feat was one of the most remarkable in the annals of the prize ring. John L. had nothing left but his fighting heart at the time and he exhibited that to the Nth degree!

But what a fighting heart it was to enable him to meet his Waterloo as he did!

And his manner of losing! No squawks, no squeals, no alibis! Battered, bruised, beaten, he pulled himself up on the ring ropes and raising his mighty right arm wearily called:—

"Gentlemen, I was beaten by a better man. I am glad the championship remains in America."

* * *

JIM CORBETT, do we remember him chiefly for his victory over John L. Sullivan? Perhaps. Yet we call him a great fighter, not so much because of his triumph over John L. Sullivan, as to his losing stand against James J. Jeffries.

An old man of the ring at the time and three years out of the game, three years proprietor of a resort in the Tenderloin, Corbett came back that memorable night at Coney Island, and for twenty-one rounds made a punching bag of the champion. For twenty-one rounds, such was the necromancy of his art, Corbett was the master and Jeffries, the champion, but a tyro. Corbett never was so great as in his defeat.

* * *

WAS Tom Sharkey ever greater than in his defeat at the hands of Jeffries at Coney Island? Willie Ritchie's greatest fight was his losing one against Benny Leonard. Did Ritchie Mitchell ever loom larger than that memorable night in the Garden when he was whipped by Leonard?

When you think of Firpo, you immediately recall the thrills of his two-round defeat by Dempsey. You'll remember that when all else regarding the Wild Bull of the Pampas has faded from your memory.

And Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, greatest of all middleweights. Mention his name and old-timers perhaps first will recall his fight with Johnny Reagan, the fight that started on the shores of the Sound, was interrupted by the incoming tide, and finished in the woods back of Judge O'Gorman's place.

You old-timers will recall that fight, all right. Johnny Reagan is still alive and acting as an inspector for the New York Boxing Commission.

But what you most dearly cherish the name of Nonpareil Jack Dempsey for is his heroic stand against Fitzsimmons. You see Dempsey already broken in mind and physique, floored again and again by the Australian blacksmith. Finally you see him crawling along the ring canvas and trying to hoist himself into fighting posture again by grasping Freckled Bob's skinny legs.

And Fitzsimmons. We prefer to remember him more for his two great losing battles with Jeffries, fighting desperately with two smashed hands, than for his victory over Corbett at Carson City.

* * *

GANS, in victory, was never as glorious as in his two defeats by Battling Nelson. Did Nelson ever fight so savagely, viciously as he did when he went down before Ad Wolgast at Port Richmond? Was Berlenbach ever greater than the night he was knocked out by Delaney?

George Dixon, the greatest fighter of his ounces and inches that ever crawled through the ropes. What is it that makes your heart strings twang when you think of Little Chocolate? It was his losing battle with Terry McGovern. Again you see the courageous little colored man, floored eight times by Terrible Terry, stagger helplessly to his feet and reel blindly once more, face front, straight into McGovern's savage attack.

Little Jimmy Wilde. Was he ever greater than in his defeat by Pancho Villa? Do you recall Mickey Walker and Harry Greb, Joe Thomas and Stanley Ketchel and Billy Papke and the Michigan Assassin?

* * *

AND Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and Ketchel. All of O'Brien's victories fade and pale before his defeat by Ketchel. Nothing left but his stout fighting heart and cool, crafty fighting head. But what a fight! What a truly wonderful fight did O'Brien put up against Ketchel in all the glory of his youth!

O'Brien was whipped into unconsciousness by a boy who did not know the first principles of scientific boxing and when the final bell sounded, the old campaigner and winner of a hundred battles was flat on his back in his own corner, with his battered head resting in his resin box.

The finishing touch was a whizzing right-hander, which landed flush on the point of the chin. O'Brien toppled backward, stiffening as he fell, and when his head struck the floor it bounced several inches and then settled back into the resin dust.

Several hundred people who have been waiting for just this thing to happen for more years than they can remember stood up to howl their approval, and just as the cheering reached its climax the bang of the bell cut through the steady roar and O'Brien was saved from a technical knockout.

* * *

OF all the ten-round fights staged in New York, in the good old days of pugilism, there never was such a vicious, bloody encounter as the one which won Ketchel a place in the metropolitan gallery.

The fourth round was a surprise party for the Ketchel corner. O'Brien opened by retreating around the ropes, and keeping out of danger, but during the last two minutes of the round, he

Greatness of Ring Heroes

Sullivan, Fitz, Corbett, Nonpareil Jack Dempsey, Dixon, Sharkey, Richie, Berlenbach, Firpo and O'Brien Gained Niche in Fistic Hall of Fame

By BILLY ROCKE

went to the middle of the ring and fought as if he intended to settle the fight then and there. It was a master boxer against a fighter, and O'Brien's speed and the accuracy with which he shot his punches to the mark fairly smothered the champion.

A right to the nose, a left hook to the jaw, a right uppercut under the chin—the blows followed each other with such lightning rapidity that there seemed to be no chance to block them. The punch on the nose brought the blood in a thick stream, and before the bell ended the round, Ketchel was as dizzy as a waltzing bear.

O'Brien had pounded his face into a red smear, chipped him on the chin, battered him about the body, and partly closed one eye. When the bell rang Ketchel skipped unsteadily to his corner and the seconds in O'Brien's corner jabbered excitedly.

Everybody wanted to tell him that Ketchel was groggy and that the end of the fight was in sight. Yet O'Brien seemed greatly distressed by his hard work, and Ketchel was breathing evenly and listening to the advice of Willie Britt with the same old smile.

* * *

IN the fifth round, O'Brien brought more blood. Ketchel was covered with it. His mouth was full of it. When he breathed a tiny red spray flew out of his mouth and showered O'Brien's chest. It was in this round that Ketchel began to make use of his right uppercut in the clinches.

O'Brien was tired and wanted to hang on. Ketchel flailed away with both arms free, driving the left into the body and bringing the right straight up under the chin. He sent O'Brien's head into the air and fairly punched him out of the clinches.

There is no telling how much these wicked uppercuts contributed to O'Brien's agony, but from the fifth round until the end of the fight, Ketchel never stopped putting them under the Philadelphian's chin.

The sixth and seventh were repetitions of the fifth, Ketchel bleeding in streams and O'Brien jabbing and clinching, only to be hammered out of the clinch by Ketchel's uppercuts. In the eighth round O'Brien began to hang on and hug Ketchel to prevent him from scoring with the uppercut. For this he was hissed.

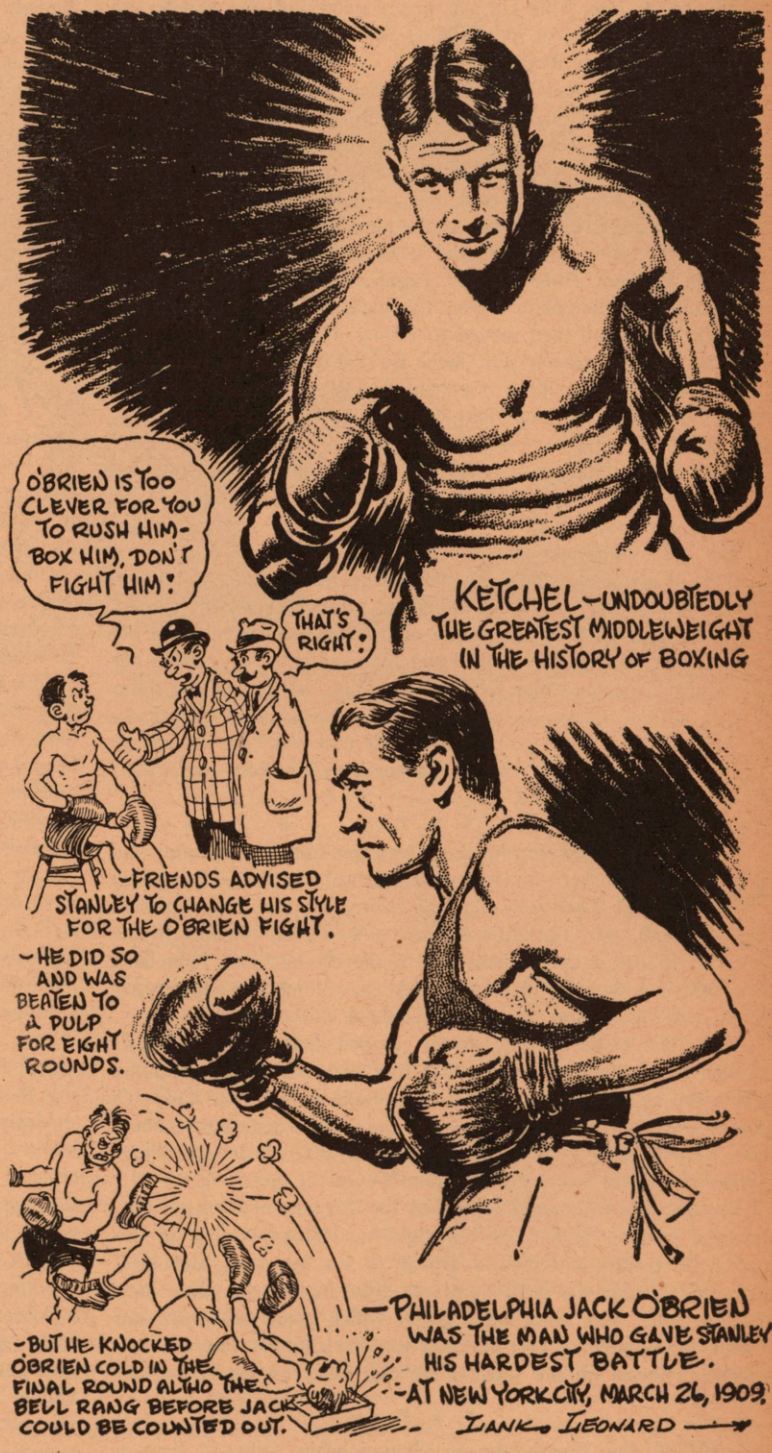
After the eighth round, Willie Britt crawled along the ropes and spoke to the newspaper men "I'm going to turn the tiger loose in this round," said he. "I've been holding him back for the finish."

Sure enough, the tiger was loose in the ninth round. Ketchel came out with a rush, chased O'Brien along the ropes and catching him wide open, drove in two hard punches, one to the body and the other to the jaw. O'Brien turned his back and collapsed, falling to the floor in the neutral corner. He took a short count and then staggered to his feet.

There was only one thing he wanted to do and that was to keep away from Ketchel. He ran around the ring, fell into clinches and hugged until torn away by the referee.

In the tenth round, Ketchel finished the work. O'Brien was dazed and weak and wide open. Ketchel rushed him and dropped him in the middle of the ring. O'Brien took the count of seven and came up again, only to go down a second time.

A second time he rose and backed toward his corner, half turning away from Ketchel's rush. The right swing found the point of his chin and he toppled over, his head striking the floor with a thump and resting in the resin box.



It was a sensational finish of a great fight—perhaps the best fight which O'Brien ever fought. You don't see 'em that way now. Commercialism has altered the situation considerably in boxing.

RINGSIDERS COULDN'T

IN the old days one of the accepted ways for a champion to make a little extra money was to travel as an added attraction with a burlesque show. His job was not to sing and dance, a la Max Baer, but to fight all comers who dared to challenge him.

Tommy Ryan and Marvin Hart were on one such trip under the management of Jack Curley, when the show landed in Butte, Montana. Butte was a red-blooded mining town, full of rough, tough hombres who would fight at the drop of a hat.

One of the visitors at the theater on opening night was an old-time fighter named Jerry McCarthy. He had a young kid sitting beside him. This kid was pretty good with the gloves, and McCarthy's sole object in attending the show was to get his kid into the ring with Ryan.

After the girls had gone through their part of the show, the announcement was made that Tommy Ryan, middleweight champion, would meet any man in the house in a three-round bout. McCarthy shoved his kid up on the stage, amid faint cheers from the half-filled house, and a bout took place that would have opened the eyes of any true follower of the ring.

After the show was over the troupers retired to their hotel, and one of them, Billy Watson, began to growl about the punk attendance. He complained that the girls didn't put enough life into the show, and then turned to Ryan.

"And another reason this show isn't drawing," he yelled, "is the poor exhibitions Ryan is putting on. Why, that kid somebody pushed up from the front row tonight showed him up. A boy—just a boy. I could have licked him myself."

Ryan could stand no more. He jumped to his feet, shaking with rage, and hollered: "The heck you could! That kid almost knocked my brains out!"

The kid was Stanley Ketchel.

Well, Watson knew his burlesque, but he had no eye for fighters. That's the trouble with a lot of fellows who complain the loudest about boxing. To hear the shouts of the fans who have lost a bet on a fight, the man they picked had betrayed them by getting out of condition or the other fellow fouled him all during the fight. That's why so many championship bouts have ended in a furor of foul-claiming. Let's go back a minute and count up the heavyweight title fights alone which left a portion of the fans screaming: "Robber!" at the referee.

* * *

IN the championship bout between Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Corbett, matters went smoothly until the fourteenth round. Then wily old Bob shifted his feet, dug a powerful left hook into Corbett's tummy, and started a right to the head to follow it up. Corbett fell to the canvas, Bob held back his right-hand punch just before it landed, although he had already started to swing, and the referee counted Corbett out.

The count of ten was no sooner reached than Corbett's friends rushed to the ring screaming that Fitz had fouled the American champion by hitting him with a right-hand punch after Corbett's knees were already on the canvas. Some reporters wrote about the "blow to the face" which Fitz landed after Corbett went down. Other ringsiders swore no such punch ever hit the mark.

Fitzsimmons afterward confirmed the opinions of the ones who claimed he had held back his right-hander, explaining it this way: "I landed a left-hand punch to his stomach, and then, without shifting the position of my feet, landed the same hand to his chin." The right-hand punch which some observers saw "land" was pulled up just short of the mark as Fitzsimmons saw Corbett's knees hit the canvas. He did, however, hit twice with his left.

* * *

IN the Burns-Johnson championship fight at Sydney, Australia, ringsiders and even the referee himself saw a foul committed which passed without penalty for reasons which seemed important at the time.

In the first round, the fighters came out of a clinch at Referee Hugh McIntosh's command and Johnson landed a pip of a punch to the chin. It nearly put Burns out. The referee, who was also the promoter, was put in a very embarrassing situation because the rules for that fight explicitly stated that there was to be a clean break—with no hitting—from all clinches.

The punch, therefore, could have been called foul and Johnson disqualified then and there. But as McIntosh looked around the arena and heard the roar of the largest crowd that had ever gathered to see a fight anywhere in the world, a crowd which had come from hundreds of miles in every direction to pay in the world's record gate receipts for a championship fight, he thought: "If I stop this bout in the first round on a technicality there will certainly be a riot."

It was a tough spot. He asked Burns if he would go on. Burns, who was very determined, and confident of beating Johnson, said, "Sure!"

The fight went on and Burns was all but out in the fourteenth when police jumped in and stopped the fight. McIntosh afterwards said it was his belief that Burns never recovered from that punch to the chin, and that if he had any chance with Johnson it went glimmering at that moment. Well, maybe so; at any rate, this claim of foul was unique because it received the unofficial support of the referee, who didn't enforce it.

* * *

AFTER the Willard-Dempsey fight at Toledo, many losers attempted to wriggle out of their bets on the grounds that Dempsey had left the ring before the bout was over. This fight was indeed a mix-up; it gave losers a chance to howl and several strange things to point out while howling.

To begin with, Willard didn't like a white canvas. He brought his own brown canvas to the arena with him, and being the champion, had his way about having the ring covered with it before the title bout. However, the ordinary white canvas was good enough for the preliminary fighters. Everything seemed to be in great shape when the main bout came around.

The brown canvas was stretched over the floor of the ring and fastened down along the sides, and it wasn't discovered until the fight began that some of the canvas was stuffed down behind the bell, and the usual opening clang was a sort of a muffled gurgle. Immediately Dempsey began to demonstrate the wildest, most amazing punching attack fans had ever seen in a championship bout.

I do not need to tell you that the roars of the onlookers would have drowned out a steam siren, let alone a muffled bell, and it is little wonder that as Willard went down for the seventh time towards the end of the first round, Referee Ollie Pecord counted ten over him, and said to Dempsey: "Good boy, Jack. Beat it to your dressing room. The fight's over and this crowd will mob you."

Jack climbed out of the ring. He couldn't get far because the crowd surrounded him, shaking him by the hand and all swarming about him to have a look at the new champion.

Meanwhile W. Warren Barbour, the timekeeper, was trying to explain to the referee that he had rung the bell when the count reached nine; Willard was not out; the round had ended before the count could be completed. As soon as Pecord heard this, he called to Dempsey.

Jack had a lot of trouble getting back through the crowd to the ring. He was bewildered; he had seen Willard counted out, had been told he had won the fight, and didn't know why the fight had to go on. Incidentally, while all the fuss was going on, Willard got a two-minute rest instead of the legal one-minute interval, or he might not have been able to continue. Well, the fight went on and during the intermission between the third and fourth rounds, the battered Willard told Pecord he could not continue.

This gave rise to a lot of discussion as to whether the fight ended in the third or fourth. Barbour, the timekeeper, stated that thirteen seconds of the rest period still remained when the sponge was tossed in; therefore, officially the fight ended in the third,

TAKE IT

By BOB EDGREN

as the rest period of one minute is a part of the preceding round.

* * *

WHEN Dempsey fought Firpo, lots of fans and many sportswriters claimed foul for both sides. Firpo backers claimed that Dempsey stood too close to Firpo during the knockdowns. Dempsey backers claimed that Firpo went down without being hit on several occasions because Dempsey approached as he got up. Firpo fans said Dempsey was pushed back into the ring after being knocked out of it, which was true.

After all, nobody wants a heavyweight sitting in his lap and there was no place else to push him. Some said he couldn't have gotten back in time to avoid being counted out. Well, a count is taken up for the purpose of establishing whether or not a fighter is knocked out; not for the purpose of finding out whether he can climb out of a crowd into a ring in ten seconds. As long as Dempsey was able and willing to stand there would have been no purpose in counting him out.

Knocking a man out of the ring is not one of the purposes of fighting: that's more or less of an accident, and I have seen referees who would not take up any count when a fighter was knocked, pushed, wrestled, thrown, or butted out of the ring.

* * *

IT is certain that no matter which man won this fight, a large portion of the fans and writers would have been openly discontented with the result.

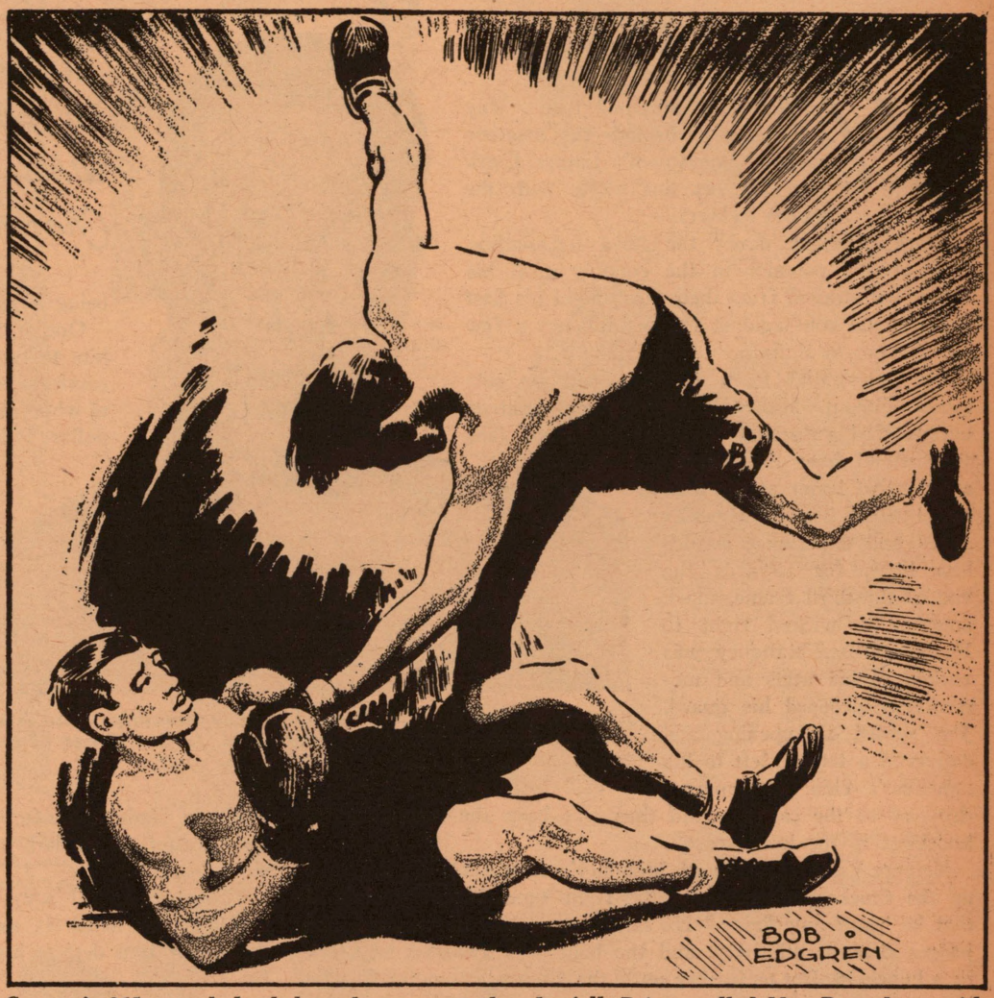
In the second Tunney-Dempsey fight, the now famous fourteen-second count took place. Opinions on this fight were so divided that it is quite impossible to this day to get everyone to agree on the justice of the matter.

Dave Barry, referee, said his instructions to the boxers were as follows: "In case of a knockdown, the man on his feet will immediately retire to the farthest neutral corner and will remain there until the fallen man is on his feet in boxing position, or until he has been counted out. I'll not regard a man down until the boxer on his feet so retires."

If such were Dave Barry's instructions, they explain why he did what he did. The question in the minds of Dempsey admirers is whether he had the right "not to regard a man down until the boxer on his feet so retires," because even under the most favorable circumstances it would take a fighter some seconds to retire to the farthest neutral corner and the man on the floor would be given a "long count" in each and every case. The custom among referees and timekeepers, of course, is to start counting when the man hits the floor.

On the other hand, Tunney's backers saw Dempsey standing in the nearest corner, behind Tunney, and approved the stand that Barry took in halting the count while he sent Dempsey to the farthest neutral corner.

An amusing incident occurred during the fight when the referee slipped into the ordinary way of doing things. Dempsey fell to one knee after a punch on the chin. Those who saw the fight, and the pictures, recall that before Dempsey or Tunney had time to move in any direction the referee had started his arm down on the count of "One!" Such is the force of habit.



Carnera's 265 pounds landed on the canvas and as he fell, Primo pulled Max Baer down with him and both fighters were sprawled on the canvas.

* * *

DURING the Tunney-Heeney battle, old Tom, the Hard Rock from down under, protested to the referee that Tunney's thumb was finding its way into his eye. Heeney supporters were loud in their claim of foul, but the referee viewed matters calmly and Tunney went on to an easy win. He outclassed Heeney so far that the outcome was inevitable in any case.

Then came the Sharkey-Schmeling fight, which sent the heavyweight crown to Germany. On this occasion the job of hollering "Foul!" was in capable hands. Joe Jacobs was as much responsible for seeing justice done as anyone; it was he who turned the ringside into a bedlam and directed the referee, who hadn't seen the low punch, to inquire of the judges, one of whom had. Schmeling was awarded the fight, and the title, on a foul. It proved that once in a while it pays to squawk, and squawk loudly. Perhaps that's why people try it so often.

The heavyweight championship battles since that time have passed more or less without incident, except for one amusing episode that demonstrated the unrivalled ignorance of the complainers. When Max Baer beat Primo Carnera, as all ringsiders will remember, several of the knockdowns were more in the nature of a wrestling match than a championship fight. Max hit Primo on the chin. Primo, staggering backwards, his bad ankle giving way, clutched at anything that might hold him up. The nearest thing was Maxie's arm. *(Continued on page 44)*

Makes Good as Pro

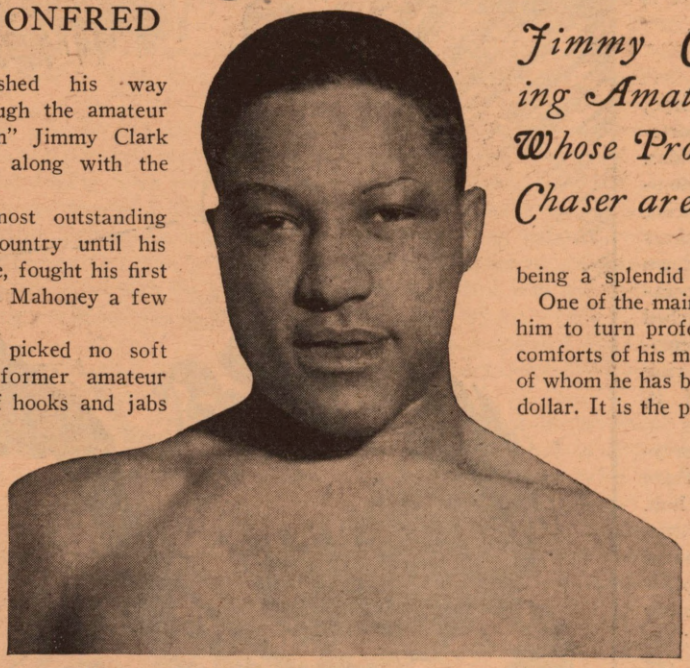
By I. HARRIS MONFRED

Jimmy Clark, Outstanding Amateur Middleweight Whose Prospects as a Money Chaser are Extremely Bright

HAVING smashed his way triumphantly through the amateur ranks, "Jamestown" Jimmy Clark has cast his line along with the money fighters.

Clark, without doubt the most outstanding amateur 160 pounder in the country until his recent withdrawal from their file, fought his first professional bout against Paulie Mahoney a few months ago in Buffalo.

For his initial start, Clark picked no soft touch. For in Mahoney, the former amateur encountered a dazzling array of hooks and jabs that would have discouraged a fighter of lesser mettle than he. But Mahoney's superior speed and experience availed him little, for towards the end of the third frame, Clark smashed a wicked right to Paulie's chest. Mahoney was rocked to his heels and momentarily dropped his guard. Jim sensed an opening and delivered a terrific left to his opponent's chin. Mahoney dropped to the canvas. And thus was born the most disputed knockout in the local season.



Jimmy Clark, holder of 23 amateur championships, who is doing fine work in the professional field. Jimmy is one of the best prospects of the year.

Referee Carr (brother of Mahoney's manager) did not take up the timekeeper's count at the right time. Mahoney claimed that he heard only "nine." He said that at nine he was up. The judges thought otherwise and the bout was awarded to Clark by a knockout. But to further settle the dispute, Promoter Charlie "Tex" Murray offered to rematch them for next Monday night. The match was made and Clark beat Mahoney all over the ring.

* * *

NOT yet 22, the colored demon is the holder of 23 amateur titles, among which are two National Amateur Championships, a New York Tournament title, the Pre-Olympic Championship and a host of others too numerous to mention.

Jimmy has engaged in approximately 300 battles as an amateur and has but eleven decisions chalked up against him. His last stand in a Simon-pure ring was made in Jamestown a few weeks ago against Bradley Lewis. Lewis, New York Golden Glover and international champion, graced the canvas six times in the second round and was unable to answer the bell for the third, thus marking the first time in his career of over two hundred battles that he has ever been knocked out.

Through stiff competition Clark was chosen to represent the United States in the recent Olympics. He easily won the opening bouts and although the official decision went against him in the finals, newspapermen who were present unanimously agreed that he easily had the better of the argument with his Polish opponent.

His first ring battle was in 1931 in Franklin, Pa. Jimmy scaled exactly 98 pounds. His opponent, "Skinny" Veleski weighed 112. Clark has since made common practice of conceding weight, and many times, as was the case in the Mahoney brawl, spotted an opponent 12 or more pounds. For all this, however, he has come right-side-up in almost every instance.

Today Jimmy is a splendidly proportioned athlete standing 5 ft.-10 in. and weighing 154 pounds. In high school he established himself as a "four letter man," excelling in basketball, baseball, football and track. His time for the "hundred" is a fraction over 10 seconds. Clark can also add golfing to his accomplishments, being a splendid player, very often breaking 90.

One of the main reasons, he said, that prompted him to turn professional, is to further insure the comforts of his mother and sister, the sole support of whom he has been ever since he earned his first dollar. It is the pleasing of these ladies that gives him so much of his determination and ambition. If Jimmy retains that determination and the will-to-win he exhibited in recent training sessions, he should go far on that alone. The combination of his ambitions and his left hook is a rare couple, and one that a good many of our top-notchers could use to advantage.

Never did a fighter train more diligently or learn more willingly. Under the watchful eye of Steve Halaiko and Bill Clore, his manager, Clark daily eliminates the flaws that are so common in an amateur.

Though he is still in the embryo stage, fans who have witnessed the left-hook artist at work almost unanimously predict great things for him despite his recent defeat at the hands of Ralph De John.

* * *

CLARK has engaged in only six professional fights, and has won five bouts. He is the current box-office attraction in Buffalo fistic circles. Jimmy followed the two triumphs over Mahoney by knocking out Billy Rosen in one round, giving a great display of punching power. He defeated the sturdy and tricky Vince De Angelo in six fast rounds, and then scored his most important and impressive win when he knocked out the crafty Eddie Ran in two rounds.

No one who has watched Jimmy work has ever questioned his gameness under fire, nor debated his ability to "take it." Clark was floored in the first round of his bout with De Angelo, shook off the effects of a terrific right, got up to weather a blistering barrage, and came back to hand the Brooklyn boy a bitter lacing.

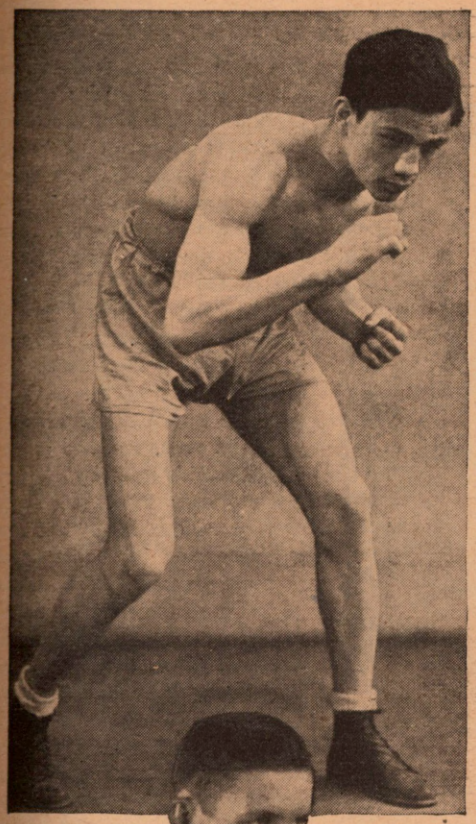
Several times during that memorable conflict, Clark ran afoul of De Angelo's Sunday punch, gritted his teeth and kept boring in. Vince was on the verge of a trip to dreamland himself in the last two stanzas.

* * *

JIMMY was a bit over-confident when he squared off to Ran, a veteran of many gruelling ring wars, and was floored. He walked into Ran with his chin held high, and Eddie let fly with a fast one that caught the unsuspecting Clark flush on the jaw, and the Buffalo boy crashed to the canvas, apparently out for the first time in a brilliant career. But Clark got off the floor to put up a sensational battle that ended in the knockout of Ran, who took a crushing right to the jaw and hit the deck with a resounding thud. That ended the fight.

A Buffalo "natural" between Clark and Ralph De John, young Syracuse middleweight, took place recently at the Buffalo Auditorium and De John was declared the winner after six mighty tough rounds. It made the fans boxing conscious around Buffalo and a return meeting is in order.

Breaking Into the Spotlight

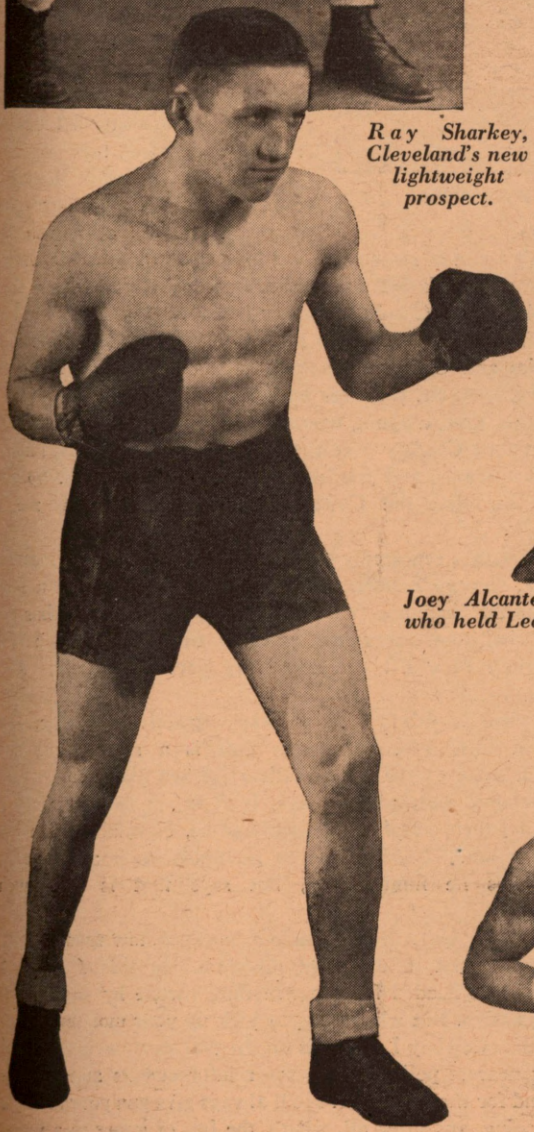


Ray Sharkey, Cleveland's new lightweight prospect.

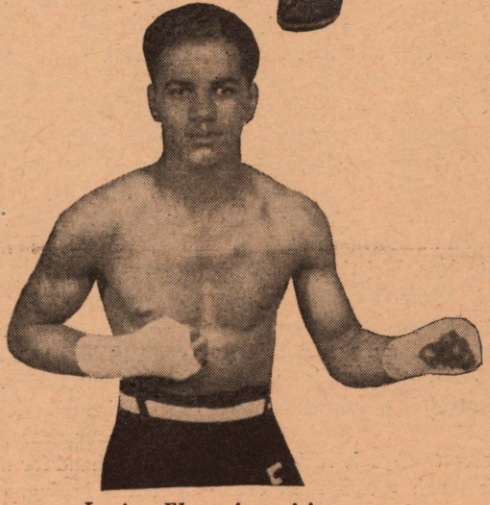
Scotty McLean, crack Peoria, Illinois, 135-pounder.

Carl Guggino, rugged Hartford, Conn., lightweight.

Joey Alcanter, Kansas Cityan, who held Leo Rodak to a draw.



Jimmy Garrison, one of the brightest lightweight prospects, hailing from Kansas City.



Lucius Fleet, fast rising New Orleans bantamweight.

Pat Kissinger, Garrison's close rival for honors in the State of Missouri.

TEXAS BAD MAN

By BERNICE SANDBOE

CALL out the Rangers, folks, and get your shooting irons ready, because here comes that rough and rowdy Texas cow-puncher who is as tough as cactus and as ornery as a wild mustang. His name is Clarence, but you'd better smile when you call him that or else reach mighty fast for your six-shooter. His pals call him Cowboy—Cowboy Luttrall—and he is the dadgumest, orneriest critter this side or that side of the Rio Grande.

He was born on Carroll Creek Ranch near Jacksboro, Texas, thirty years ago March 27, and ever since he was old enough to fall off a horse he's been riding the range—first on the Carroll Creek Ranch and later on the North Fork Ranch. He was a cowboy until that city slicker, Art Mondt, Toots' brother, lured him into the wrestling game. Cowboy had already tried his hand at it when a circus wrestler came to town and the Cowboy gave him the best thrashing that he'd ever had. Of course, Cowboy didn't stick to the rules on wrestling, but all the same, that match put a bug in his ear and it wasn't long until he hung up his chaps and spurs and made off for Beaumont, Texas.

Cowboy Luttrall, the tough hombre from along the Rio Grande.

That was in 1927, and ever since he's been one of the best showmen in the game. Mind you, now, I don't say wrestler, pardner, because I ain't one to write down here in this story that the Cowboy is a wrestler. He probably could be if he ever got around to it, but he's always so busy fighting and scrapping that he hasn't had time yet to show folks what he can really do in the way of wrestling.

* * *

YOU see, the Cowboy has a temper like a Texas steer and is ready to fight at the drop of the hat. And that goes for outside as well as inside the ring. All you have to do is to look at him in the wrong tone of voice, or maybe not even look at him at all, and he's ready to trade punches.

Inside the ring, he asks no odds and gives none. His policy is to mop up on his opponent in any way he can, and that seldom includes clean wrestling. He likes his matches rough, and if the other fellow can't take it, that's just fine and dandy for the Cowboy. And if the fans don't like his wrestling, they are usually invited into the fray, too. The Cowboy draws no lines—as a matter of fact, he rather relishes riots. "I can take on three or four at a time and make punching bags out of them," he says, and adds: "But as good as I am, I can't lick an auditorium full."

He's had many an encounter with irate fans. He's been mobbed in Texas, North Carolina, Minnesota, West Virginia, South Carolina, Virginia, Florida, Louisiana, and many other places too numerous to mention. And wherever he wrestles, you will find that police protection is always furnished him. No promoter wants to take a chance on having a young revolution staged on the premises.

The Cowboy is proud of his police escort—says it makes him feel like the mayor. But once, says this tough cowpuncher, even the police turned against him, and that was the first and only time he has ever been scared in his life. He was wrestling in Pennington Gap, Virginia, a small hill-billy hamlet in the Cumberland Mountains of Virginia near the border of Kentucky. He was wrestling the hillbillys' favorite, Father Lumpkin, and all the miners, farmers and general population were on hand at the ballpark to witness the match.

When the Cowboy began his rough work on Father Lumpkin though, the fun started and rocks began buzzing by the Cowboy's ears. He turned to the police for help, but they, too, had become so irate at his behavior that they started after him. He barely escaped serious injury and says that the only thing that saved him was the fact that his car was parked near the ring. He fled to the car, leaving all his clothes and possessions behind, and he hasn't been back to Pennington Gap since. When he got back home the boys asked him where the dents in his car came from, and the Cowboy answered that "a hundred fans and a thousand stones were after him."

That is only one of the many experiences the Cowboy goes through. In fact, every time he wrestles, it's a riot of some sort. Not long ago in Fayetville, North Carolina, someone slashed his robe with a knife, and before that, in Columbia, South Carolina, someone tried to slash the Cowboy with a knife. Three months ago in West Virginia, two irate fans came at him and Cowboy presented them both with black eyes. For revenge, they cut the tires on his car.

And another time, a young woman, who was evidently a Savoldi follower, konked Cowboy over the head with an umbrella, knocking him unconscious, and Joe hastily covered for the fall. So you can easily see that the Cowboy leads an exciting if not a safe life.

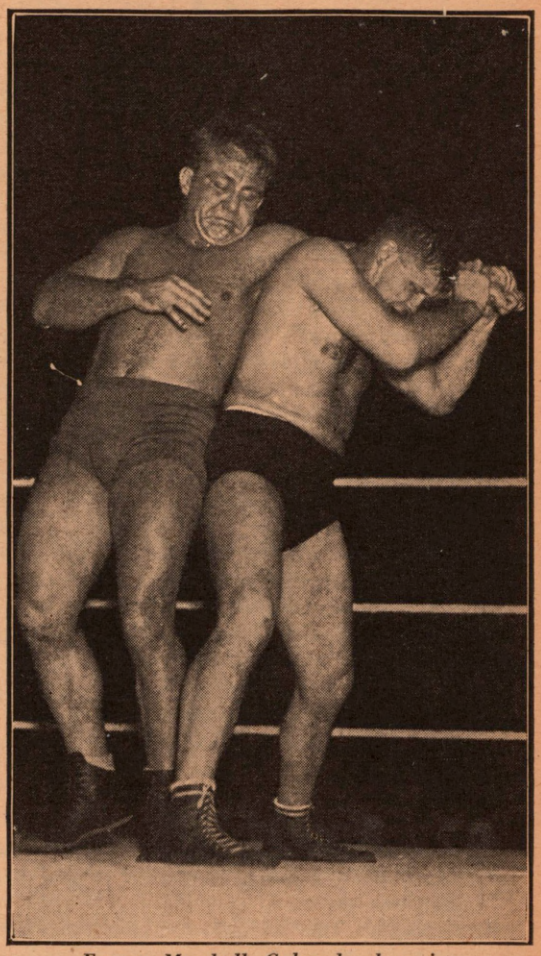
The Cowboy has repeatedly challenged such outstanding meanies as Joe Cox, George Zaharias and so on, to meet him in a bout to determine the champion "roughneck," but so far no one has accepted. "I challenge any rough wrestler to meet me, and if I don't outrough him, I'll contribute my part to charity," says Luttrall.

The Cowboy is married to a very attractive brunette, and they have a little son. He thinks golf is a sissy game and laughs when some of the big wrestlers get out there to chase a little pill around. Baseball, he says, is okay, if they get into a fight now and then, but football is his game, especially when the going gets rough. Too, he likes to go fox-hunting and fishing, and sometimes he hunts birds, but says that is too much trouble.

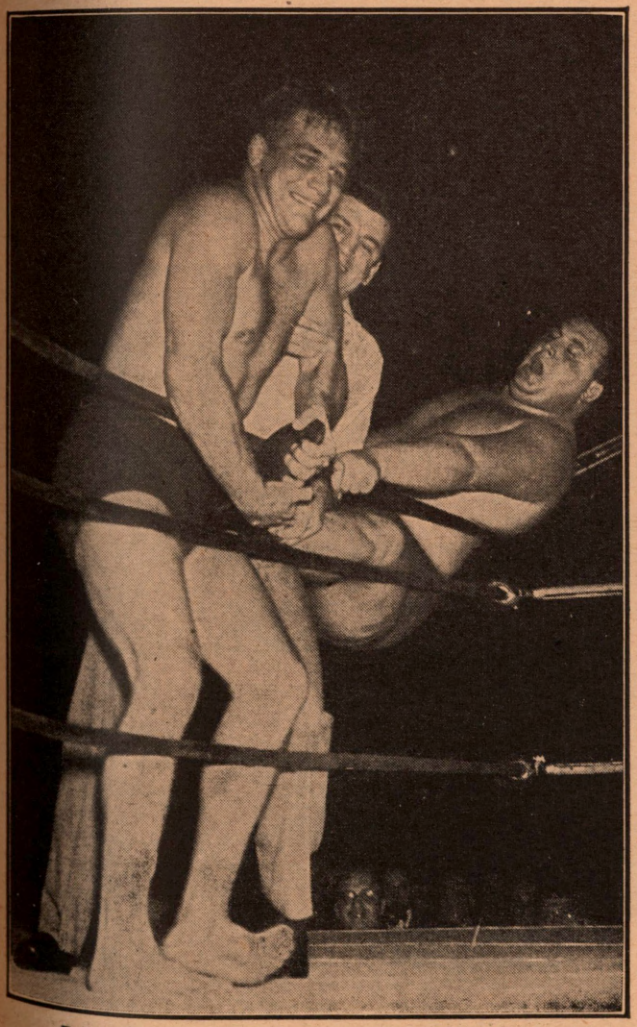
He'll go a long way, this pugnacious, cocky fellow from Texas, although maybe not in the right direction. By that I mean, I don't believe he's headed for the wrestling throne by any stretch of the imagination. But whenever you pick up your morning paper and notice that Cowboy Luttrall is on the mat card, write, wire or phone your nearest police station for reinforcements and be sure to be on hand for the festivities. He'll always give you your money's worth of booing, and after all, what's the fun of going to a wrestling match if we can't clear our throats and give forth a big husky boo for the villain de luxe.

GROANS *and* GRUNTS

Dave Levin in a tight squeeze. He is shown here in a leg and arm squeeze applied by Bruns. It was in this match in the N. Y. Hippodrome that Levin was tossed from the ring and was badly injured. A blood transfusion was required.



Everett Marshall, Colorado champion in his "championship" bout with Jim McMillen in Chicago. Jim is shown with a strong wrist lock on Marshall (left)



Bobby Bruns, bare-footed, applies a toe hold and the latest in wrestling, "a rope split" on fat Harry Jacobs in their Philadelphia bout which Bruns won with a body press in 23 minutes.

Sandor Szabo, handsome Hungarian movie actor and wrestler is pictured here tossing Champion Dean Detton. A few minutes later, while Szabo was arguing with the referee, Detton applied a leg scissors to his rival and pinned him.

GRAPPLING

"THERE it is. He's got it on him. The bout is finished. Get your hat and coat and let's go home."

The speaker is Mr. Rabid Wrestling Fan. And when Mr. Fan gives utterances to his feelings, he knows whereof he speaks.

The mat clientele realizes that once a grappler, with AN ESTABLISHED HOLD, clamps that grasp on the adversary, the bout is officially terminated. It is only a question of just how long the victim can wiggle and squirm in an effort to break away from the viselike grip.

This ONE HOLD CLUB is an exclusive organization—a club composed of mat stars who, by dint of hard training, have perfected a SINGLE HOLD and this lone method of getting the rival is sufficient to spell doom for the unfortunate one. To attain life membership into this select circle, one MUST PROVE his mettle.

The latest entry to this Hall of Fame is Cliff Olsen. The burly Swede has gained recognition through his invention of the OUTSIDE STEPOVER GRAPEVINE LEG HOLD. The name is a long one, but it is just what it is called. Olsen, who recently beat Yvon Robert, the French-Canadian champion, had this hold on Steve Casey several times, but found Steve too powerful and lost the match. Only a foolish matador would take a chance on having his leg broken rather than give up the contest, and he takes just such a chance when Olsen applies his specialty.

Yvon Robert tried to prove Olsen's hold could be broken, only to suffer a fractured lower limb in his futile attempt, but Casey got out of it.

* * *

FANS remember how Joe Stecher used to apply the rib-breaking Body Scissors and once it was clamped on, victory was his.

Frank Gotch's Toe-Hold was the official signal that the bout was over and another conquest was added to his long list of wins.

The Wrist-Lock of John Pesek, the Tiger Man, was torture for his foes and they couldn't surrender any too quickly.

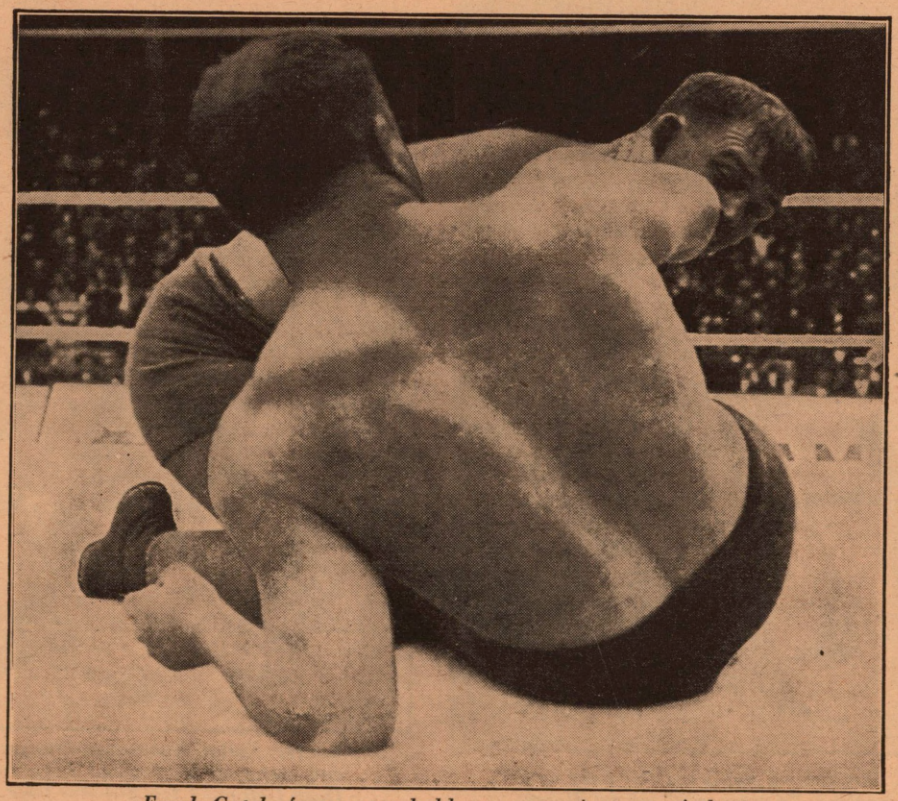
Earl Caddock's Twist Head Scissors was the former champion's successful means of pinning his antagonists.

Paul Jones makes his adversaries yell "uncle" once he gets his Hook Scissors working.

The Headlock of Ed Strangler Lewis so stunned the opponents that they soon lost interest in the proceedings.

The late Big Jim Browning always had his Turnover Body Scissors in perfect working order and woe was unto those who found themselves entwined by the one-time title-holder's lower limbs.

Gus Sonnenberg has played havoc through the use of his Flying Tackle.



Frank Gotch, famous toe hold expert, getting one of those things on Hackenschmidt.

Ernie Dusek spins the party of the second part dizzy with a Giant Leg Swing.

The Cradle Hold of Rudy Dusek often rocks an opponent into submission.

Jim Londos calls on his old reliable Body Slam time and again to batter all would-be winners into submission.

The Irish-Whip of Danno O'Mahony was the means of the County Cork matador eventually attaining the world diadem.

* * *

THERE may be one or two others who have qualified for life membership into this exclusive organization through means of perfecting holds that proved mysteries to those who thought they had an idea of successfully warding off the finish.

But to Cliff Olsen goes the rare honor of perfecting his second original hold. His first was the Swedish Flying Slam, a combination of the arm-pull and over-the-shoulder heave. This hold was copied, with somewhat of a variation by Everette Marshall and Danno O'Mahony.

His Outside Stepover Grapevine Leg Hold, Olsen feels certain will enable him to win many matches.

"An inventor of a certain hold spends months of hard labor and seeing that his new means of ultimate mat victory is really the goods," says Olsen. "He trains with trusted sparring partners and has them try their 'darnedest' to find ways and means of locating the weak points and how to break the grasp.

"Once the hold has passed the official O.K., the inventor can step out in the wrestling rings and confidently feel that victory is assured. Of course, the grappler who invents a new hold must be built for it. He must know his own strength. He must realize that he will have to use a certain kind of pressure to insure the ultimate victory.

"I admit that my body isn't built to pull any Turnover Body Scissors like Jim Browning, or grab my rivals into a Giant Leg Swing like Ernie Dusek, or apply a Twist Head Scissors like Earl Caddock. By the same omen, neither could any of the exclusive ONE HOLD SOCIETY use my Swedish Flying Slam or the Outside Stepover Grapevine Leg Hold," said Olsen, "but I have got something that is a worry to my rivals."

* * *

THE greatest wrestlers of today employ holds that are taken from the various styles of wrestling. The catch-as-catch-can style is a combination of Greek, Latin, Japanese, as well as certain phases of the old Colorado Elbow wrestling, and therefore it is not difficult to understand why some of the tactics used in each of these are now employed. For example, Sandor Szabo, the great Hungarian wrestler, employs a number of Graeco-Roman tactics. His fall back-

SPECIALISTS

The One Hold Club Has Had Many Illustrious Members Since Strangler Lewis, the Original, and Frank Gotch

By "HACK"

wards with a full-Nelson is one example of his European training. Likewise, his great double-lock of his opponents' arms and the quick flip over the head.

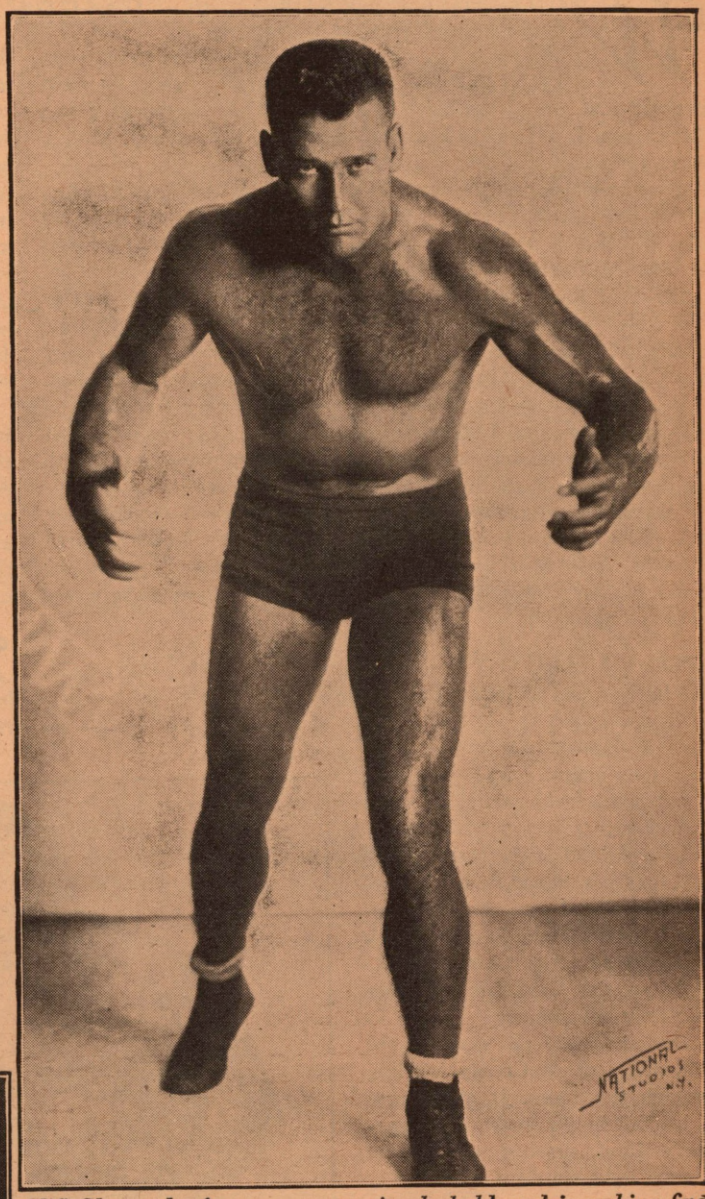
Jim Londos has many of the tricks of the Japanese, while Jim McMillen and Ray Steele, among other great American grapplers, employ purely the American style. Everyone who follows wrestling knows that Londos' best wrestling holds are the Japanese arm-lock and leg-lock and head-lock. It was Strangler Lewis who perfected the head-lock, and to this day he has no master in this hold.

* * *

AND thus we can go down the line and show that almost every wrestler of note has perfected some one hold which either is a combination from among holds that have already been seen or else is a little invention of his own, as was the case with Jim Browning's airplane leg spin.

The greatest exponent of the strangle-hold was Evan Lewis, the original Strangler, and the wrestler who showed the greatest affection with the arm-flying mare was George Hackenschmidt. Once he attained that grip, the curtain fell on the match.

Those who remember Ernest Roeber as a wrestler will recall that he was a master in the use of the hammer-lock. Ernest Ziegfried had a double-Nelson that was murderous. Dick Shikat's body slam and spread eagle have made wrestling history. Farmer Burns, who passed away only a few weeks ago, had a leg twist that was a beauty, and many of his pupils who are now competing in the Middle West as middleweights

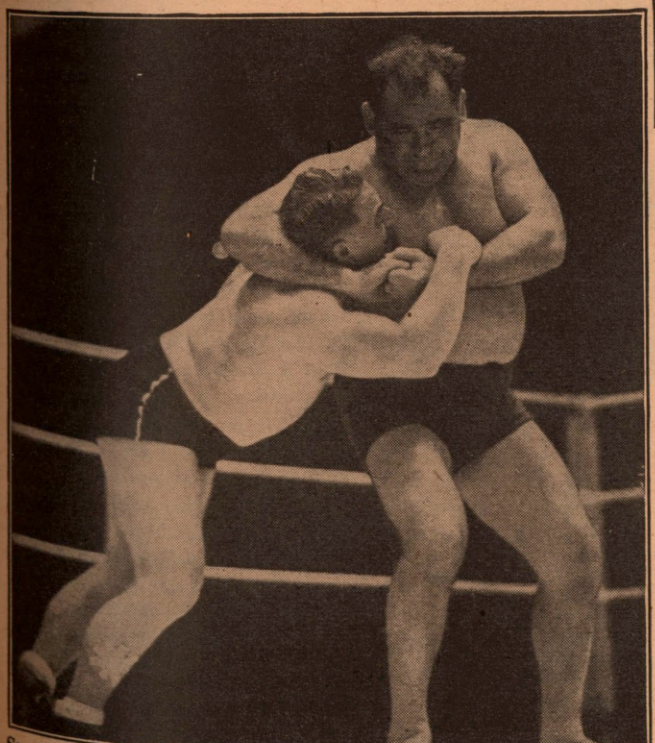


Cliff Olsen, who features a grapevine leghold, and is making fine progress with it.

and light-heavyweights have followed his example in making that hold their specialty.

John Pesek uses a double wrist-lock that is a lulu. It doesn't take long for the blood circulation to come to a halt when once Pesek applies the pressure. Ed Don George is a master of several good holds but his chief attainment is in the use of the hammer-lock, and thus down the line we can go, and no matter who the wrestler, regardless of his standing in the division in which he competes, there is at least one outstanding hold upon which he depends more than any other for his success in tossing his man.

Possibly one of the most dangerous holds ever used is the combination hammer lock and body hold as applied by Alexander Aberg, former Greco-Roman champion of the world. Aberg obtained the hammer lock while on top of his man. This lock, which is quite as painful to the victim as the toe hold, is apt to break the arm unless the subject manages to escape. It is obtained by seizing a wrist of the opposing wrestler and twisting the arm upward behind the back. When Aberg got the hammer lock securely affixed, he seized his opponent about the body and lifted him from the floor. The next move of Aberg was to toss his opponent on his head, and if he was not knocked senseless, Aberg then fell on his man and proceeded to pin his shoulders to the mat.



Strangler Lewis—the modern one, and not the original Ivan—getting his renowned headlock on an antagonist.

NEWS of the MAT WORLD

By EMERY CLARKE

WHILE wrestling has taken a drop in this country, in foreign lands it is as good a drawing attraction as is boxing. In New Zealand in particular, the sport is most popular and draws throngs. Likewise in Johannesburg, South Africa, and in Hawaii, where in 1936 it proved one of the leading cards in sports.

The appearance on the scene of Al Karasick, the Russian Lion, added considerably to the success enjoyed by the mat game in Hawaii. For it was Karasick who took over wrestling rights at the Auditorium and staged some of the most sensational matches of the year. Karasick brought world-famous figures to Honolulu, including Jumping Joe Savoldi, Ed Don George, Strangler Lewis, Chief Chewacki, Chief Thunderbird, Harry Kent, Vic Christy, Arjan Singh and Rusty Westcoatt, a local boy.

Prior to the coming of the heavyweights, Ernest Calhau, who was relieved of the Auditorium ownership by J. J. Franklin, had a fine season with middleweights, among whom were Don Sugai, Kaimon Kudo, Noel Franklin and Totem Anderson.

Amateur wrestling took a new hold, with Hawaii sending four champions to Bethlehem, Pa., for Olympic tryouts. The four were Richard Noda, Mitsugu Honda, Eiji Matsumura and Katsuyoshi Nishiura. The University of Hawaii won the team amateur wrestling championship.

* * *

EARL McCREADY, leading contender for world heavyweight honors, met with his first reverse in ninety-nine matches when he was defeated by Ed Don George at Carlaw Park, Auckland, New Zealand. About twelve thousand fans attended and they were as much shocked as was Earl when George won.

The only fall of the contest came in the sixth round, when Dame Fortune played into the ex-champion's hands. Held in a headlock by McCready, George tossed savagely as the Canadian was momentarily off balance.

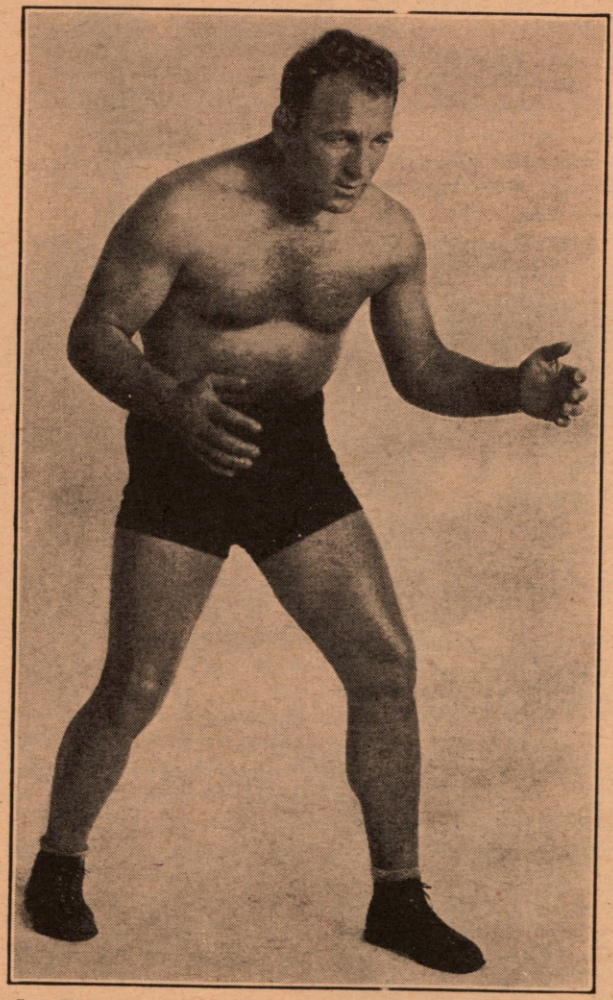
The sudden jerk snapped the hold and sent McCready hurtling through the ropes. In the course of his fall to the grass, the Canadian's head crashed against an electric light standard.

It was a very groggy McCready who re-entered the ring just before the expiration of the regulation count of twenty seconds, and in his dazed condition he was unable to offer sufficient resistance to defeat the purpose of the resolute George, who settled the issue then and there.

* * *

FEARING danger, the amateur association of New Zealand has placed a ban on such holds as Chief Little Wolf's "death grip" and Lofty Blomfield's "death clamp," because of the severe injuries suffered by those who have not been able to apply the holds with the skill of the inventors.

In future, a referee will disqualify any amateur who persists in using these famed holds of the professionals.



Joe Cox, one of the villains of the mat, whose anger was heightened recently when he was a victim of a hotel sneak thief.

DOWN in South Africa, Jim Londos has three times been held to a draw by John Van der Walt, South African heavyweight king, who, according to the reports of Americans who have seen him in action, is a big shot who knows his holds and how to apply them with skill. The men have grappled four times since the Greek's arrival in Johannesburg, and a fifth match is in the making as we go to press. The last encounter, which lasted eighty minutes without a fall being gained by either, was by far their best. A capacity crowd saw the match.

Londos has made a hit in Johannesburg, even though the South African fans have refused to accept the Greek Adonis as the world champion, which he was advertised as being. That Londos is in perfect physical condition may be noted from the following which appeared in a Johannesburg newspaper:

"The wrestlers provided eighty minutes of the best entertaining efforts and in the first five rounds, which were full of incident, the two muscular grapplers, who were pictures of physical condition and were thus able to sustain a remarkable pace, tossed and heaved each other about with a power and graceful agility and a fine sense of poise and balance, which to those who do not take the sport seriously, is alone a justification of the entertainment."

* * *

THE Londos ballyhoo, in which his handlers put him forth as the undefeated world champion, was nipped in the bud by those in control of the sport in Johannesburg, thanks to the reports obtained in THE RING, which is closely followed by South African sportsmen. It seems rather strange that wrestlers, unlike boxers, will always try to put one over on the so-called unsuspecting public. Sometimes they get away with it, but most often the public is wise and refuses to patronize matches in which such a hoax is being played.

Londos, according to reports, has sent for Ray Steele, who on this side acted as his "policeman" when Jemmy was avoiding Jack Curley's talent, and the Greek has arranged to meet him. In the report from South Africa, we find the following:

"After Londos meets Steele for the first time, he will set sail back for America, where he will try to prove his right to the world title."

Can you imagine that? Londos meeting Steele for the first time when, as a matter of fact, they have wrestled in America more than a hundred times!

Londos is a splendid wrestler, and when he returns, he'll be a big boom to the sport here. But why impose on foreigners, who know their wrestling as well as, if not better than, we do here? The Greek Adonis will be welcomed with open arms when he makes his reappearance in the United States and will undoubtedly pack them in every place he wrestles, and that is the reason I cannot understand why he finds it necessary to belittle the real champion in his campaign abroad.

NEWS of the matmen in England, sent in by Hugh O'C. Strut of London: Count Carol Nowina, Polish genius, is a nephew of Stanislaus and Wladek Zbyszko, and is shortly to invade South Africa.

* * *

Paul Bowser, Boston mat mogul, made a smart move when he signed Irish Steve Casey. Steve is a good boy and is knocking them cold.

* * *

Jack Zarnos, United States matman, wishes to be remembered to Bill Hawkins, Iowa scribe. Jack wrestled up thataway in '34 and '35.

* * *

Tiger Jim de Lisle, furious Frenchie, has gone caveman on us with his leopardskin trunks and dressing gown. Oh, you Tiger.

* * *

At Newcastle, Jack Pye, the arch villain of the mat, was tossed out of the ring by the local police. And was his face red!

* * *

Max Krauser wrestled Polish Jan Gotch for charity at Kilburn and then followed up by giving £20 to the good cause. A fine sportsman is Maxie.

* * *

British fans are clamoring for new faces, and men like Man Mountain Dean, Billy Bartush, Benny Sherman, Rowdy Rudy La Ditzi would do well to get in touch with me. Dean must have his beard, though.

* * *

Bob "Legs" Langevin, Canadian Caveman, is still going over in a big way here. As are his brother stooges, Leo Lefebvre and Eddie Jackson.

* * *

Hard luck to Canadian Al Korman, who broke his wrist when showing at Lane's Club. A good guy is Al, and we all wish him a speedy comeback.

* * *

Super Promotions announce that Don McIntyre, Pedro Nerone and Roy Richards will wrestle for them at Kilburn in a few months.

* * *

Larry Gain, colored boxer, may shortly switch to the mat ranks for Harold Lane.

* * *

Mat moguls Burns and Davis have opened a small Madison Square Garden in South London. This was a smart move, and they have booked several American maulers to wrestle there. Good work.

* * *

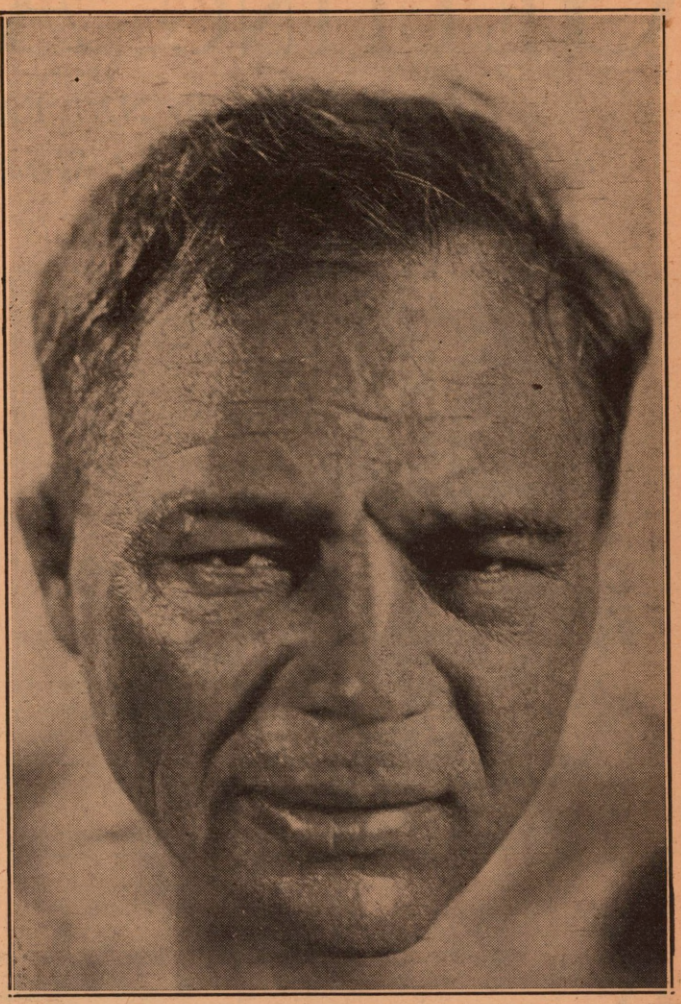
B. and D. Promotions have just signed up King Kong, who will appear on the European circuit. This palooka, who, by the way, is a class wrestler, fought as Abe Kashey of New Jersey under Jack Curley's banner in the States. The Kongster values his beard muchly, but then Jack Pye will probably yank it off, should they meet. Good old Jack. We'll larn 'em.

* * *

Jimmy Londos, former world champ, wants to show his wares in England. Promoter Harold Lane and B. and D. Promotions are the interested parties. Jimmy is now in South Africa. Awaiting the arrival of Londos is Count Carol Nowina, who in 1930 extended the then champ for forty-five minutes. The Count, who is in top form, is dickering for a return and this time will make sure of the verdict.

* * *

Welterweight wrestlers over here want to know how Lord Patrick J. Finegan Lansdowne gets that way about styling himself as British champ. The "Ladies' Man" is no doubt a topnotch wrestler, but over here, where the smaller men get an even break, he does not rate. Harold Angus is British and European titleholder, while Canadian Bob McNab is the Empire kingpin.



Gus Sonnenberg, former wrestling champion, who, though somewhat mat-worn, still is going strong.

Max Krauser is said to be considering several tempting offers to show himself in New York.

* * *

Invading England shortly, having been booked by Bob Gregory, is the six feet seven inches Farmer Tobin, who claims to be the long lost uncle of Rasputin. Also arriving are Australian Steve Bredelman, and Bill Sledge, aviator-grappler from Texas. Of these, Sledge will be the most colorful and your scribe will endeavor to keep his admirers way down South well acquainted with his progress.

* * *

ROUND THE RASSLERS—Johnny Dallas, Chicago strong boy, still challenging Al Korman . . . . George Clark, Highland Games champ, now barnstorming in the States . . . . Leon Ketchell, seven feet four inches of Polishness, bested Julio Trawagelio and was disqualified against Anaconda . . . . B. and D. have secured Hans Schmeling, German Frankenstein, to appear here . . . . Also Karoly, clever Hungarian . . . . Jack Pettifer is the latest boxer to switch to the mat game.

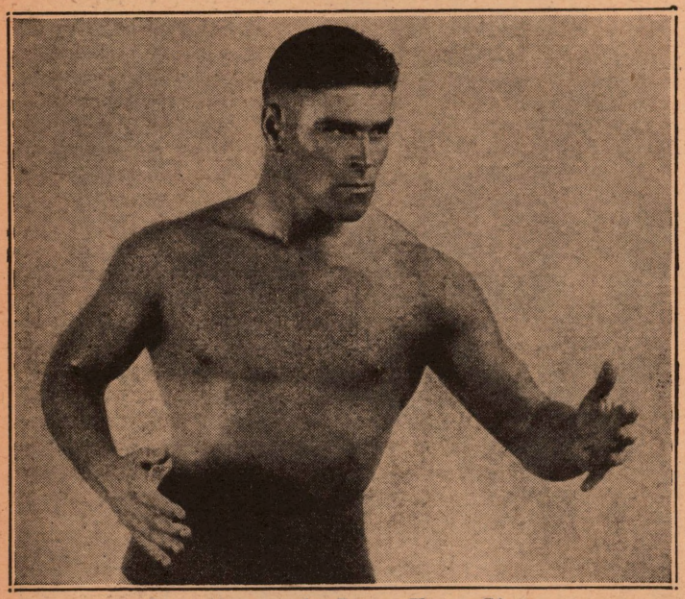
* * *

HERE are the notes of Jimmie Amann, our hustling Ohio correspondent, whose monthly wrestling ratings have gained an international reputation. Jimmy, who follows the sport as do few others in this country, has a record of more wrestlers at his finger tips than any promoter can boast. Amann sent to THE RING Editor his annual ratings of the matmen, an elaborate list that contains more than three hundred names, but unfortunately, this cannot be used and those who are interested should get the list, containing all classes, heavyweight down, from Amann direct.

GETTING ACQUAINTED

By NAT FRANK

Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions



Frank Sexton, the Power House Giant.

KNOWN as the German Apollo, Robert Bruns, who is a hit around New York, looks every inch a champion. He is six feet two inches and strong as a bull. Bruns is the ideal wrestler from the point of view of wrestling fans. He has everything necessary to please the fans in addition to good looks. His clean work and ring cleverness have won him a big following. Bruns' chief stock in trade, however, is ability to mix it with an opponent whatever style he may have. If it's a question of clean, scientific wrestling, Bruns is there, ready with an assortment of holds that is surprising. If he faces an opponent who likes to slug and go in for rough tactics, Bruns seems to know all there is to know about this side of the game and can outmatch any mat villain at his own game.

One of the outstanding facts about Bruns is that it was not until recently that he bowed in defeat, and that was a few weeks ago when Champion Dean Detton scored over him. The match was so close, however, and the champion was so frequently in trouble that a return engagement between the pair looms as the most attractive coming event of the winter season.

* * *

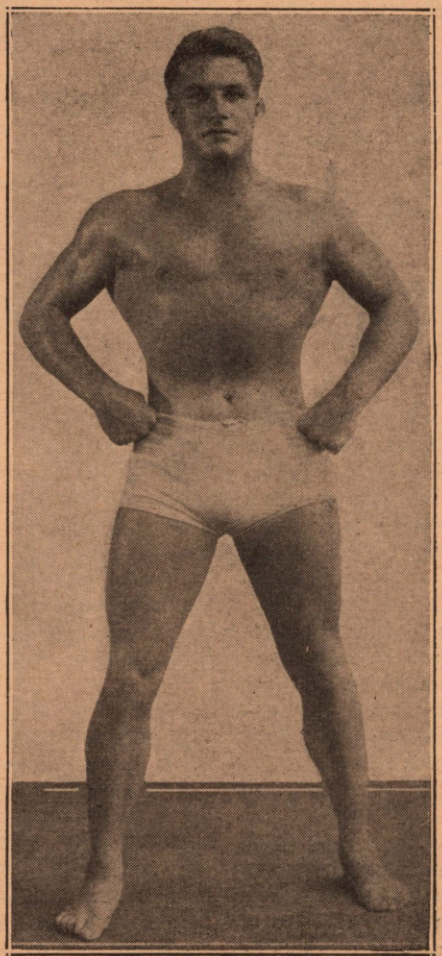
FRANK SEXTON. Power House Sexton, they call him, and he deserves the appellation. He is twenty-three years old and stands six feet three. He was born in London, Ohio. He attended Ohio State and, like many other wrestling stars, distinguished himself on the gridiron. While at college, he was a member of the famous wrestling team known as the Big Ten, comprising the best matmen from ten Mid-Western universities. It is from these colleges that the Olympic team is made up and Frank Sexton was runner-up. Upon leaving college, Sexton joined the professional ranks and wrestled in the Middle West.

He came East this season for the first time, and so far has shown well in fast company. Sexton's most important matches are scheduled for the near future, when his admirers, who are strongly behind him, will watch with interest how the big muscular Westerner fares against front rank heavyweights.

* * *

PADDY MACK. Endowed with limitless energy, the Irish-American 190-pounder has been interested in sports for many years. He played semi-professional football with the Albany Knickerbockers and the Columbus Collegians. Football was only a seasonable sport, however, and Mack was searching for something more permanent. We find him at this time boxing professionally as a middleweight.

Incidentally, it was while training for boxing matches that Mack decided to turn wrestler. Grappling with pros as part of his training, he liked the game where he gave free rein to what he had learned on the gridiron and in the ring. Mack is one of the few matmen who practised both wrestling and boxing professionally at the same time. Mack would box when a match came along and wrestle on another night.



Robert Bruns, the German Apollo.

In Boston, he wrestled and boxed both on the same day. He fought in a preliminary match at Braves Field with Dempsey officiating as third man in the ring, knocked out his opponent, and without losing time in changing from his ring togs, he hopped in a taxicab and rushed to Revere Beach to dispose of a mat opponent in twenty minutes.

Abandoning boxing shortly afterwards, he turned definitely to pro wrestling and has been at it ever since. He belongs strictly to the school known as mat villains. The Irishman likes to rough it up. He can take and give a punch, is an expert at tackling, and can make life miserable for any grappler his weight and over. Despite his rough work, Mack has a big following not only among Irish fans, but others.

* * *

JOHN GUDISKI, the Polish champion, is twenty-eight years old, and is one of the roughest and toughest men his weight and size in the game. Gudiski tips the beam at 185 pounds, but can take on men many pounds heavier. Gudiski first wrestled in Poland, the land which has given so many stars to the mat. Acquainted with both the European and American styles of milling, he believes in the rough, unorthodox style.

He is the typical villain of the piece, is invariably greeted with boos and cat calls which, instead of getting his goat, is music

to his ears. Despite these acclamations, Gudiski never fails to give a grand match. Action and more action is what the fans crave and what Gudiski gives them. He has been winning consistently and is a hard man to beat for any grappler however experienced.

Gudiski recently returned from a tour of the Americas, where he won the championship of Mexico in a match which, for roughness, has never been equalled in the Mexican capital. To say that the Polish champion nearly precipitated a revolution is no exaggeration.

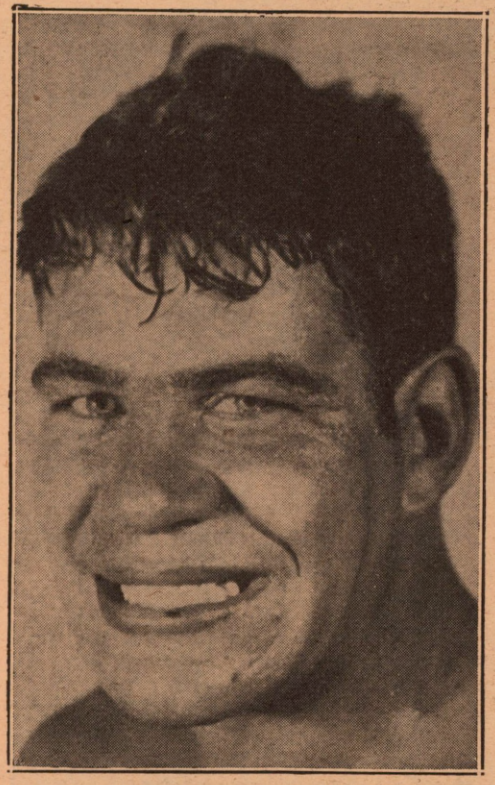
* * *

ONE of the most colorful light-heavyweights in the wrestling business, That's what Southern sport writers have applied to Dynamite Joe Dillman, who claims Indianapolis as his home port, although being born in Greece some thirty-two years ago. Dillman entered the profession sixteen years ago as an amateur in Lynn, Mass., after seeing the great Leo Hyatt in action in that city. Joe has done little else than bash opponents about the rings in cities all over the United States and Canada since that time.

Dillman's unorthodox style of ring work has made him the outstanding drawing card among the 180-pounders south of the "line." In recent months Dillman has been wrestling under the direction of Chris Jordan, former middleweight champion of the world, who has been promoting in Alabama for the past several years, with headquarters in Birmingham.

There is not one of the ranking light-heavyweights today that has not felt the sting of Dillman's attack. The Grecian goes about his business of wrestling with little regard to the ethics or rules of the game and batters his adversaries around the ring like chaff before the wind, which has gone to make him the greatest drawing card in Alabama wrestling.

Dillman does not have to depend on his roughness entirely to score his wins. Joe mixes in a little of the old and modern wrestling, and shows signs of many years of experience on the mat. He is now readying himself for an invasion of the light-heavy ranks in the Eastern states.

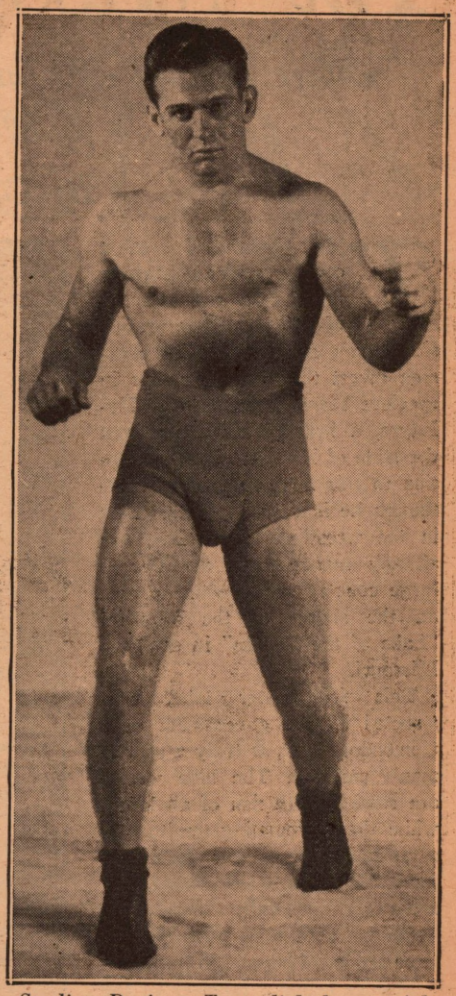


Paddy Mack, former Albany football star.

* * *

GINO MARTINELLI. Born in Venice twenty-two years ago, Gino is the latest addition to the array of sterling Italian matmen. He stands five feet eleven, weighs 190 pounds and is still gaining weight. Gino belongs strictly to the new school of wrestling—fast, clever, always on his toes and very aggressive. He learned the game from the cradle, his father being a wrestler of note in Italy, although he never came to the States.

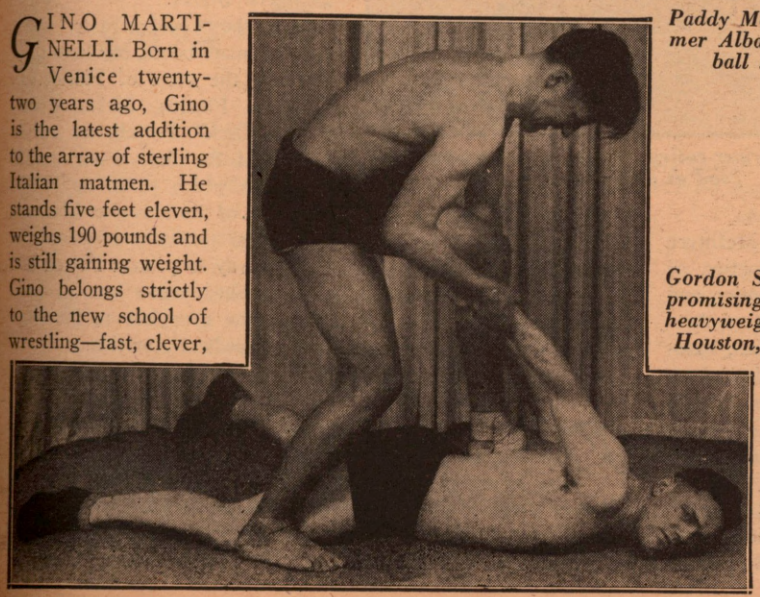
Later, Gino learned more about the sport while at school, but his real test did not come until he joined the Italian Army and saw service in the recent Itho-Italian unpleasantness. He was a member of the outfit first to enter Addis Ababa. It was while in the army that he developed his wrestling ability.



Sterling Davis, a Texas light-heavyweight of ability.

Pitted against men of all weights and varied experience he waded through the lot to win the title of wrestling champion of the army in active service. Martinelli has the unique distinction of being the first white man to wrestle in Addis Ababa, which came about when a wrestling tournament was staged as part of the celebrations which followed the capture of the Ethiopian capital.

Following his discharge, he set sail for America, where he has been sensational ever since he came. Gino is concentrating his efforts among the light-heavyweights for the time being, although he can take care of himself against the bigger boys. In private life, Gino loves to sing. He plays the guitar well, has a pleasant voice, but doesn't pretend to aspire to the famous Martinelli whose name he bears, but to whom he is not related. Gino has won a tremendous following among both Italian and American fans.



Gordon Schaefer, promising light-heavyweight from Houston, Texas.

* * *

HARRY "MAN MOUNTAIN" JACOBS is the latest addition to the dreadnaught class of matmen, which includes grapplers of the type of Big Chief Sanooke, Man Mountain Dean, Tiny Roebuck, and others. *(Continued on page* 46)

The MISSOURI SPIN ARTIST

Meet Donald McIntyre, a Brilliant Kansas City Mat Specialist, Who Is a Pleasing Performer

By CHARLES "SPIDER" MASCALL

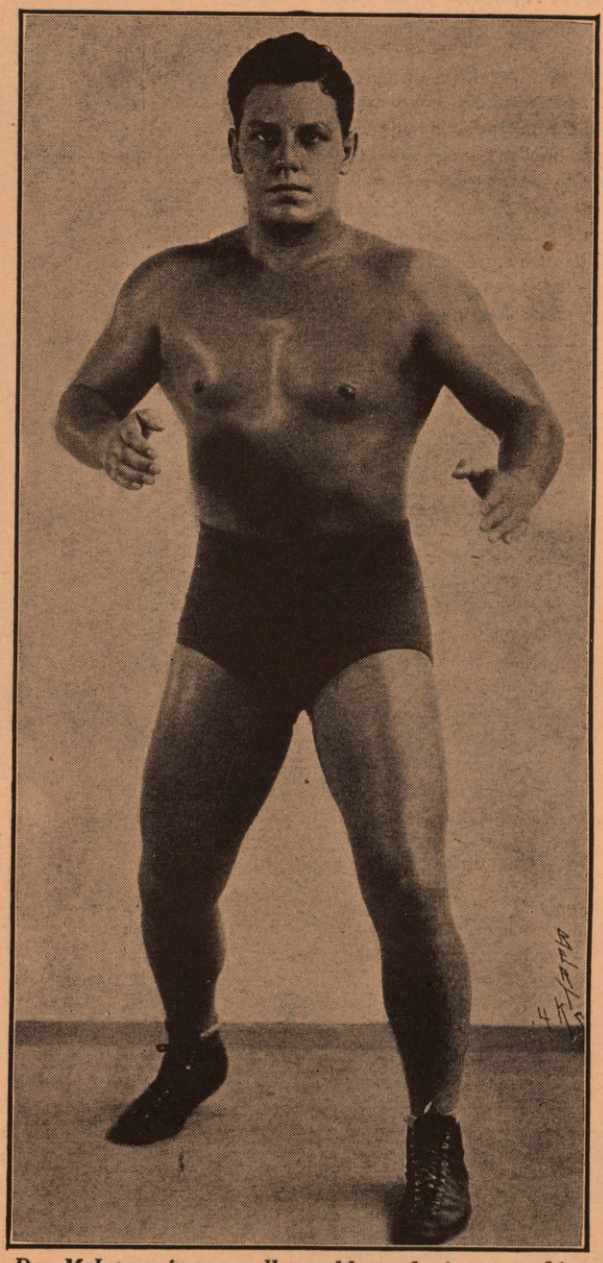
THE peaceful life of a country squire appeals to more than one member of the wrestling profession, and consequently many matmen invest their ring earnings in spacious farm lands. Donald McIntyre, a brawny six-footer from the state of Missouri, is no exception to this farm-buying rule. Although he is only a young fellow in the wrestling game, Don has already managed to purchase a large country estate which nestles on the shores of the beautiful "Lake of the Ozarks" in southern Missouri.

This fresh-water lake, constructed by the government at a tremendous cost, is truly a sportsman's paradise. The blue waters are stocked with fish of all kinds, while the surrounding territory is a veritable haven for duck and game. McIntyre, a keen hunter and fisherman, generally spends his vacations with a shot-gun in one hand and a fishing-rod in the other.

Besides being a follower of the hunt, Donald plays a more than passable game of golf and tennis. In his opinion, these sports should be included in the training schedule of every would-be wrestler. Golf and tennis, Don says, help to train the eye and to strengthen the wrists.

* * *

McINTYRE first saw the light of day in the Old World metropolis of Glasgow, Scotland, some twenty-four years ago. When our hero was but a toddler, his parents brought him to America. He attended school in Kansas City, Missouri. In his last term at high school, Don won the amateur heavyweight boxing title of the Kansas City area and was also named on the all-city football and basketball teams.



Don McIntyre, former college athlete, who is now making good as a wrestler.

Refusing numerous offers to box as a professional, McIntyre entered the University of Missouri with the firm intention of becoming a football coach. Later, he discarded this intention and passed through the graduation portals with a Bachelor of Arts degree. While at Missouri, Don gained honors in football, baseball, basketball and was considered an amateur wrestler of no mean ability. Needless to say, Donald won letters for his prowess in each of these sports. He also was named Big Six Conference tackle during his final gridiron season under the banner of the University of Missouri.

Soon after graduation, Donald married "the girl next door" and joined the ranks of the university-trained men seeking lucrative positions in the business world. Then, seeing no jobs in sight, Donald McIntyre did what so many grid stars had done before him—he became a professional wrestler.

His first important match came, months later, when he signed to do battle with Pat McGill, a grizzled Irishman and veteran of a thousand nights in the ring. To the majority of the younger wrestling fans, the name of Pat McGill will be more or less unknown, but, to those who have followed the sport for a lengthy period the name will bring back many stirring memories of the past. Although he was well along in years, McGill could and still can handle any rising young mat artist. McIntyre found this out but managed to hold the worthy veteran to a fast and furious draw.

* * *

FOR more than a year, the Missouri Scot headlined cards throughout Iowa, Oklahoma, Kansas and Nebraska with great success. Then to Donald McIntyre there came a yearning to see the rest of the mat world. So he packed his belongings and started out on a tour which, though he didn't know it, was to take him clean across the American continent. Texas, Virginia, the Carolinas, Tennessee, Georgia and Florida played host to the barnstorming Scottie. The mat fans of Augusta, Georgia, saw Donald McIntyre defeat the Southern champion after a thrilling duel and annex the heavyweight title of the Southern States.

From the "Cracker State," where he won many bouts, our hero travelled to the state of Florida. In Orlando, Florida, McIntyre and "Dixie Dick" Powell, an unruly ruffian of the first water, staged a contest which ended up in one of the worst riots ever seen in that part of the universe. The cash customers objected to Powell's unethical tactics and entered the ring, swinging chairs. Don joined the fray to protect Powell and very soon nearly everyone in the packed arena was fighting. Police quelled the riot and escorted the grapplers to the local hospital, where both the men required medical attention.

* * *

FLOYD "MUSTY" MUSGRAVE, the jovial overlord of the Northwest wrestling clique, heard, via the grapplers' grapevine, of the Florida incident. Immediately, the mat maestro wired McIntyre passage with instructions to come directly to the Pacific Coast for a series of bouts. Don accepted the offer and came at once.

(Continued on page 44)

The GARIBALDI CLAN

By NAT FRANK

The three Garibaldi Bros. who have aided considerably in making history for the wrestling industry. They are all tried and true members of the colorful aggregation that comprises wrestling.

HAD it not been for a mine explosion, where his dad and he were among the last to escape, Gino Garibaldi, probably the foremost Italian wrestler, would not be a matman today. Gino and his dad were employed in the coal mine district of Dowell, Ill., not far from the Missouri border line. For over three years father and son labored together digging out the precious metal from Mother Earth. Hundreds of miners were employed there, and the elder Garibaldi, having plenty of mouths to feed, took Gino, the oldest son, with him to add to the family income.

One day the inevitable occurred. Gas fumes caught fire and the explosion that followed was deafening. The miners were trapped. Out of the hundreds far below the surface, but a few escaped, among them the Garibaldis—father and son.

Upon reaching the surface, Gino told his dad that his mining days were over. He would seek another source of income.

Only twenty years of age at the time, Gino made the acquaintance of Lloyd Carter, veteran wrestler, who took him into tow and taught him the finer points of the art, and in 1927, Gino made his first professional start. This took place in his home city, St. Louis, and Gino proved his worth in that match.

* * *

TODAY, nine years after his initial engagement, Gino Garibaldi is a name that is heralded throughout the wrestling universe as one of the greatest grapplers in the business. He is a master of all holds, although his best weapons are the toe hold, wrist lock and the dreaded flying tackle.

Garibaldi points with pride to the fact that he has taken part in over two thousand matches in various sections of the nation. To top it all, he has been successful in over ninety per cent of his contests.

Gino saw action with such stalwarts as Jim Londos, Ray Steele, Rudy Dusek, Ed Strangler Lewis, Ed Don George, Gus Sonnenberg, the late Big Jim Browning, Henri DeGlane, Jack Sherry and many others.

Gino was born in St. Louis, Mo., March 19, 1907.

* * *

LIKE the Dusek family, the Garibaldi family has made ring history. Although there are seven Dusek boys, five of whom are rated topnotch wrestlers, the Garibaldi clan numbers four, but only three have become wrestlers. But each of the trio is an excellent grappler, with Gino leading the troupe. It was Gino who taught his brothers the finer points of the sport, and today the three are rated high among the American wrestlers.

Ralph Garibaldi is rapidly taking all the thunder away from the idolized Latin star. He has forged to the front during the past year. Fans and critics are lauding this spectacular Ralph as the correct answer to the promoters' prayers for young blood and youths who can wrestle.

The urge to become a wrestler came to Ralph when he seconded Gino in a championship match with Jim Londos, then title-holder, about four years ago in St. Louis. The capacity house dazzled Ralph and he saw his brother more than hold his own with the Greek, when by a strange twist of fate, Gino dislocated his ankle, after more than two hours of wrestling.

Tony, the third member of the wrestling Garibaldi clan, was born in St. Louis on March 25, 1913. He has developed into quite an attraction and has learned most of the tricks of his more famed brother, Gino.

(Continued on page 45)

Fistic Ramblings

(Continued from page 23)

pugilist that ever lived. But Johnson, under the antagonistic eyes of another race, battered and laughed his way to a crown.

Jack Dempsey would not talk on the day of battle. Fretful and high strung—he dashed out of his corner at the first clang of the gong. From then on—his record tells the story.

Pugilism, in spite of the syndicated preachments of Brisbane and the moralists, and even in spite of its blackguardly environment, is far more popular today than any time in its history. Its parasites nearly drove it from the American scene. Forced to the compromise of honesty through necessity, and through the laws made in different states which regulate boxing and put it in the hands of honest boards, there is no telling to what degree of popular favor it will yet attain.

The time was when no "lady" attended a prize fight. Now—it is hard to keep a lady home.

I leave the vital question whether or not we are civilized, to Arthur Brisbane.

The Missouri Spin Artist

(Continued from page 42)

Everett Marshall, the blond Colorado title pretender, is the matman who is credited with the invention of the famed "airplane spin." Few heavyweight wrestlers ever attempt to use this hold as its execution requires perfect balance and minute timing. Yet Donald McIntyre uses this hold (he calls his version, the "Missouri Spin") with the ease and finesse of a specialist.

McIntyre's version of the airplane spin, coupled with a rolling cradle-rocker and a deadly flying-tackle, the last remnant of his gridiron days, has enabled the Missouri Scot to subdue Ed "Strangler" Lewis, Mayes McLain, Herb Freeman, Eric "Tor" Johnson, the 338-pound Swedish champion, Tiny Roebuck, Bob "Rebel" Russell, Harry Kent, Cowboy Luttral, Sad Sam Leathers, Bull Martin, Texas Bill Sledge, Tiny Ruff, Herman Hickman, Jules Strongbow, Jake Patterson, Chief Thunderbird and a long list of other star matmen.

The majority of the wrestling fans who filed into the arena on the eve that Donald McIntyre made his West Coast debut expected to see a rough-and-tumble grappler of the tough school. Instead, they were treated to a smooth performance by a Scottish stripling whose by-word is speed and whose wrestling code is: "If your opponent gets out of hand, win by whatever method you see fit."

The K. O. and Its Mental Reactions

(Continued from page 27)

McGovern's nemesis. "It became bigger and bigger, and I thought 'Isn't that a beauty?' Finally, it seemed to explode and I heard the referee counting. I got up just in time to beat ten."

However, Corbett's experience seems a sane outlook on life compared to this one, also from the Bishop collection. It concerns two colored gladiators, Young Sam Langford and a certain Battling Munro.

Langford knocked his adversary kicking with a rap on the chin. And peculiar were Mr. Munroe's reactions to the smite.

According to his own story, Munro remembered nothing of the affair for twenty hours, except a highly pleasant dream. He said that during the time he was "out" he managed to break into a crap game. The dice were mighty good to him, too. Munro IMAGINED he cleaned up $2,000,000. After that he bought a team of white horses and drove his best girl to a picnic!

While some fighters have dreamed of great fortunes while the birdies were chirping a lullaby in their ears, others awakened to find themselves in real possession of big dough. In the case of Jack Munro, he thought he had cleaned up a fortune, but Tommy Loughran actually won a fortune for being rendered insensible in a few minutes with a punch soporific. Tommy collected $50,924.20 after his fight with Sharkey, and has been fighting almost five years since that punch was landed. Eddie Simms collected quite a wad for a one-punch kayo, his share being $6,000, while Joe Louis collected $18,000 for delivering it.

Some dreams brought about by a kayo wallop pay cash—others bring a mental happiness, but seldom do such blows leave their imprint in the form of a fatality or mental derangement.

Ringsiders Couldn't Take It

(Continued from page 31)

Primo grabbed it with the grip of a drowning man going under for the third time, and fell backwards.

I wonder if you have ever seen the jiu-jitsu hold which begins in a similar way, by one contestant seizing hold of the other and falling backwards?

Primo's hold had somewhat the same effect on Max. His 265 pounds falling over backwards pulled Max down on top of him and both fighters sprawled on the canvas.

Some energetic newspaper photographer took a picture of this fall. In the picture, Primo was on his back on the canvas, Max was standing on one foot, about to fall on top of Primo, struggling to pull his arm free and holding his right arm as far in back of him as he could get it to help maintain his balance.

The photographer who got this picture did a good job, but not so the man who wrote the subtitle—which went something like this: "A typical Baer right about to wing its way to the Carnera jaw." This photo was printed in one of the largest New York newspapers, carrying a subtitle intended to make readers believe that Baer had been pounding Primo while the Italian was on the floor.

That many of them did believe this was proved when the same photograph appeared in a leading English sports magazine, entitled: "Carnera's Raw Deal." The subtitle went on to explain to English readers that in America the referee allowed fighters to hit a man who was down, and the reference was that Baer, being an American fighter, could do pretty much what he liked. That is the way those Americans keep the title in America, don't you know.

One day when Max Baer was in my studio I showed him that magazine. He looked at it for a long time without saying anything. Then he finally grunted: "Well, what do you know about that! Anything for a story, I suppose."

If Max goes over to England to fight some leading European boxer this year, as he has said he intends to do, that may be sticking in the back of his mind somewhere. If he still has any punch, a few left thoughts of that nature ought to bring it out.

Tommy Burns' Prospects

(Continued from page 9)

welterweight title-holder; Midnight Bell, Billy Townsend and others, and has more than held his own with them.

Interested on a fifty-fifty basis with Burns on these two fine prospects is a sterling sportsman, Bill Buxton, hotelman formerly of Calgary, Alberta, and now of Vancouver, and both are confident that their two fighters will hit the high spots.

Burns is a regular attendant at all the Vancouver fights promoted by Jack Allen.

The Bruisers of Melbourne

(Continued from page 24)

Dawson in two rounds and in 1892 he beat Jim Barron in two rounds.

That may not seem to be so wonderful, but anyone who was alive in the 'nineties and interested in the noble art will bear me out when I say that it was an outstanding performance. The American parallel of that feat, in fact, would be for a lightweight to have beaten Jack McAuliffe in two rounds in 1891 and Kid Lavigne in two rounds in 1892 or 1893, for in the annals of the game in Australia, Barron and Dawson hold places comparable with those held by McAuliffe and Lavigne in America.

As for Tommy Williams' place, it can be found in no book of records, but only in the memory of old-timers, and it is fading even there. It is like the towel that for over thirty years hung high up in the rafters of the Melbourne Athletic Club, the scene of Williams' conquest of Dawson. It was the towel thrown high in elation by Williams' second as he shouted with joy over Tommy's win, and perched securely on its ledge it remained there for over three decades until the ravages of time caused it to disintegrate and fall.

The story of those old-time fighters has never been set down in permanent form and now, as the memory of those who lived in their day begins to fail, all that they did and were is fading and disintegrating as did that old towel.

Perhaps in a humble way, I have done something in this article to keep alive the memory of at least a few of the bruisers of old Melbourne.

Pastor Showed Up Louis' Faults

(Continued from page 5)

Why? Because Bob has an army of admirers. He was the underdog and still is. He is a popular New Yorker born and bred in this city, married to a New York girl, a graduate from New York University, a popular backfield hero of the Violet eleven and New Yorkers, sensing that some day he might reach the heights—if he should abandon sprinting for fighting as he can when at liberty to do so—would flock in droves to see him again against Joe.

You cannot get away from the fact that although ordinarily a fighter would have been hissed for such a rank performance as Pastor gave, the crowd almost to a man in that vast throng of 18,000 persons, cheered Pastor to the echo. He was their hero.

The suspense was always there because of the knockout expectancy. The fans were cheerful because the underdog—a white man—had lasted the limit against a so-called killer.

* * *

THEY enjoyed it even though we scribes who had predicted a speedy knockout, had not. They didn't boo and hiss Pastor for his sprinting—on the contrary they took it out of Louis for trying to make a fight out of it but not pressing the issue far enough by taking a chance at short range battling. That's why I disagree with those who think that a Pastor-Louis return engagement would be a flop.

Regardless of what we might personally think of the "fight," one thing is definitely set in our mind—Bob Pastor has risen to the skies in the estimate of his friends and Louis' prestige has fallen considerably. No longer can we think of the Schmeling kayo as just a lucky affair. No longer should we regard Braddock with pity when we think of a possible Braddock-Louis fight. Has Jimmy Braddock a chance? I'll say he has. If he fights as he did Baer, he'd emerge, "the winner and still champion, James J. Braddock."

* * *

ALTHOUGH Pastor's staying powers furnished the big surprise of the evening, a second surprise, almost as big, came when Eddie Blunt of Alabama exploded the championship bubble of Jack Trammell in the semi-final bout. Trammell, a fighter who was ranked as one of the hardest hitters among the newcomers in the heavyweight ranks, received a dose of his own medicine. Quoted as high as was Joe Louis in the betting, the elongated Youngstown Negro, who scored such a sensational knockout over Lorenzo Pack a few weeks previously in the same arena, was floored five times, the fifth knockdown coming only two seconds before the ending of the first round.

But so hard a flop did he take with his head crashing against the canvas with a thud and his mouthpiece sinking down in his throat as a result, that Referee Donovan properly called a halt. The bout lasted 2.58 and temporarily blasted Trammell out of the heavyweight championship picture and caused Blunt's stock to rise skyhigh.

Blunt, like Trammell, has been in the professional field a short time with only sixteen fights under his belt and if the victory over Trammell is not to be regarded as a fluke, Blunt takes his place alongside the other leading Negro heavyweights as a worthy opponent for the best in his division. We cannot ignore the fact that Trammell has been touted skyhigh by all the scribes and Blunt's triumph must now be recognized as a most noteworthy feat. In fact, it takes precedent over Pastor's ten-round stay with Louis because in the former the fans were treated to a real battle. Blunt really "stole" the whole show.

The Ring's Globe Trotter

(Continued from page 11)

demic—or be turned into motion pictures.

The Globe Trotter therefore will pass up the three-round knockout of "Max" Jeffries by Dill Pickle Micklefuss, the pumpernickel maggot, the one punch victory of Luther J. Gout over "Jess" Johnson, and other famous stories you hear around bar rooms, but never, fortunately, see in print.

The Globe Trotter would much rather talk about that recent event in which Joe Louis got the decision over Bob Pastor. More than 18,000 folks jammed the big Garden in New York, and paid close to $112,000 to see a FIGHT. What they did see was a grander footrace than the arena yet has witnessed.

Louis got the decision, but it was a hollow victory and hurt him. Pastor remained ten rounds with the so-called superman of Detroit, and achieved a certain distinction without furthering his championship aspirations—such as they had been. The onlookers for the time being were intrigued by the possibility of Pastor's staying the limit and yelled for this development without caring much whether they saw a race, a fight or a frolic. It was good fun while it lasted, but the Globe Trotter stops to ask YOU and YOU and YOU—was it ART?

Had Louis just chased Pastor, things might have been more interesting from the pugilistic angle. But Schmeling took a lot out of the Negro. Joe was content to stand with fists cocked, waiting, waiting, waiting — and examining an inexperienced youngster whom he outweighed, and whom he had the additional advantage over in reach and height. Louis was not an aggressive fighter that night. He was more or less afraid.

The Schmeling knockout had left indelible memories.

The Globe Trotter watches and watches, and walks out of the Garden with a deep-rooted suspicion.

THE GLOBE TROTTER watched those ten rounds with enjoyment. It was funny to see Louis try to follow Blackburn's instructions round after round, and then discover that he still could not make any headway.

The Globe Trotter left the arena with a deep-rooted suspicion. Louis is being over-tutored!

The Negro has a one-track mind. He listens and absorbs what Blackburn tells him and then sticks to instructions to the letter. He finds himself confronted with an emergency and then he is stuck for fair. He reminds me of some of those ball players John McGraw had on the Giants. As you know, John liked to run the whole show. He signalled when to hit, and when to wait.

This system went fine over 154 games in the National League, but when some of those one-track mind lads of his found themselves in a World series and had to act on their own initiative, they were stuck. And beaten.

And so it seems to be with Louis. He has two fine fists, youth, strength, and, apparently, ambition. Let him use those fists, that power, that ambition, that youth, to the best advantage.

Had Louis been on his own he would have made a fight of the Pastor affair.

Certainly not all the boxing brains in the Blackburn noggin were able to advise Louis how to check Pastor at the turns and make him fight.

It is the belief of the Globe Trotter that Louis never will be a great fighter.

Perhaps Joe never will be champion, though things look promising enough in that direction, with Braddock comparatively an old man and not likely to fight very many years more, and Schmeling no spring chicken himself, as fistic ages go.

Defense against a right-hand punch is instinctive with great fighters. With Louis, it is not. Right-handers worry him even when they aren't being swung. He remembers what Schmeling's rights did to him, and these recollections becloud every move he makes in the ring, and becloud his entire ambition.

As for the 18,000 who paid nearly $112,000 to see Pastor fight—well, they got their money's worth, but don't want that sort of money's worth a second time.

The Garibaldi Clan

(Continued from page 43)

The younger Garibaldi's first job was in a shoe factory. He worked at that trade for two years. Then in order to get full benefit of exercising his entire body, he started toiling for his dad, a coal operator. Here Tony shoveled coal, worked around the huge bins, loaded, unloaded and drove the trucks, until he hardened his body and gained weight. That, added to the fact that he was continually in the open, made him as hard as nails and fit as a fiddle for the mat sport.

By this time Tony was nineteen and he started amateur wrestling. He ran roughshod over the Simon-pure opposition around his home section. He attributes his success to Gino's teachings.

At twenty-one, he gave up his coal job and turned pro grappler. He was a light-heavyweight at the time. His success in the new venture was astounding. He knew all the tricks of the game; knew the holds and how to apply them.

The youngster scales almost two hundred pounds, stands five feet eleven inches, is as slippery as an eel and exceptionally clever. His favorite holds are the drop-kick, dangerous toe-hold, a varied assortment of arm-locks, and, of course, the flying tackle.

IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO
By SHERIDAN BROWN

A NEW star fought his way to a place in the heavyweight firmament when Andre Lenglet, towering Parisian, scored a stunning knock-out victory over Parson Phil Brubaker in the third round of a scheduled ten-round bout at the Dreamland Arena. A capacity crowd of eight thousand fans attended Tony Palazolo's second show of the new year.

Lenglet came off the floor in the second round to outbox Phil for two minutes of the third round, and then suddenly let loose a crushing barrage of blows to the face and head that dropped the Dinuban in a neutral corner. Referee Toby Irwin tolled off the fatal ten-count with the ex-parson in a sitting position, dazed, unable to collect his mental faculties in time to ward off the first knockout defeat of his sporadic career.

Lenglet, in fine physical shape, was punching with jolting force, but the suddenness of the knockout left the huge crowd gasping in astonishment. Brubaker seemed headed for a definite victory when he lashed out with a hard left to the jaw in the second round that toppled the Frenchman for a short count. Andre lasted the remainder of the round by back pedaling and holding—and then came on to turn the tables in a crushing, decisive manner.

The startling result of this engagement means that Brubaker, if he decides to carry on, must once more start from the bottom. And it means that Andre Lenglet of France must be reckoned with in the future. He can box, fight and punch, and in the shape he was in for the Brubaker go, this 215-pound Latin is a tough proposition!

It was a surprise, reading where Benny Lynch of Scotland had beaten Small Montana in their fifteen-round title bout. Heretofore, we had considered the spidery Filipino "tops" among the little fellows.

"Babe" Marino, local Italian middleweight, hammered out a one-sided victory over Johnny Diaz, Boston Portuguese, in a main event at the Dreamland Arena. Diaz substituted for Joe Bernal, who sustained a broken thumb in training.

The six-round semi-windup served to put on display a very good lightweight prospect in the ebony-hued personage of Earl Booker, San Jose Negro, who chalked up a fourth-round technical knockout over Ted Cano, popular San Franciscan. Booker, who can box, punch and take it, floored Ted four times until the bout was halted with Cano woefully outclassed.

During the month George Theodoratos, Greek heavyweight prospect, failed to block Cupid's Sunday punch and hauled off and got himself wed. Theodoratos hasn't gone to the post since suffering that stunning knockout at the hands of Chet Shandell in Los Angeles.

Not so long ago, Frankie Hammer, Oakland's towheaded heavyweight, ran into the ether-laden left flipper of Pittsburgh's "Sunny Jim" McVey, said collision resulting in an earlier-than-usual bedtime for Francis.

Unconvinced that the colored boy was his master, Hammer asked for a rematch, and Promoters George Fink and Johnny Sylvester arranged it for him as a means of starting the 1937 boxing ball rolling in Oakland.

Picture Hammer's painful disgust when McVey took less than one minute of the initial round to turn the trick again—a left hook doing the dirty work once more. Frankie is beginning to wonder if McVey isn't, after all, a better man than he is—Gunga Din!

In a second feature, Young Joe Roche, up-and-coming San Francisco bantamweight, had the upper hand in at least five of the ten rounds of his battle with Joe Mendiola, Filipino, only to have Referee Billy Burke wave the bout a draw. The brown boy's harder punching undoubtedly offset Roche's boxing superiority in the arbiter's eyes—thus the draw decision.

Fred Apostoli, San Francisco's "battling bellhop," and Sonny Walker, locally developed Arizona heavyweight, made their Eastern debuts during the month, and both finished second best, Apostoli dropping a decision to Ken Overlin in New York, and Walker losing his ten-round bout with Tommy Loughran at Philadelphia. However, from all accounts, the ringside scribes were of the opinion that he deserved no worse than a draw. But Walker took a decisive pasting from the aged Philadelphian, the bell saving him from a knockout in the second round.

Incidentally, Tommy Loughran isn't so dumb! He took a decisive lacing from Walker in a local ring and then proceeded to entice the hard-hitting young Arizonan to his own bailiwick for a re-match. Loughran took down a considerably larger portion of mazuma in the return engagement, we imagine, and he also took the Sonnyboy for a fare-thee-well. Which all goes to prove that the Loughran brain is still as agile as ever, even if the old legs aren't.

The Loughran defeat was probably a blessing in disguise for Walker, as it practically erases all chance of his being matched with Parson Phil Brubaker. We are of the opinion that Phil is a bit too much for the cowboy to handle.

Clarence Spencer, former amateur star from Hollister, made his main event debut an auspicious one by stopping Frankie Rodriquez in three frames at Watsonville. It was Fred (Windy) Windsor's first promotional effort in the valley town, rain hurting the attendance considerably.

Jimmy Thomas, San Francisco Negro, substituted for Frankie Mirabel and was awarded a technical kayo win over Joe Mendiola, slugging Filipino, in four rounds at Watsonville. A badly cut lip caused Referee Toby Irwin to halt the bout and award it to the colored boy who, incidentally, had quite a pull in the weights. Thomas has been fighting full-fledged lightweights right along, while Mendiola is a legitimate bantamweight!

In the other feature, also slated for ten rounds, Filipino Mauricio Seria, bantamweight, kayoed Frankie Brown in the first. A few hundred fans braved icy weather to watch the show.

HERE 'N' THERE—An orchid to Bob Pastor for staying the limit with Massah Joe, despite the fact that he accomplished this astounding feat while in full retreat . . . . And isn't it funny the way some of the scribes are stamping Louis as a "bum"—didn't Willie Meehan, the local phat boy, once make Jack Dempsey look like a Chinese nickel? . . . . At San Jose, Eddie Booker, welterweight pride of that city, added another to his imposing string of victories by outpunching Remo Fernandez, San Diego Mexican, in ten rounds . . . . George Anderson, Daly City heavyweight, stunned Sacramento fans with a four-round knockout over Eddie Sargota, protege of Young Corbett, ex-welterweight kingpin . . . . 'Tis said that Ray Lunney, the great little C.Y.O. bantamweight, will hang up the Levinsons for a full year . . . . Al Citrino, the North Beach featherweight, went over with a bang in his first fight at the Hollywood Legion Stadium by stopping Filipino Dommy Ganzon in the fifth . . . . Johnny Bassanelli, Sacramento's hard-socking welter, put away Ad Ruiz in one inning at Sacramento . . . . Write me at 444 Fair Oaks Street, San Francisco, Calif.

A strange lump that refused to be swallowed rose in our throat as we read of the passing of Tony Marino, gallant little Pittsburgh bantamweight. Not long after attaining his cherished goal—the world's bantamweight championship—Marino heard the ten-count for the last time in a New York ring. King for a month was this dark-haired little puncher—and in the short time he ruled the banties, Tony Marino was an everlasting credit to the game. Not soon will those who watched it forget his gallant stand under the deadly fire of Sixto Escobar's blazing fists. He lost his title as only a champion could, and in his Valhalla he'll be welcomed as a gamester—a fighting man of men. Vale, Tony Marino.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN
By MICKEY McINTIRE

BARNEY ROSS, welterweight champion, performed on Jack Kearns' first Detroit show, held in the Olympia ring, and demonstrated fully his superiority over Al Manfredo, California star. Ross fought in spurts, turning on steam only when it was absolutely necessary. He dropped the Coast youngster on two occasions, having him on the deck in the third and seventh rounds.

Billy Bommer, former Detroit amateur star, and Billy Treest, Chicago socker, fought a rough and ready semi-final, with Bommer taking a hard earned decision. These boys put on a real slam-bang set-to.

Dynamite Jimmy Adamick, Jimmy Brady's "Midland Mauler," added another kayo to his ever-growing list when he stopped Eddie Slake, a smart old codger from South Bend, Indiana. Adamick's dynamic punches have belted out something like twenty-four of twenty-nine professional opponents.

Vic Zywicki, bruising welter from Detroit, made his pro debut, but lost to Maurice Camyre of Winnipeg, and Pete Lello, who competed here as an amateur in 1936, but who now boxes professionally for Sam Pian and Art Winch, won the decision over Nick Torres, smart and willing Mexican puncher from Detroit's West Side.

Nick Londes copped the best bout of the year when he signed Billy Bommer and Jimmy Adamick for a ten-round go at Naval Armory. Both of these boys have large followings and they are sure to draw a great crowd. Londes also signed George Sutka, who stopped Clinton Bridges, for a semi-final bout with Stan Evans.

Gene Barrett, Flint lightie, has been going great lately, running up a long winning streak before conceding an enormous amount of weight to Ralph Barnett, and losing the decision.

Chuck Woods scored a convincing kayo over Eddie Carroll, Ottawa, in his most recent start. Carroll had previously stopped Woods, but the socking Serb was in pretty good shape and stopped the flashy Canadian boy in the seventh round.

Getting Acquainted

(Continued from page 41)

Harry Jacobs is the largest Hebrew grappler in the game—six feet three and one-half inches tall, weighing 338 pounds—but unlike big men who preceded him in the sport where giants are no rarities, he is not a freak, but a well trained, well developed athlete who starred as fullback on the University of Southern California football squad, from where he graduated.

He is an excellent swimmer, took part in important natatorial meets, specializing in long distance, fifteen miles and over. For a time, after he graduated from college, he was attached to the Los Angeles Amateur Athletic Club, where he wrestled for a short time. He did not stay there long, however, but turned professional three years ago.

What makes the twenty-six-year-old Hebrew a great attraction is that, unlike men of his size, he does not take undue advantage of his bulk to win matches. He is a clean matman, abides by the rules and invariably wins the crowd over to his side because of his style.

He can travel over the long distance and doesn't seem to tire in an hour match any more than he would in a five-minute contest. He does all the leading and attacking, knows the mat art from A to Z and is a welcome addition among topnotch matmen. Harry "Man Mountain" Jacobs will bear watching.

* * *

GORDON SCHAFER is a promising light-heavy from Houston, Texas. He began his wrestling career in the Navy and later studied under no less a master than the great Strangler Lewis. Schafer is barnstorming the North now and is going strong. He is shown here with a painful alligator clutch, one of his favorite holds.

* * *

STERLING DAVIS, a young Houston wrestler, has been winning his spurs in the West and in Mexico. He is one of the most scientific wrestlers in the light-heavy division and is destined to go far in the game. John McIntosh, "the grand guy of wrestling," who promotes in El Paso, Texas, speaks highly of Davis' ability and that is a noteworthy asset to any up-and-coming matman.

Sterling's campaign in Mexico City was a spectacular and successful one. He established himself as a great favorite there and is known as the "Great Sterling Davis." He was the first grappler to gain a decision over the Mexican favorite, El Enmascarado (the Masked Marvel).

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IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Elmer Halas, Buffalo, N. Y.

Q.—Is Max Baer fighting any more? If so how is he making out? I am 16 years of age, 5 feet 11 inches in height and weigh 160 pounds, do you think I'll become a heavyweight later? When is Braddock going to defend his title?

A.—Baer was on steady tour all last season and may box in England in the near future. There is no doubt but that you will become a heavyweight. Braddock and Max Schmeling are signed for June 8.

Robert Vandenlad, Westwood, Calif.

Q.—Was Bud Taylor ever a champion? What deaths was he responsible for in the ring? Was Marvin Hart killed in the ring?

A.—Taylor claimed the bantamweight title along with a few others when Charley Phil Rosenberg was forced out of the division. Frankie Jerome and Clever Sencio died following bouts with Taylor but that does not mean he was to blame. Hart was not killed in the ring. You may be thinking of Luther McCarty.

A Reader, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—Would using the exercises in the Universal Boxing Course and the Charles Atlas Course slow me down and bind my muscles for boxing?

A.—No, both are O.K.

Q.—Have you any books which would teach me to bob and weave and to be clever?

A.—The book "How to Box" would give you some instruction and the book "Blocking and Hitting" will help you. The best way to turn the trick, however, is continuous practice in the ring.

Q.—Is the bobbing and weaving a good style to follow?

A.—Yes, but I prefer the straight standup style.

Martin Ford, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—With whom can I get in touch for fights at the Boston Garden? Is there a chance for a good lightweight with an excellent record to fight there without getting a Boston manager?

A.—Harvey Cohn is the present matchmaker of the Boston Garden. I would advise you to write him direct and if this boy has the goods he will be glad to use him. His address is Garden Sporting Club, North Station, Boston, Mass.

D. K., Ireland

Q.—How many ways are there for a wrestler to gain a fall?

A.—By pinning both shoulders to the mat. By gaining the fall on a foul when the opponent is penalized by disqualification. By quitting.

Q.—What is meant by straight falls in wrestling?

A.—When one wrestler pins his man to the mat in successive falls. Thus if they are wrestling best two out of three falls, and one wrestler scores two falls in succession, he wins in straight falls. If, as is the case in some countries, they wrestle best three out of five falls, and one wrestler gains three falls in a row, he wins in straight falls.

Q.—How do wrestlers get their endurance?

A.—By continuous training and work in actual bouts. In their training they do a lot of bar-bell exercises which develop muscles and also chest expansion which is an aid for endurance. They also train on the mat about an hour a day which helps endurance.

Q.—At what age is it best to start wrestling?

A.—For an amateur, at the age of sixteen is O.K. If you think of joining the pros, I wouldn't advise you to go into that class before you are at least 20.

Ray Hoon, Dayton, Wash.

Q.—What is the age, height and weight and style of Young Stuhley? How many times has he fought Steele?

A.—Stuhley is 27 years of age, weight 160 and is five feet 9 inches in height. He is a smart and crafty boxer. He has fought Freddy Steele four times. Get the Everlast and Past Record Books for dates of fights, ages, birth place, etc., you should have a copy of each.

John J. Karuzas, Schenectady, N. Y.

Q.—How do I go about and to whom do I apply for a wrestler's license in New York State. What are the qualifications, cost of license and how long is it valid. Any other points will be appreciated?

A.—Write to New York State Athletic Commission, 155 Worth St. New York City for wrestler's application. It is necessary for you to have a birth certificate and also to be physically perfect from a doctor's examination. The fee is $5 for one year and it runs from date of issue.

Lawrence L. Parker, Jr., Lock Haven, Pa.

Q.—Are there any women wrestlers?

A.—Yes in certain parts of the country, mostly the middle west, where they are permitted to compete. In most states, women wrestlers are banned except on the stage and then they must wrestle only against women. In New York they are banned but there is one club where they train and give exhibitions.

Ida Faucett, Long Island City

Q.—A wagers that the Carnera-Baer fight in the Garden Bowl took place on a July day. B says it was in the middle of June. Which is correct? The date has a very important bearing on a meeting which means a lot to me, so please don't trust to your memory.

A.—Ida, I never trust to my memory on questions of this kind. That's why my answers are usually accurate. Once in a while, I'll admit I pull a bloomer, but if you consider the fact that I answer at the rate of about 80 letters each morning by mail alone before getting down to my editorial work, I'm sure even you will excuse a blunder. But I realize—you had a date with your pal and want to prove your case. Isn't that it? Well B is correct. The date was June 14.

Roy Hoon, Dayton, Wash.

Q.—Who is considered the hardest hitting heavyweight in the ring today and who is the hardest hitting middleweight?

A.—Joe Louis among the heavyweights and Freddy Steele in the middleweight class.

Charles W. Despini, Savannah, Ga.

Q.—What is the nationality of Babe Risko, Teddy Yarosz, and Eddie Simms? Who is the trainer of Jimmy Braddock, John Henry Lewis, Freddie Steele, Barney Ross and Lou Ambers?

A.—Risko and Yarosz are Polish while Simms is a Slav. Doc Robb trains Braddock, Lewis trained by Larry Amadee, Steele by Al Lang, Ross by Izzy Kline and Ambers by Whitey Bimstein. Get the Everlast and Past Record Books for such information. Every one interested in boxing should get these books for reference on age, results, birthplace, nationality, etc.

P. R. Johnson, Russell, Kan.

Q.—What weight gloves should be used in training for amateur and professional boxing? What style fighter is John Henry Lewis—infighter, outfighter, mixer, etc. Also his best blows? Would Terry McGovern's famous short right hook be legal now?

A.—Ten and twelve ounces for amateur and six ounces for professional. Lewis is a combination fighter. He has everything. His best blow is a left hook to the body. There was nothing illegal with Terry's right hand punches.

Dennis Wrong, Canada.

Q.—How old is Frank Battaglia? Who would you rate above Tommy Burns as heavyweight champion? Do you think there will be a Braddock-Schmeling bout?

A.—Battaglia was born September 13, 1910. Almost all of the heavyweight champions of the past ranked above Burns. It is very doubtful, at this time, although conditions may change. Age etc. is in latest Post and Everlast Record books.

B. O'Connor, Durban, South Africa.

Q.—I weigh 129 pounds and five feet 5½ inches in height and am fifteen years of age. Do you think I will ever be a heavyweight wrestler? Will Ben Foord ever reach success in the boxing world? Would it hurt me to fight boys fifteen pounds heavier than myself?

A.—It is difficult to say what proportions you will attain but hardly that of a heavyweight? Foord has done very well in the boxing game. Giving weight away is quite a handicap for a young boy and I would advise you to box boys of even up weight.

Gene O'Grady, Ireland.

Q.—I am 5 feet 10 and weight is 154 pounds. I have a normal chest of 38 and expanded, 43. My reach is 72 and my age is 18. Are my measurements good for a boxer?

A.—Few have better. You're O.K. lad, and your chest expansion is simply marvelous. You say in your letter that you have good wind. Of course you have with that chest expansion. If as you say, the only reason for your setback is the fact that you cannot get sparring mates, then I would suggest that you try to locate a gymnasium where you can do your training.

Q.—What size bag would you advise and what exercises to take to help by boxing training?

A.—Use the regulation bag and do the exercises in my book, "Training for Boxing" and also in "How to Box," both are excellent for beginners. None better. If you use the sand bag, get the extra light size.

Theodore Hasapes, Campbell, Ohio.

Q.—What part of the body is it best for a boxer to develop first?

A.—When one is trying to become a boxer, he cannot and should not develop one part and neglect the other. Do the type of exercises such as I describe in "Training for Boxers" and "How to Box" wherein you get the benefit of exercises that help all parts of the body. Your chest above all, needs proper development to aid in the wind. Your legs and your arms need development. Do the exercises in my books.

Your measurements as submitted are O.K., but could be better for your age. With proper training, you can reach your objective.

Frank Petery, Selma, Cal.

Q.What are the ages and records of Tommy Freeman and Bucky Jones?

A.—You'll find all that information, age, birthplace, record etc. in two fine record books, the Post and the Everlast. Buy those from this office at 40 cents each by mail.

Douglas R. Hayball, Brighton, Eng.

Q.—What would have been the result of a fight between Jack Dempsey and Harry Wills?

A.—In my opinion, Dempsey would have won at the time by a K.O.

Q.—If Jack Johnson was so great, why did he let Jeffries stay fifteen rounds?

A.—Because Johnson was peeved and wanted to punish Jeff as much as possible before stopping him. Johnson was belittled by Jeff's newspaper friends and was even threatened and he decided to get his revenge—which he did—by battering Jeff.

James Nesbit, North Ireland.

Q.—Can I get the Universal Boxing Course without the trunks and shirts?

A.—Yes. Send $3.98 in your money or in a Money Order, not a Postal Order which cannot be cashed in this country and we will forward the course.

Horace Grigsby, Greenville, Miss.

Q.—I am five feet 11 and interested in boxing. What step do you advise for me to get started?

A.—Get a copy of my books, "How to Box" and "Training for Boxing." Study these carefully and join a gymnasium where you can have the benefit of working with others. Then enter several amateur meets to get some experience and if you feel you are O.K. and ready for pro ranks, join the pros if that is your wish.

G. Locklington, London, Eng.

Q.—Is it still possible for me to obtain the Jimmy Deforest course of boxing which you had several years ago?

A.—No. The Deforest school was discontinued when he died four years ago.

Sid Malverni, Windsor, Vt.

Q.—I am 18 years old and weigh 115 pounds. Will I ever be a lightweight?

A.—Why not? Proper food, good digestion, plenty of water during the day and healthful exercises will make you grow.

Joe Piren, Cooksville, Ontario, Can.

Q.—Was there ever a boxer named Jake Ahearn?

Yes, one of the cleverest of his time. Called the Dancing Master from Brooklyn.

Q.—Did he hold a championship?

A.—No, but not far from it.

Q.—I am 15 and weigh 155 pounds. I want to learn how to wrestle? Should I get a teacher? Where can I reach Joe Malcewicz?

A.—Yes, go to a gym and either get a teacher or practice with someone your age and weight.

F. Z. Amsterdam, N. Y.

Q.—Do you remember a fighter, Mike Hamill, who fought around 1908? Who did he fight and how good was he? Would he rate high against present day flyweights?

A.—Sorry, we have no record of him.

John Kilrain, Fresno, Cal.

Q.—How good was My Sullivan, the St. Paul welterweight? How would he rank today? Did he help train Dempsey for the first fight with Tunney?

A.—Sullivan was a classy, clever boxer and would have rated highly today. I don't recall My working with Dempsey for the first fight but he may have trained with him in Chicago for the second match.

F. S. Woodstock, N. B.

Q.—If a boxer is fouled in a New York fight and cannot continue, does his opponent receive the verdict?

A.—Yes, according to New York laws, fouls are not recognized. A fighter who is fouled must be counted over. If he comes through, his opponent loses the round but the man who did the fouling cannot be declared the loser on a foul if his opponent fails to recover on time, though in such a case, the winner would undoubtedly receive an indefinite suspension.

Robert L. Hunter, Atlanta, Ga.

Q.—I am 126 and well developed. I have a chest of 40 but am only five feet tall and 20 years old. Am I too old to start as a boxer?

A.—No. Your age is just about right. Most boys get started about 18.

H. E. McLaughlin, Indiana, Pa.

Q.—Would you please tell me if Max Schmeling and Young Stribling fought in Cleveland in 1931 and if so, was Schmeling's title at stake?

A.—Schmeling knocked out Young Stribling in Cleveland with the heavyweight title at stake. Schmeling was the defending champion at the time.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

I ARRIVED here last week okay. Petey Sarron and I had a wonderful trip all the way. We enjoyed it very much. This is truly a fine country and I have not regretted making the trip one bit. The climate here is fine. Summer is now with us, but it is not too hot, and of course, after living in Washington, D. C., a few summers, one should never complain of the heat any place in the world. The altitude here is around six thousand feet, so that gives us nice cool nights.

Nat, this is a real booming city. I have seen several mining booms out West, saw some of our largest oil booms around Texas and was down in old Mexico when things were humming. But Johannesburg beats them all. Why, man, you can walk out to your window, look in any direction and see gold mines. Even the town is right on top of a gold mine, as they have tunneled out all under the streets following the gold vein.

The largest diamond mines in the world are at Kimberley, only a few miles from here. This country, as a whole, reminds one of our great western country around Colorado and west Texas and New Mexico. The ranges here are for miles, with cattle grazing all over them. They grow any kind of fruit and vegetables. It is really a marvellous country.

Of course, I am only speaking of Johannesburg and nearby vicinity. I am not including the whole of South Africa, as this is a big country and climate and living conditions vary very much. For instance, just a few hours' travel from here, one will strike the big game country, where lions, tigers, elephants and all other big game abide in large numbers. As I say, in just a few hours' ride from here, you will "Nate in the Raw" in typical African style, but here in Johannesburg proper, you will find a modern city with all modern, up-to-date buildings, copied after the American style, men working, beautiful women, plenty of money being spent every place—a gorgeous, healthy city—a real treat to the eye.

Sports of all descriptions are staged here—boxing, wrestling, baseball, football, cricket, soccer, horse racing, motor racing, rowing—every sport imaginable. I went out to the races the other day and there were over 20,000 paid admissions. More than $150,000 passed through the bookmakers' hands.

That same night I went to a wrestling match, with Jim Londos and Van De Valt the headliners. Close to 7,000 fans were at the match. The cheapest seat was $1.25, and the ringside ran around $7.50. Not bad, eh, Nat? Londos is a big card here, but this fellow Van De Valt is also a good wrestler.

There are two boxing clubs running here, and a good fight will draw big money. So you can see this is not a bad sporting country. It beats many of our places in the States that are supposed to be great sporting centers. Give Johannesburg fans a big attraction and they will turn out in droves and will pay any price.

The fight between Petey Sarron, world's featherweight champion, and Laurie Stevens, holder of the British Empire lightweight championship, is attracting much attention and a record crowd will see this battle.

Sarron is biting off a big chunk taking on this fellow Stevens, as Laurie is rated the best lightweight in the British Empire. He beat Kid Berg for this title. He must be good to beat Berg, Wesley Ramey and a few more of the best boys in our country.

He will outweigh Sarron about five or six pounds, but as Sarron is anxious to establish himself as lightweight challenger for Lew Ambers' title, this will give him a chance to see how he is going to go against full fledged lightweights. So the match is being looked forward to with much interest by Sarron as well as the fans. If Sarron gets by Stevens, as I think he will, despite the handicap, he is going to endeavor to obtain a title match with Ambers for the lightweight title.

[*Sarron did win. He stopped Stevens in the twelfth round.—Editor's note.*]

Jim Londos is here. Harry Isslinger, the old-time wrestler, is also here. Phil Zwick is having a great time in Johannesburg. He has turned out to be quite a big game hunter and has a lot of valuable skins to show for his ability. Phil's wife is also with us.

Cecil Kid Como is working in the mines here. Harry Ralston, the old timer, is running a gymnasium and doing well.

Willie Smith is a headline attraction here. Willie loses now and then, but he always gives the fans a good show. Freddie Miller left here for the States after having four fights. Freddie was popular and his work was appreciated very much.

Johnny McGrory of Scotland is here fighting Willie Smith for the British Empire featherweight title. Matchmaker Len Harvey has made me a very good offer for Sarron to fight McGrory in London in April, and I am thinking of taking it—for the title.

They are trying to get Ben Foord to return and fight Buck Everett, the sensational American heavyweight. A bout between Everett and Foord would draw a record gate here. Everett is the type of fighter that would give Foord plenty of trouble.

Well, Nat, in conclusion, I must tell you that your RING Magazine is the last word in boxing down here. You would be surprised at the amount of readers THE RING has in this part of the world. They know all about "Who's Who" in boxing everywhere.

You ask them how they get their information, and they say, "I read it in THE RING."

They knew all about Sarron and myself before we ever got here. They had Sarron's record down pat—got it from THE RING. I myself would like to know what your circulation is down here in Johannesburg, Capetown and Durban, South Africa. Anyway, these fans here live by THE RING Boxing Magazine. Even in the ship's reading room coming over it was part of the reading material. You should feel proud of your work on behalf of world boxing.

So adios, Nat. Kindest regards and best wishes to yourself and Eddie.

JIMMY ERWIN,
Manager of Petey Sarron, world featherweight champion,
Johannesburg, South Africa.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

* * *

I HAVE been a constant reader of THE RING for the past four years, and I think it is the best publication of its kind. Also, I believe that its editor is due much credit for helping to revive the boxing game.

Each succeeding generation believes that its crop of fighters is superior, and rightly it does, for boxing, like other sports, with time, produces better men. The reasons are better training facilities, greater number of participants, and improved equipment. I heartily agree with one of your readers that there is a tendency on the part of older sports writers to overrate boxers of the past.

The majority of those who criticize Joe Louis have never seen him in action. Having witnessed the former in some sixteen bouts, I feel qualified in saying that the Bomber is a great defensive fighter. Any man who enters the ring faces a possibility of being hit. Even Johnson, with his so-called perfect stance, was clouted often—even knocked out. The same is true of Jack Dempsey, who was a greater hitter, but with less defensive ability than Johnson.

I believe that Gene Tunney, who is probably the most underrated champion, would have stood a better chance against Louis than Johnson or Dempsey. Tunney would have been Dempsey's master at any time in Dempsey's career. There are a few readers who are continually squawking about the amount of publicity you are giving the Bomber. These same readers raised no protest when other fighters were getting their share of the limelight.

Boxing in the Middle West has fallen off because the promoters have failed to present attractive cards. Chicagoans appreciate good fights and will attend them. It seems strange that some wide-awake promoter has not taken advantage of such an opportunity and presented a big bout.

HARVEY T. CASH,
Chicago, Illinois.

I AM a very enthusiastic RING reader, but I regret to say that RINGS are not sold regularly in Napier. I generally get eight or nine a year. I think there's nothing like THE RING for the real news about boxing and wrestling.

The main reason of my writing is to give you an idea of boxing and wrestling activities in New Zealand. Boxing is rather weak, but I think I can safely say that, for its size, New Zealand has the biggest percentage of good wrestlers in the world. Look over this list of wrestlers who have visited New Zealand this past year: Earl McCready, Ed Don George, Lofty Blomfield, Joe Savoldi, Jack Forsgren, Steve Savage, Glen Wade, Wee Willie Davis, Paul Boesch, Bob Kruse, Sam Leathers and many others.

To illustrate the popularity of wrestling in New Zealand, I can tell you that the first bout between Earl McCready and Ed Don George was broadcast and relayed through all the national stations. McCready has been wrestling now for two years and he is a magnificent grappler. During a hundred bouts he did not lose a decision, and it was only on about his hundredth bout that he dropped his one and only verdict. He has had about five draws.

He has had three bouts with Ed Don George. These were the results:

1. In the first, he was tossed through the ropes and he injured his head, and when he staggered back through the ropes, George took the only fall.

2. This was a great struggle, the result being a draw, each man gaining a fall.

3. In the third bout, George was decisively beaten. Ed got a fall in the second round, but McCready came back and took two pin falls from George.

No doubt there will be more bouts between these men after this letter has been posted. But believe me, Nat, McCready, with his great strength and 235 pounds, would win the world's title, if he was given a bout.

Joe Savoldi is a good wrestler. He put up some great bouts with McCready, George and Blomfield, but he just couldn't beat them, although he has obtained a decision over Blomfield.

Lofty Blomfield—not Lefty Bloomfield, as you called him in THE RING—is going to be a great wrestler. He is young and has several decisions over Savoldi, Kruse and others. He has a great hold called the "Octopus Clamp," and I have enclosed a picture of it and also a cutting which will tell you how good McCready is. Recently George was asked to give a rating of the world's wrestlers, and here is his list. He gave it to me when Dave Levin was still champion.

1, Dave Levin; 2, Strangler Lewis; 3, Jim Londos; 4, Vincent Lopez; 5, Earl McCready; 6. Danno O'Mahony; 7, Lofty Blomfield; 8, Henri De Glane; 9, Dan Koloff; 10, Yvon Robert; 11, Joe Savoldi; 12, Hans Steinke; 13, Gus Sonnenberg; 14, Ray Steele; 15, Glen Wade; 16, Dean Detton; 17, Bob Kruse; 18, Fred Meyer; 19, John Pesek; 20, Marin Plestina; 21, Steve Savage; 22, Sandor Szabo.

Well, by this you can see wrestling is popular, Nat, but I'm afraid boxing is a different story. I was only interested in wrestling first, but through buying your magazine to read wrestling news, I have read also your great boxing stories and comments and I have become interested in boxing. I think you were perhaps a little too fond of praising Louis, Nat, and looking back on those articles by Hype Igoe and Jack Johnson, one would think they were regular clairvoyants. Still, I see nothing to prevent Louis coming to the top again, as he is young and knows his boxing. I also agree with you, Nat, on the point of Jack Johnson being the greatest boxer of the last thirty or forty years.

I'd like to tell you, Nat, how much we do appreciate your wonderful magazine and I look upon it as the greatest boxing or wrestling publication in the world.

STAN MCLEOD,
Napier, New Zealand.

* * *

AFTER reading "Letters from Our Readers" month after month, I feel quite at ease to express my appreciation of your splendid paper, THE RING. With the rise of Joe Louis, the interest in boxing in Burma has trebled. I am told that in Rangoon, the capital of Burma, every consignment of THE RING in every bookstall is bought up in no time. Everyone will admit that THE RING is the only paper which gives us all the best pictures of the fights. For instance, you devoted the whole of the December number to the Louis-Ettore fight. It would make your paper one hundred per cent better if only you could add, at the end of the fight descriptions, such as "Louis Makes Good," the tabular record of both the fighters, so that we can know at once how many fights Louis had won by knockout and how many Ettore had won, etc.

One more tip. Your generous use of the fight pictures from all angles, and from slow motion films, is excellent. But they apply only to the publications issued after the fight. Would it not be better for all of us who value the pictures so much, if you could also give us the pictures of the contestants while training, such as pictures of fights with sparring partners, pictures of skipping, road exercises, in the copies which come before the actual fight.

Wishing you the best of luck. May you gain strength with every copy of THE RING issued. Your staunch and outspoken articles in the upholding of the best traditions of the game have brought you many admirers.

U TUN TIN,
Special Power Magistrate,
Shwebo, Upper Burma, India

* * *

I AM a visitor to Canada, having come from Glasgow, Scotland, last July to visit my sister in Toronto. Being on this side of the Atlantic, I thought I would write you a letter.

I cannot put into writing just how much your excellent publication, THE RING, has done for me, as I have learned all I know about boxing from its pages. I never miss a copy of it.

I did most of my boxing in the army, and have also engaged in a few professional bouts. In 1919 I won the Scottish Command welterweight title and in 1920 won the British Army on the Rhine welterweight championship, which was decided in Cologne, Germany.

In 1923-24-26 I won the all-India welterweight title out in far-away India. I fought one man no fewer than fifty-one times in different competitions in India between 1921 and 1925. This soldier was Corporal John Wyseman of the Black Watch, who was also a football player known all through India.

"Jock" Wyseman won the welterweight championship of India in 1922 when he and I battled six rounds in the final. There was a total of ninety-eight entries in the class and it was hard work reaching the finals as the championships are open to civilians or anyone. In 1923, Wyseman and I came together again in the final and I won on a knockout in the sixth and last round. We met twelve times in the Baluchistan boxing tournaments, Wyseman winning four times and eight going to me.

In Meerut, we met fourteen times and I won ten of these and Wyseman won four. In Lucknow, we fought twenty times, and in the all-India championships we met five times, two of which were in finals. Of the fifty-one times Wyseman and I met, I won thirty and "Jock" won twenty-one.

Is this fifty-one times meeting of the two same men a record for amateurs?

I fought twenty professional fights in Scotland on my return from India, fourteen of which I won. I used to get lots of learning from reading THE RING and attribute all my success to your wonderful book.

My favorite boxer is Joe Louis, who, I am sure, will come right back and win the world's heavyweight crown, and I think if Joe ever meets Schmeling again, it will be too bad for Max.

Here's wishing luck to you and THE RING, which is a man's book edited by a "man."

HARRY CRAIG,
Toronto, Canada.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

FOR continued action, replete with thrills, it will require a superb performance to eclipse the fifteen-round tilt staged by John Henry Lewis and Al Ettore in their Philadelphia scrimmage recently.

Both boys started at a clip which made it seem unlikely that the fight would ever go the full distance. In the third round, Lewis dropped Ettore cleanly with a beautifully driven right hand that felled Al for the nine-count. Another knockdown in the same session helped to strengthen Lewis' claim to superiority.

Ettore rushed out for the fourth, determined to do or die. Lewis eagerly met him punch for punch until Al exploded a vicious left hook on Lewis' chin. It shook him considerably and Ettore, with a frenzied attack, did everything possible to bring John down to his size. It was a fitting climax to the previous session and by this time the thirteen thousand spectators were on their chairs yelling enthusiastically for their respective favorites.

From that period until the finish, they went at it in hammer and tong fashion with Lewis scoring with cleanly driven wallops against the unceasing aggressiveness and determination of the Philadelphian. Al had his eye closed completely at the end while Lewis was bleeding steadily from an injured optic.

It was their second meeting and wiped out the stigma of the previous victory scored by Ettore over Lewis. John got even in good style, but the fight was so vicious and exciting that a return match over the same distance would be appropriate.

On the same program, Johnny Lucas turned in an upset victory when he whipped Holman Williams, speedy Chicagoan, in eight rounds; Johnny Hutchinson disposed of Al Gillette in the second round, while Tommy Forte, a likely looking youngster, scored over Freddy Lattanzio in the opening eight. The house attracted a gate of $18,000 net.

Maxie Berger, who is fast developing into a local attraction, took Johnny Bonito into camp at the New York Coliseum after eight hard rounds of fighting—Arturo Godoy turned in a technical knockout over Jack Roper in the seventh round at the Gaby Lyons Sports Arena. Roper was down in the third for a count of nine and was outclassed when the referee halted the contest—Petey Sarron was responsible for a great victory when he stopped the hitherto undefeated Laurie Stevens in Johannesburg in the twelfth round. There was nothing fluky about the triumph, as Petey was in front from the start. Sarron's next meeting may be for the world's featherweight championship against Johnny McGrory—Sonny Boy Walker came to the East to repeat his Western victory over Tommy Loughran in Philly, but was unsuccessful. Tommy waged one of his invincible performances and scored a knockdown in the second round. Hard hitting Paul Pirrone repeated his knockout over Frankie Caris, this time in four rounds.

A great display of boxing skill, science and courage enabled Teddy Yarosz to finish in front of Solly Krieger at the Hippodrome after ten tough rounds of scrapping. Krieger waged an aggressive battle and scored occasionally with his left hooks and right hands but Teddy kept his busy left hand flicking in and out of Solly's face to come through the winner. It was a swell piece of matchmaking to blend such contrasting styles. Johnny Hutchinson whipped Johnny Cabello in the eight-round semi-final, thereby reversing a previous victory scored by Cabello. Baby Salvy Saban finished Sindulfo Diaz in the fourth round of a cyclonic battle. The weight advantage enjoyed by Saban was a big factor in his winning. The receipts for that show amounted to $9,200.

Tom Beaupre, young heavyweight prospect from Dallas, Texas, arriving with Dick and Mrs. Griffin, gave everything he had but it was insufficient to score over the rugged, hard-hitting Gunnar Barlund. Barlund had no great trouble in this scrap and Beaupre showed signs of a developed jab and plenty of courage but lacked the necessary experience to cope with the Finn. Nickey Jerome disposed of Johnny Pena in the second round of the scheduled eight-round semi-final. Pena showed very little and Jerome swarmed all over his opponent and battered him around until the referee stopped the bout. Walter Woods and Stanley Hasrato staged a corking eight-round battle which ended with Woods winning the verdict. Woods looked like a good middleweight prospect. He is strong, willing and aggressive, besides packing a formidable right-hand punch.

Billy Hamilton and Bill McCormack have assembled a fine looking group of prospects which they are offering to the promoters. Eddie Carroll, welterweight; Myer Alper, lightweight; Joe Little, 175-pounder, and Oliver Shank, Montreal heavyweight, are the boys who, they are convinced, bear promise for the future—Danny McNichol, Merchantville, N. J., lightweight, seems to be improving with each bout. He appears ready for the big time circuit. Danny is a product of THE RING Universal Boxing Course. He has a fine pro record and is a good attraction in New Jersey.

Aldo Spoldi, Italian lightweight contender, added another victory to his list when he vanquished Phil Baker of Stamford, Conn., in ten bitter rounds at the St. Nicholas Palace. Spoldi's two-fisted body attack slowed Baker down at the finish and there was no questioning the verdict after six rounds—Coming on top of Small Montana's downfall at the hands of Benny Lynch, the Filipino was beaten again on English soil, this time by Tiny Bostock, a promising English flyweight—Enrico Venturi scored over Jimmy McLeod in their eight-round scrap at the St. Nick's. Venturi threw too many punches for Jimmy, but the westerner made a game struggle all the way.

Ruby Goldstein made another periodical comeback when he put William Henry Cheatum away in the first round of their bout in Newark. Goldstein has had more opportunities than any living boxer to make good and has more natural ability than any ten boxers, if he can adapt himself to normal conditions. Ruby has his admirers, who have remained in the background these many years, but the least bit of encouragement on Goldstein's part to stick to business would encourage their support, wholeheartedly—Saverio Turiello, Italian welterweight, is threatening to cut through the welterweight contenders to establish himself as a potential aspirant for titular honors. In his match with Phil Furr, he showed everything, and it will not be long before Turiello gets his golden opportunity—Mike Gamiere, Cleveland Golden Gloves champion, is now a promising preliminary boy around New York and if he can live up to the form he is showing in his early workouts, there is strong indication of a potential star. Gamiere can punch and has the class of a headliner.

Billy Stevens, new editor of *Bang*, is indignant because the name of Henry Hook was omitted from the yearly ratings of THE RING. It was purely an oversight, and Hook gets even in his own fashion by taking on opponents and whipping them regularly. His last two victims were Pedro Lorenzo and Ray Boree—Maxie Berger and Eddie Brink enjoyed the satisfaction of playing to a complete sellout at the Coliseum when they attracted 14,000 spectators a few weeks ago. Berger had no trouble in winning and seems to be improving with each contest—Johnny Clinton disposed of Tommy Bland of Toronto in the third round of their bout at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Aurel Toma, European bantamweight champion, celebrated his American debut by scoring a six-round knockout over Richard Li Brandi on the same show. Toma looks like the real goods.

Ken Overlin and Fred Apostoli, two headline middleweights, made their initial bow in New York circles at the Hippodrome. They fought ten rounds at a fast clip and the victory went to Overlin. It was a sad blow for the Coast boy and his backers as they had anticipated no trouble in the Overlin match and were grooming him for bigger things. Overlin outsmarted and outscored his opponent in six of the ten rounds and did enough damage to entitle him to the verdict. Apostoli, despite his defeat, looked formidable and will be one hundred per cent improved in his next encounter. He was several pounds below his normal weight, which might be attributed to not being properly acclimated, but the squawks emanating about "poor decision" came from the disgruntled gamblers, who made Apostoli an overwhelming favorite. Baby Salvy Saban defeated Vincent Pimpinella in an eight-round affair; Nick Scalzo shaded Jimmy English in their six-rounder, while Ralph Vona was lucky to get the award over Pete Caracciola. The house drew $5,300.

Lew Feldman showed the uncertainty of boxing form when he flashed the greatest fight of his long career in winning an eight-round decision over George Zengara, a good looking youngster, in their star bout at the St. Nicholas Palace. Feldman was dropped in the first round, but thereafter Lew subjected his foe to a nifty boxing lesson. Four days later, Feldman was pitted against a rank outsider, a one to fifty shot, if those odds are possible in the boxing game, Frank Terranova, and was stopped in the fifth round. Feldman was winning easily, but one of his eyes closed up tight and the referee called a halt rather than to have anything serious happen. It paved the way for Lew to take a well earned vacation for six weeks—Nick Alberts is going around with a chip on his shoulder trying to persuade Al Weill to allow Ambers to meet Aldo Spoldi. Aldo is a consistent winner and has performed good work lately. Besides Spoldi, Alberts is also touting the cause of Charley Diaz, 135 pounds; Phil Siriani, 130, and Italo Colonello, his latest imported Italian heavyweight.

Bill Miller, prolific press agent and manager extraordinary, has arrived from the Pacific Coast in quest of more conquests. Bill is not a gladiator but is touting the cause of Butch Rogers, his rough and ready heavyweight. Miller is very modest, and rather than rush into a match with Jimmy Braddock or Max Schmeling hastily, he prefers meeting Joe Louis or some of the lesser lights—Larry Amadee, who trains John Henry Lewis, turned in an expert job of seconding when he minimized the damage to Lewis' eye between rounds and sent him out good as new. Larry is a veteran trainer from Chicago, but is making his headquarters in the East—Arturo Godoy scored a technical knockout over Otis Thomas at the Hippodrome in the third round when the referee called a halt. Walter Woods repeated his victory over Stanley Hasrato in the eight-round semi-final. Sandy McDonald scored over Jim Howell in another eight-round fray.

Davey Fine and Harry "Spitzel" Goodman sailed for England a few weeks ago. Davey has been in this country for many months and expects to make trouble for the British lightweights with all the experience he has acquired in his American trials. Both boys made friends in New York and will be missed by the boys in the fight fraternity—Andrea Jessurun scored over Jay Macedon in the eight-round feature at the St. Nick's. Andrea was too strong and sturdy for his opponent and experienced little trouble. Irving Eldridge whipped Pete Caracciola, and George Zengara whipped Geno Salvatore in other eight-rounders—Jack Laken has been sending publicity galore on the improvement shown by Jackie Wilson, Negro featherweight from Pittsburgh. This meant very little, but when word got out that Jackie Wilson received the verdict over Freddie Miller in Pittsburgh a short time ago, then his wisdom was apparent. Jackie was here several years ago but made little headway. He went to Europe where he stayed for a considerable time and apparently "found" himself.

Lou Ambers, present lightweight champion, got off on the right foot locally when he banged out a victory over Davey Day of Chicago in a stirring ten-round scrap at the Hippodrome. The verdict was derided by the spectators, but it was more or less a sympathetic gesture for Day's splendid comeback after taking some hard licks in the early rounds.

In the final analysis, Ambers captured five rounds, three for Day with two about even. The two judges scored the fight six for Ambers, three Day and one even. Referee Frank Fullam decided in favor of Day, giving Davey five, Ambers four and one even.

Red Guggino banged out a well-earned victory over Phil Baker in the eight-round semi-final. Joey Archibald, overcoming two knockdowns, outpointed Cyril Joseph in a slashing six-rounder. Joe Straiges drew with Young Chappie in six; Milton Cofresi scored over Eddie Doscher, and Richard Cabello whipped Benny Piazza in the remaining four-rounders.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

SEVERELY handicapped with a heavy cold that was responsible for him losing three pounds overnight before the battle, Wesley Ramey, from Grand Rapids, outpointed the veteran Johnny Jadick of Philadelphia in an interesting ten-round bout at the Arena. Ramey, who is eager for a crack at the lightweight crown, trained in Syracuse for three days, and made a host of friends in the short time he was here. He kept on top of Jadick continually, popping Johnny with left hooks, which he dropped over Jadick's long left leads, and short, hard rights to head and body. Jadick was effective with his famous left jab for only two rounds, the first two. After that, Ramey was master all the way, repeatedly shaking the Philly warrior with lightning right crosses. Ramey floored Jadick for no count in the ninth, but Johnny was up in a flash and right back for more.

Henry Hook, the Hoosier Hurricane from Indianapolis, Ind., made a great hit in shading Pedro Lorenzo of Philadelphia in the six-round semi-final. This was a close, hard fought affair, with Hook's aggressive, consistent punching style catching the eyes of the voting officials. Pedro put over some hefty right-hand shots, but did not throw enough punches to win.

Results of other bouts on the Ramey-Jadick card: Joey Kolba, Utica, outpointed Al Traino, Rochester (six); Johnny Hoffman, Syracuse, scored T.K.O. over Eddie Dempsey, Syracuse (four); and Joey Kushner, Syracuse, defeated Earl Weaver, Syracuse (four).

Teddy Loder, crafty New York welterweight, handed Eldred Davenport, Ware Shoals, S. C., slugger, a bad beating in a bruising ten-round slugfest at the Arena. Loder hit the case-hardened Southerner with everything but the waterbuckets, but Davenport was still boring in, banging away with roundhouse rights and stiff left jabs, in the final session. Tom Chester, long, lean and lanky New York Negro, a terrific hitter with either hand, chilled Joey Fedz of Wilkes-Barre in the first round of the scheduled ten-round semi.

Other bouts on the Loder-Davenport show resulted as follows: Joey Archibald, Providence, R. I., knocked out Joe Bottom, Syracuse (two); Al George, Cincinnati, defeated Louis (Kid) Oswald, Watertown (six); Joey Kushner, Syracuse, beat Earl Weaver, Syracuse (four).

Ralph De John, fast rising Syracuse middleweight, defeated Jimmy Clark of Jamestown, former national amateur champion, in a sensational six-round bout at the Broadway Auditorium, Buffalo, before a crown of seven thousand fans who paid six thousand dollars to see the fight. De John, who is under the management of Joe Netro, has all the earmarks of a coming champion. A natural fighter, he does everything right, and has the unusual ability to anticipate every movement of an opponent, after the first round with him. De John has been undefeated as a pro, having won twelve consecutive bouts.

Jimmy Johnston's dream matches have nothing on mine. I would like nothing better than to stage the following naturals in a Syracuse ring:
Babe Risko vs. Ralph De John, ten rounds.
Kid Chocolate vs. Joey Brown, ten rounds.
Domenico Ceccarelli vs. John Henry Lewis, ten rounds.
Babe Risko vs. Paul Pirrone, ten rounds.
Ralph De John vs. Frankie Battaglia, ten rounds.
Lou Ambers vs. Bushy Graham, ten rounds.
Bushy Graham vs. Joey Brown, ten rounds.
Domenico Ceccarelli vs. Lou Brouillard, ten rounds.
LeRoy Brown vs. Babe Risko, ten rounds.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM THE SOUTH
By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

IZZY GASTANAGA, formerly of Spain but now of Tampa, Fla., has taken on a new lease of life in the boxing game. Vieing with Chino Alvarez for the biggest gate attraction of that Southern seaport, Izzy has to date scored five knockouts in as many encounters. Kid Baisden, Jack Denning, Joe Lipps, Barney Brock and a lesser known opponent have gone out like a match in a storm.

One of the best of the newcomers is Melio Bettina of Beacon, N. Y., who has defeated such boys as Terry Mitchell, Louis LaPage, Charlie Weisse, Bud Mignault, Frank Zamoris, Buddy Ryan, Charles Loughran, Tiger Smith and a number of others. In his last two bouts in the South he whipped Carl Knowles and drew with Steve Carr.

Besides Jack Dempsey being in business in Miami there are Jack Delaney and Paul Berlenbach, former light-heavyweight kingpins, and Tom Heeney, a former contender for the heavyweight title.

At Boston, Bobby Britton, son of the former welterweight champion, lost an unpopular duke to Mike Kaplan . . . . Eldred Davenport lost to Ralph Zannelli at Providence . . . . Andrea Jessurun scored over Jimmy Jones at Baltimore . . . . Tommy Speigal, 134, Uniontown, Pa., flattened Johnny Cruz, 135, of Cuba, in the fifth round . . . . At New York, Phil Furr, 146, Washington, held the hard-punching Eddie Carroll of Canada to a draw . . . . At St. Louis, Kid Irish subdued Jimmie Buckler of Louisville. They are featherweights . . . . Gene Bonin, 184, of Willimantic, Conn., won on a foul over Max Maxwell in the fifth canto at West Palm Beach. Maxwell was disqualified for biting. Eddie Coderre whipped Kid Moorehead in another ten-rounder. They are light-heavies. Bobby Holland put the skids to Johnny Chong, brother of Ralph, in five sessions on the same card, and Jimmie McNamara lost to Jimmie Ritchie.

At Indianapolis, Paul Lee drew with Jimmie Buckler in ten rounds . . . . At Miami, Amos Tiger came into the Southern elite circle by trouncing Joey Speigal. They are middleweights . . . . Carl Guggino was outpointed by Billy Beauhold at New York . . . . Teddy Loder took the duke over El Davenport at Syracuse. Both are welterweights . . . . Bob Turner, 162, Newport News, whipped the Adonis of the ring, Eric Lawson, who is making a comeback . . . . LeRoy Brown scored over Eddie Saxon on the Joe Louis-Stanley Ketchell fiasco at Buffalo . . . . Howard Scott came back into his own by scoring a kayo over Eddie Zivic at Baltimore . . . . At Louisville, Freddie Miller, former featherweight champion, scored a victory over Jimmy Vaughn.

Gene Bonin scored over Benny O'Dell at Miami Beach. With a seven-round lead, Gene came near losing when, in the last round, he was tagged by Benny's right . . . . Way down yonder in Johannesburg, South Africa, Petey Sarron, featherweight champion, knocked out Laurie Stevens in twelve rounds . . . . At Buffalo, Dave Clark, stablemate of Joe Louis, and LeRoy Brown, 168, drew in six cantos . . . . Freddie Miller scored over Davey Fine at Louisville by a T.K.O. in the fifth round . . . . At Baltimore, Harry Jeffra, 127, knocked out Jackie Corcoran in the second . . . . Jackie Burke, 145, outpointed Lew Raymond at Washington. Joe Teems won from Lloyd Pine in the semi-final, and Bob Wilson scored over Joey Spangler in six rounds . . . . Billy Sharkey outpointed Johnny Dean at Miami. Babe Breese outpointed Ray Woodward in the semi-final . . . . At Jacksonville, Johnny Dean also lost to Chino Alvarez . . . . Amos Tiger defeated Billy Shell at West Palm Beach. Tony Petrosky scored over Sailor Born on the same card and Harry Jacobs flattened Al Globe in four . . . . Chino Alvarez outpointed Dominic Manchini at Tampa while Tiger Warrington stopped Ralph, New Orleans, at Boston . . . . Jack Torrance kayoed Terry Miller at Shreveport.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

KID CHOCOLATE, the Cuban glove wielder, scored a technical kayo over Johnny Erickson in the fifth round of a billed star bout of ten rounds at New Haven Arena. A cut eye prompted Erickson's handlers to toss in the towel to put a finish to the affair.

Johnny Lasinksi, Meriden light-heavyweight, and Tom Chester put on a slambang battle which ended in a draw in the six-round semi-final. Johnny Sullivan, middleweight, turned in a technical knockout over Joe Palooka in the third canto. Jackie Alexander and Al Petonito went four rounds to a draw.

FISTIC TOPICS—Al Nelson Gainer halted Ralph Barbara in three . . . . Nathan Mann kayoed Terry Mitchell in one . . . . Irish Eddie Dolan, Waterbury, disposed of Eddie Dempsey in one . . . . George Fitch, colored light-heavyweight, put the crusher on Fioro Maruca in three . . . . Johnny Compo was defeated by Paul Debello in six . . . . Jimmy Stewart won a technical knockout over Billy Adams in five . . . .

1937 Boxing Record Books

Here is a list of this year's record books, by far the best that have been published in several years.

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The Post Record Book—Edited by John Romano. Per copy 35 cents; by Mail, 40 cents.

Andrews Record Book—Edited by Tom Andrews. Per copy 35 cents; by Mail, 40 cents.

European and American Record Book—Edited by Victor Breyer; per copy $1.00.

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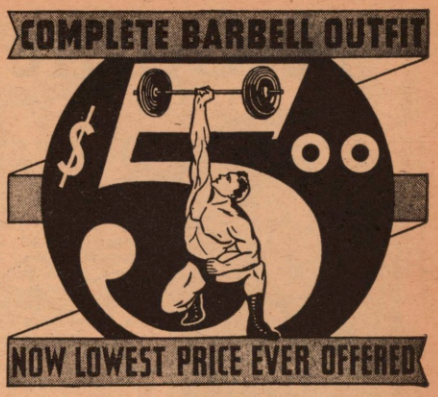

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NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

IN the ratings of the boxers set forth in the February issue of THE RING, Max Marek of Chicago, heavyweight, will be found in Group 6, far down the line from Max Schmeling at the top of that division. For the gameness, courage, willingness to fight and stamina he displayed here in Boston in a battle with Al McCoy, the Dorchester-Maine husky, Marek is entitled to a position in the listings farther up the line. Max was beaten by McCoy—and, he was beaten, losing the ten-round decision—but he took it like a hero, and standing up on both feet and fighting back.

The bout was the feature of the Goodwin A. C. show staged at Mechanics Building, and for eight of the ten rounds it was either man's fight, also one of the best frays between heavyweights staged in Boston for several seasons. McCoy, weighing 185½ to Marek's 181, seemed a bit fat, but he had all of his terrific punch and cool confidence and put up his usual creditable battle. But Marek, despite the punishment coming to him, forced the milling for eight rounds and, early in the scrap, had Al through the ropes for a count of four. Max weakened in the last two stanzas and went to his corner after the final gong more or less of a mess. McCoy won, and that clearly, but at the end it was the Chicagoan who received the bulk of the cheers. Marek can show here again any time he so chooses. The contest of January 25 was his second in the Hub. Back in 1933, he defeated Joe Louis for light-heavy honors in the national amateur finals staged at the Boston Arena.

The foregoing show attracted about 6,000 spectators, a gross of $6,154, and net of $5,104, all very good inasmuch as it was put on in opposition to a big league amateur tourney staged that evening at the Arena. Other bouts on the same card saw Ralph Zannelli of Providence, R. I., former N. E. welter champion amateur, win his eleventh straight since turning "pro" when he forced Nat Rosen of New York to stop in five rounds; Dick Maloney of South Boston, Jimmy's 170-pound younger brother, defeat Johnny Duarte, Providence, in four by a slight margin, and Jack Caparell, 153, Roxbury, another former amateur ace, whip Eddie Bangs, Cambridge, in four. In another bout, Roy Kelley, Brookline, former 175-pound N. E. amateur champion, made his "pro" debut against George Leslie, a 210-pounder from Prince Edward Island, N. S. Though Leslie failed to impress the fans as much of a fighter, he had Kelley's "goat" for three rounds and the bout got the "razz." Kelley came to in the fourth and final round to nose out a decision. His debut was not so hot.

The show was the second for January staged by the Goodwin A. C. at Mechanics Hall before three thousand customers, it put on an all-star affair. In one of the tens Bob Britton, New York, Jack's son, gamely took a pasting from Honey Mellody of Charlestown, losing the decision by a wide margin. In another, Johnny Rossi, the Worcester, Mass., middleweight, defeated Jimmy O'Boyne of Boston and Bangor, over the ten-round route. Both were willing enough, but the match failed to please many of the customers. In a third ten, Dick Hogan, Charlestown heavy, won over Matty Bloom, Revere, a rugged affair all the way.

Continuing with the efforts of the "pros," we shift to the affairs of the Egleston Square A. C. Paul Junior, Maine welter champion, whipped Charley Gordon, Newport, Vt., in one of the three scheduled tens; Murray Caldwell, 134, New Bedford, stopped Dean Cross, 140, of Milford, in the seventh round of another, while "Biff" Lemieux, New Bedford feather, knocked out Jimmy Stathis, 124, Springfield, in three. In other bouts, Don Labbe, 180, of Lewiston, Me., Paul Junior's brother, settled Arthur Cardinal, Arlington, in two heats, and Walter Wazal, 160, Fitchburg, fighting his second "pro" bout, settled John Henry Johnson, 166, Haverhill, in two stanzas.

Andy Callahan, the welter veteran from Lawrence, was in there with Dante Yannetti, 151½ pounds, Chelsea, Sammy Fuller's protege. It was a grudge affair as Yannetti was in there to square an old account existing between Fuller, who has been retired from the active ring for more than a year, and Callahan, also the latter's manager, Johnny Buckley. The "natural," spurred on by press publicity, jammed about two thousand fans into an arena ordinarily seating about four-teen hundred.

Yannetti, with everything but experience in his favor, had around five thousand dollars riding on him, while Callahan did not lack for plenty of cash backing. The setting was of the old-time variety. As for the result, Callahan, a southpaw, got the jump on Yannetti with the first bell, and kept it.

But the foregoing happening, while it concluded that particular fight, did not end the matter. Next day Fuller challenged Callahan, and his offer was accepted. In view of Fuller's long absence from fighting, also the fact that when he was good he was thrice defeated by Callahan, the latter rules favorite. Again the wagering is plenty hot, the Italians plunging on Fuller and the Irish on "Handy Andy."

At the Egleston Club, "Biff" Lemieux, New Bedford feather, tried for the fourth time to wrest from Joey Archibald of Pawtucket, R. I., the N. E. 126-pound crown. It went the twelve-round championship route and resulted as usual—a defeat for the New Bedford aspirant. He was on his feet and fighting at the final bell, but had been outboxed and outpunched for the greater part of the way. A newcomer here, a dark boy named Roy Chapman from Uniontown, Pa., middleweight, defeated Charley Gordon of Newport, Vt., in the six-round semi-final. Chapman showed a very good left hand—boxed both fast and clean, but seemed to lack steam behind his blows.

In another of the Egleston Club shows, Terry "Tiger" Warrington, 170, of Liverpool, N. S., who has been going in high for several months, was paired against Ralph Chong, an American Chinaman from New Orleans, who for several years has been campaigning about the country. Though, according to the record books, Chong went ten rounds with Ken Overlin at Baltimore last March, in the first minute of the second stanza of the ten slated rounds at the Egleston, Warrington knocked him as cold as a fish in storage—a right to the chin. And that was that. Now Warrington is "all het up" for a ring interview with either McCoy, Marek or Tony Shucco. Any such argument would be interesting.

In the eight-round semi-final on the same card, Don Labbe of Lewiston, mentioned elsewhere, defeated Eddie Carroll, Lawrence, but the latter received plenty of applause.

While the "pros" have been swinging their fists, the amateurs—the boys whom we regard as the real backbone of the fight game, at least as it has been here in Boston and this section of the country—have been far from idle. Thanks to a series of Golden Glove tourneys, inspired by the Boston Globe A. A., open to both the regular amateurs and the less experienced novices, for several weeks we have had rugged milling both in this city and all over New England. From an original entry list of about eight hundred amateurs and novices, the eliminations have brought the number down to less than sixty-four semi-final performers.

The sterling ring performances and the excellent way in which the entire business has been handled, has won back the New England public to the sport. The present outlook for boxing in this section of the country is far brighter than it has been for years. The year 1938 should see Boston and New England back on the world's fistic map in a big way. The greediness of "pro" promoters and managers alone can spoil the picture.

It is impossible to go into the details of this mammoth Golden Glove series here, but as regards the first half of the semi-finals, which drew about seven thousand spectators to the Boston Arena on February 1, those who came through to battle in the February 15 finals follow: Open classes—118-pound, Salvatore Bartolo, East Boston, and Florant Desmarais, Manchester, N. H.; 135, Martin Riley, Fall River, and Jimmy McCarron, Somerville; 160, Lewis Suggs, Newport, R. I., and Larry Baker, Roxbury; heavy, William Leuci, Chelsea, and Frank Chludinski, Hyde Park. Sub-novice—112-pound, Vincent Doyle, Roxbury, and Manuel Roderick, Warwick, Mass.; 126, Frank Rapisardo, Beverly, and Albert Dutra, Warwick, Mass.; 147, Charles Leighton, Portland, Me., and Harold Eastman, Peterboro, N. H.; 175, Daniel Stankovic, U. S. S. Quincy, and Frank Mercurio, Hingham.

Additional statistics relative to boxing in the Bay State recently released by the State Athletic Commission show a gross take of $273,573 for 1936, with 154 "pro" shows attracting 155,586 cash customers, also 122 amateur tourneys. The paid attendance at the latter was 162,282, and the gross receipts $118,377. In both branches of boxing the number of shows, attendance and receipts exceed the figures for 1935. The best showing by any club in the state was made by the Valley Arena A. A. of Holyoke, Mass., which throughout the year clicked fairly regularly on a weekly basis. So, as may be seen, boxing in Massachusetts is well along on the comeback trail.

Here in Boston, one of McCoy's greatest admirers is Billy Henderson, former manager of Eddie Shevlin and other ringsters—an experienced, veteran handler. Henderson is always in McCoy's corner on fight nights. It is Henderson's opinion that right now McCoy is a better performer than Joe Louis and would floor the Bomber should the pair be matched. The thing may be tried out here some time the coming summer.

Wesley Ramey, Grand Rapids, Mich., came, saw and conquered Tommy Rawson, Jr., of Arlington, Mass, ex-New England lightweight champion, at the Egleston Square A. C., the distance being ten rounds. It seemed to the less than a thousand spectators that Ramey was merely trying to edge by to the decision by outboxing his man, and Tommy in there to stay the route. In any event, three rounds were about even, Ramey was ahead in six, and Rawson, by turning loose in the final heat, "copped" it. It was their second meeting in Boston, Rawson having defeated Ramey in the national amateurs several years ago when both were "pures."

The best performer on the club's card was Roy Chapman of Uniontown, Pa., a colored middleweight, who dumped Eddie Rossi of Everett for nine in the third round of the semi-final, and forced him to retire at the end of the fourth. Another good-looking performer was Buster Carroll of Bangor, Me., now booking out of Lowell, Mass., who defeated Joe Lemieux of New Bedford all the way in six rounds.

Harvey Cohn, former star athlete of New York and boxing coach at New Hampshire State, is now identified as matchmaker with Boston Garden. Harvey has made several trips to New York for the purpose of engaging talent, and present indications point to a revival of interest at the Garden with Harvey at the helm. He has obtained the services of Eddie Borden of THE RING Magazine as the representative of the Garden for New York district, and Eddie, in conjunction with Cohn, is lining up several fine cards for the spring season. There is no reason why the Garden with its 19,000 seating capacity, should remain idle in Boston. There is plenty of room for the Goodwin A. C., the Egleston Square A. C. and other clubs to carry on lucratively even with the Garden back in harness. Harvey Cohn has a tentative agreement with Mike Jacobs for the showing of Joe Louis in Boston, but if Al McCoy is the opponent, then the fight undoubtedly will go to whatever organization can secure Louis or there will be no fight.

Boston was back on the mat again as one of the country's centers for the wrestlers at Boston Garden, in a show promoted by Paul Bowser. Steve Casey of Ireland defeated George Clark of Dundee, Scotland, for the one and final fall in fifty-five minutes, twenty-three seconds with a flying mare. Clark, the better wrestler, went down before the strength of the Irishman, who rates as one of the strongest of the big-fellow grapplers from foreign shores to ever show in Boston. The tourney attracted about 15,000 spectators and a gate of about $41,000. The bout was the first between Casey and Clark, long rivals in the British Isles as well as on this side of the Atlantic. Their contest had a ninety-minute limit, and after the fall registered by Casey, neither was able to score before the final gong ended the match.

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By DOC ALMY

IN the ratings of the boxers set forth in the February issue of THE RING, Max Marek of Chicago, heavyweight, will be found in Group 6, far down the line from Max Schmeling at the top of that division. For the gameness, courage, willingness to fight and stamina he displayed here in Boston in a battle with Al McCoy, the Dorchester-Maine husky, Marek is entitled to a position in the listings farther up the line. Max was beaten by McCoy—and, he was beaten, losing the ten-round decision—but he took it like a hero, and standing up on both feet and fighting back.

The bout was the feature of the Goodwin A. C. show staged at Mechanics Building, and for eight of the ten rounds it was either man's fight, also one of the best frays between heavyweights staged in Boston for several seasons. McCoy, weighing 185½ to Marek's 181, seemed a bit fat, but he had all of his terrific punch and cool confidence and put up his usual creditable battle. But Marek, despite the punishment coming to him, forced the milling for eight rounds and, early in the scrap, had Al through the ropes for a count of four. Max weakened in the last two stanzas and went to his corner after the final gong more or less of a mess. McCoy won, and that clearly, but at the end it was the Chicagoan who received the bulk of the cheers. Marek can show here again any time he so chooses. The contest of January 25 was his second in the Hub. Back in 1933, he defeated Joe Louis for light-heavy honors in the national amateur finals staged at the Boston Arena.

The foregoing show attracted about 6,000 spectators, a gross of $6,154, and net of $5,104, all very good inasmuch as it was put on in opposition to a big league amateur tourney staged that evening at the Arena. Other bouts on the same card saw Ralph Zannelli of Providence, R. I., former N. E. welter champion amateur, win his eleventh straight since turning "pro" when he forced Nat Rosen of New York to stop in five rounds; Dick Maloney of South Boston, Jimmy's 170-pound younger brother, defeat Johnny Duarte, Providence, in four by a slight margin, and Jack Caparell, 153, Roxbury, another former amateur ace, whip Eddie Bangs, Cambridge, in four. In another bout, Roy Kelley, Brookline, former 175-pound N. E. amateur champion, made his "pro" debut against George Leslie, a 210-pounder from Prince Edward Island, N. S. Though Leslie failed to impress the fans as much of a fighter, he had Kelley's "goat" for three rounds and the bout got the "razz." Kelley came to in the fourth and final round to nose out a decision. His debut was not so hot.

The show was the second for January staged by the Goodwin A. C. at Mechanics Hall before three thousand customers, it put on an all-star affair. In one of the tens Bob Britton, New York, Jack's son, gamely took a pasting from Honey Mellody of Charlestown, losing the decision by a wide margin. In another, Johnny Rossi, the Worcester, Mass., middleweight, defeated Jimmy O'Boyne of Boston and Bangor, over the ten-round route. Both were willing enough, but the match failed to please many of the customers. In a third ten, Dick Hogan, Charlestown heavy, won over Matty Bloom, Revere, a rugged affair all the way.

Continuing with the efforts of the "pros," we shift to the affairs of the Egleston Square A. C. Paul Junior, Maine welter champion, whipped Charley Gordon, Newport, Vt., in one of the three scheduled tens; Murray Caldwell, 134, New Bedford, stopped Dean Cross, 140, of Milford, in the seventh round of another, while "Biff" Lemieux, New Bedford feather, knocked out Jimmy Stathis, 124, Springfield, in three. In other bouts, Don Labbe, 180, of Lewiston, Me., Paul Junior's brother, settled Arthur Cardinal, Arlington, in two heats, and Walter Wazal, 160, Finchburg, fighting his second "pro" bout, settled John Henry Johnson, 166, Haverhill, in two stanzas.

Andy Callahan, the welter veteran from Lawrence, was in there with Dante Yannetti, 151½ pounds, Chelsea, Sammy Fuller's protege. It was a grudge affair as Yannetti was in there to square an old account existing between Fuller, who has been retired from the active ring for more than a year, and Callahan, also the latter's manager, Johnny Buckley. The "natural," spurred on by press publicity, jammed about two thousand fans into an arena ordinarily seating about four-teen hundred.

Yannetti, with everything but experience in his favor, had around five thousand dollars riding on him, while Callahan did not lack for plenty of cash backing. The setting was of the old-time variety. As for the result, Callahan, a southpaw, got the jump on Yannetti with the first bell, and kept it.

But the foregoing happening, while it concluded that particular fight, did not end the matter. Next day Fuller challenged Callahan, and his defi was accepted. In view of Fuller's long absence from fighting, also the fact that when he was good he was thrice defeated by Callahan, the latter rules favorite. Again the wagering is plenty hot, the Italians plunging on Fuller and the Irish on "Handy Andy."

At the Egleston Club, "Biff" Lemieux, New Bedford feather, tried for the fourth time to wrest from Joey Archibald of Pawtucket, R. I., the N. E. 126-pound crown. It went the twelve-round championship route and resulted as usual—a defeat for the New Bedford aspirant. He was on his feet and fighting at the final bell, but had been outboxed and outpunched for the greater part of the way. A newcomer here, a dark boy named Roy Chapman from Uniontown, Pa., middleweight, defeated Charley Gordon of Newport, Vt., in the six-round semi-final. Chapman showed a very good left hand—boxed both fast and clean, but seemed to lack steam behind his blows.

In another of the Egleston Club shows, Terry "Tiger" Warrington, 170, of Liverpool, N. S., who has been going in high for several months, was paired against Ralph Chong, an American Chinaman from New Orleans, who for several years has been campaigning about the country. Though, according to the record books, Chong went ten rounds with Ken Overlin at Baltimore last March, in the first minute of the second stanza of the ten slated rounds at the Egleston, Warrington knocked him as cold as a fish in storage—a right to the chin. And that was that. Now Warrington is "all het up" for a ring interview with either McCoy, Marek or Tony Shucco. Any such argument would be interesting.

In the eight-round semi-final on the same card, Don Labbe of Lewiston, mentioned elsewhere, defeated Eddie Carroll, Lawrence, but the latter received plenty of applause.

While the "pros" have been swinging their fists, the amateurs—the boys whom we regard as the real backbone of the fight game, at least as it has been here in Boston and this section of the country—have been far from idle. Thanks to a series of Golden Glove tourneys, inspired by the Boston Globe A. A., open to both the regular amateurs and the less experienced novices, for several weeks we have had rugged milling both in this city and all over New England. From an original entry list of about eight hundred amateurs and novices, the eliminations have brought the number down to less than sixty-four semi-final performers.

The sterling ring performances and the excellent way in which the entire business has been handled, has won back the New England public to the sport. The present outlook for boxing in this section of the country is far brighter than it has been for years. The year 1938 should see Boston and New England back on the world's fistic map in a big way. The greediness of "pro" promoters and managers alone can spoil the picture.

It is impossible to go into the details of this mammoth Golden Glove series here, but as regards the first half of the semi-finals, which drew about seven thousand spectators to the Boston Arena on February 1, those who came through to battle in the February 15 finals follow: Open classes—118-pound, Salvatore Bartolo, East Boston, and Florant Desmarais, Manchester, N. H.; 135, Martin Riley, Fall River, and Jimmy McCarron, Somerville; 160, Lewis Suggs, Newport, R. I., and Larry Baker, Roxbury; heavy, William Leuci, Chelsea, and Frank Chludinski, Hyde Park. Sub-novice—112-pound, Vincent Doyle, Roxbury, and Manuel Roderick, Warwick, Mass.; 126, Frank Rapisardo, Beverly, and Albert Dutra, Warwick, Mass.; 147, Charles Leighton, Portland, Me., and Harold Eastman, Peterboro, N. H.; 175, Daniel Stankovic, U. S. S. Quincy, and Frank Mercurio, Hingham.

Additional statistics relative to boxing in the Bay State recently released by the State Athletic Commission show a gross take of $273,573 for 1936, with 154 "pro" shows attracting 155,586 cash customers, also 122 amateur tourneys. The paid attendance at the latter was 162,282, and the gross receipts $118,377. In both branches of boxing the number of shows, attendance and receipts exceed the figures for 1935. The best showing by any club in the state was made by the Valley Arena A. A. of Holyoke, Mass., which throughout the year clicked fairly regularly on a weekly basis. So, as may be seen, boxing in Massachusetts is well along on the comeback trail.

Here in Boston, one of McCoy's greatest admirers is Billy Henderson, former manager of Eddie Shevlin and other ringsters—an experienced, veteran handler. Henderson is always in McCoy's corner on fight nights. It is Henderson's opinion that right now McCoy is a better performer than Joe Louis and would floor the Bomber should the pair be matched. The thing may be tried out here some time the coming summer.

Wesley Ramey, Grand Rapids, Mich., came, saw and conquered Tommy Rawson, Jr., of Arlington, Mass, ex-New England lightweight champion, at the Egleston Square A. C., the distance being ten rounds. It seemed to the less than a thousand spectators that Ramey was merely trying to edge by to the decision by outboxing his man, and Tommy in there to stay the route. In any event, three rounds were about even, Ramey was ahead in six, and Rawson, by turning loose in the final heat, "copped" it. It was their second meeting in Boston, Rawson having defeated Ramey in the national amateurs several years ago when both were "pures."

The best performer on the club's card was Roy Chapman of Uniontown, Pa., a colored middleweight, who dumped Eddie Rossi of Everett for nine in the third round of the semi-final, and forced him to retire at the end of the fourth. Another good-looking performer was Buster Carroll of Bangor, Me., now booking out of Lowell, Mass., who defeated Joe Lemieux of New Bedford all the way in six rounds.

Harvey Cohn, former star athlete of New York and boxing coach at New Hampshire State, is now identified as matchmaker with Boston Garden. Harvey has made several trips to New York for the purpose of engaging talent, and present indications point to a revival of interest at the Garden with Harvey at the helm. He has obtained the services of Eddie Borden of THE RING Magazine as the representative of the Garden for New York district, and Eddie, in conjunction with Cohn, is lining up several fine cards for the spring season. There is no reason why the Garden with its 19,000 seating capacity, should remain idle in Boston. There is plenty of room for the Goodwin A. C., the Egleston Square A. C. and other clubs to carry on lucratively even with the Garden back in harness. Harvey Cohn has a tentative agreement with Mike Jacobs for the showing of Joe Louis in Boston, but if Al McCoy is the opponent, then the fight undoubtedly will go to whatever organization can secure Louis or there will be no fight.

Boston was back on the mat again as one of the country's centers for the wrestlers at Boston Garden, in a show promoted by Paul Bowser. Steve Casey of Ireland defeated George Clark of Dundee, Scotland, for the one and final fall in fifty-five minutes, twenty-three seconds with a flying mare. Clark, the better wrestler, went down before the strength of the Irishman, who rates as one of the strongest of the big-fellow grapplers from foreign shores to ever show in Boston. The tourney attracted about 15,000 spectators and a gate of about $41,000. The bout was the first between Casey and Clark, long rivals in the British Isles as well as on this side of the Atlantic. Their contest had a ninety-minute limit, and after the fall registered by Casey, neither was able to score before the final gong ended the match.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

BENNY LYNCH, the 23-year-old dour little fighting Scot, is now the undisputed flyweight champion of the world.

Benny's victory over Small Montana, at the Empire Pool, Wembley, drew a crowd of 12,000, which saw one of the best bouts one could wish to see. Lynch, weighing 111 pounds 10 ounces to Montana's 107 pounds 10 ounces, was the aggressor from the start and his left swings and hooks to Montana's head were the feature of his attack, and he also scored with hefty body punches.

Montana proved himself a fast and clever boxer, and also a hard hitter, but the fighting Scotsman was not to be denied and gave more than he received. However, the little Filipino proved as clever as any I've seen.

On coming up for the eleventh, Lynch was in front, and I told Johnny Rogers, who was in charge of Montana, that his boy would have to step on it to win. The latter agreed, and although Montana won the thirteenth and fourteenth, Lynch came with a burst of speed and hard punching and amid loud cheering, won the round well. Then Referee C. B. Thomas raised Benny Lynch's hand as the winner and undisputed flyweight champion of the world.

Congratulations, Benjamin Gan, alias Small Montana, and to you, "Wee" Benny Lynch, for giving the packed house such a good contest.

There was a sensational ending to the supporting bout between Jack Doyle and Alf Robinson, who were scheduled to box eight rounds. Doyle, after receiving a left to the nose and a right to the jaw, unleashed a hard right that put Robinson down for seven. Robinson fell with a thud, hitting his head on the canvas, and when the latter rose he looked ready for the K.O., but the wild Irishman lost his head and struck Robinson while he was down. He suffered the penalty of disqualification, after two minutes and fifty seconds of the first round.

My sympathy to Owen Moran, who will be remembered as one of Great Britain's greatest fighters, who recently suffered a sad bereavement in the death of his wife.

Petey Sarron, world's featherweight champion, upset the calculations of Laurie Stevens, and his place for a world's title bout with Lou Ambers. Sarron's K.O.'ing Stevens in the twelfth and last round at Johannesburg was no fluke, having had the better of matters from the beginning.

An all-Canadian star bout took place at the N. S. C., Earl's Court, between Sonny Jones and Paul Schaefer, who met in a ten-rounder. It was a hard-hitting contest from the start, but the class of Jones proved too much for Punching Paul.

Johnny McGrory, Glasgow's featherweight champion of Great Britain, added the Empire title to his list by outpointing Willie Smith, South African champion, over twelve rounds before a large crowd at Johannesburg, South Africa.

Fred Lowbridge and George Reynolds fought for the Midland lightweight title before a big crowd in their home town of Wolverhampton. The bout, over fifteen rounds, was full of thrills and Lowbridge was a good winner.

Archie Norman could only last six rounds against the young Swansea heavyweight, Pinkie Jenkins, who punched hard and often in their contest at Cardiff.

Frank Hough had an easy task in defeating Les Brookes. The referee stopped the one-sided bout at the Ring in the third round.

George Rose met his old opponent, Harry Brooks, in a twelve-round contest at Hammersmith Stadium, and won with a little to spare at the end.

Nat Franks put up a great bout against the hard-hitting Tom Curran in their ten-round bout at Hackney. After being down from a heavy right for nine in the second round, Franks recovered to outpoint Curran.

Ted Hinton scored a points victory over Billy Smith, the smiling Irish lightweight, in their twelve-round bout at Birmingham.

Frank Hough, with a weight advantage of twelve pounds, had to fight his hardest to gain a points victory over twelve rounds at West Ham Baths over Tom Curran.

Donald Duncan, the ex-welterweight champion of the Navy fifteen years ago, staged the first big promotion at Gramby Halls, Leicester. A crowd of eight thousand people saw Jack Hyams, Southern Area middleweight champion, successfully deputize for Champion Jock McAvoy and outpoint Cheo Morejon of Cuba by a clear margin in ten rounds.

In the other bouts, Johnny King, British bantamweight champion, was fortunate in getting a draw against George Marsden in a ten-round bout. Bill Hardy, the local middleweight, easily defeated Mario Liani of Italy over ten rounds.

In the flyweight eliminating bout, Eric Jones of Coalville defeated Harry Orton in the fifth of a ten-rounder when the latter was ruled out for an alleged low blow. Joe Foord, the brother of Ben Foord, found one after his own heart in Pete Herricks of Lincoln, who relished a fight, and scored a four-round K.O. over Foord.

When Jimmy Walsh, the British lightweight champion, was forced to cry off his bout with Jimmy Vaughan at the N. S. C., Earl's Court, his place was taken by the tough Northerner, Harry Craster of Middlesborough, who scaled 145 pounds to the 137 pounds of Vaughan.

In the eleventh, a left hook cut Craster's right eye, and he fought gamely on. To the great surprise of the big crowd, the referee raised Craster's hand as the winner, and the verdict met with a very mixed reception.

In the chief supporting bout of ten rounds, Billy Nash, at 113 pounds, outpointed Joe Curran, 107 pounds, after a spirited contest.

Four Jamaican boxers boxed at the Ring, London, with "Lefty" Satan Flynn and Len "Tiger" Smith in the star bout.

The Tiger stood no chance against Flynn, and after taking several counts, the referee stopped the bout in the seventh and awarded Flynn the decision.

Dodo Williams, lightweight champion of Jamaica, made his debut in a British ring with a four-round K.O. over the Scot, Angus McGregor, who was out of his class.

Young Chocolate retrieved some of his lost laurels when he forced the referee to stop the contest in the seventh, after he had punished George Pull and severely cut his eye.

The last member of this colored quartet, Stafford Barton, a middleweight, dealt out severe punishment to Paddy Roche of Ireland, who retired in the seventh of a twelve-rounder.

Jack Hurst and Harry Reynolds put up a stirring bout of twelve rounds at the Devonshire Club before a good crowd. The referee's decision of a draw was well received by all.

Roy Mills, middleweight champion of the Northern Area, was surprisingly outpointed by Joe Duggon of Whitley Bay after a good ten-round bout at North Shields.

Brunswick Stadium, Leeds, reopened for boxing after a long lay-off, and staged a good program, which was well patronized. In the chief bout, Billy McHugh, a local, who is a menace to the leaders of the 118-pound class, received the decision after a good bout against Ken Barret of Wales.

Jack Madden still packs them in at the Tower Circus, Blackpool, and when Len Hampston met Jim Brady there was no exception to the rule. These two bantams gave the fans a great show. Hampston received a blow in the first round that closed his eye, but he boxed cleverly enough to win on points at the end of the ten rounds.

Cleto Locatelli, the Italian welterweight, made his reappearance in a European ring when he K.O.'ed Fernand Viez, ex-lightweight champion of France, in the fifth round at Milan.

It took Jimmy Warnock one and a half rounds to K.O. the Canadian Jap, Katsumi Morioka, in a scheduled ten-round bout at Belfast before a packed house.

Harry Edwards outpointed the Irish lad, Spike Robinson, over twelve rounds at Birmingham.

Ben Valentine kept his unbeaten certificate when he outpointed Nat Franks in a ten-round contest at the National Sporting Club at Earl's Court. In the other chief bout, Pat Palmer, Southern Area flyweight champion, was again on the losing side in his return contest with Tiny Bostock of Hanley in ten rounds. Johnny Horner, seventeen-year-old Burnley featherweight, made his debut in London with a good win over Goff Williams on points over eight rounds.

In what can be described as one of the best lightweight contests I have seen in my twenty-eight years in the boxing game, saw George Reynolds of Cardiff win the Welsh lightweight title when he forced the seconds of Boyo Rees, the reigning champion, to sky the towel at the end of the tenth of a fifteen-round contest at Swansea.

Frank Hough tuned in a good win when he K.O.'ed Darkey Ellis in the ninth of a twelve-rounder at Hull. On the same card, Johnny Rice outpointed George Bennett over ten rounds.

Jack Lord of Bolton punched very hard to beat Billy Graham in their twelve-round contest at Derby.

Jimmy Lester, the smart Dagenham featherweight, came in as a last-minute substitute for Fred Morris and outpointed Joe Brahams over twelve rounds at West Ham.

John Cusick had an easy outing when he met Tommy Burns of Stockton in a ten-round contest at Blackpool and won on points.

Jimmy Walsh, England's busiest champ, gained a points victory over Alby Day in a spirited ten-round contest at the Stadium, London, before a crowded house.

Jack Powell of Sheffield caused a surprise when he outpointed the much-fancied Birmingham welterweight, Leo Phillips, in a twelve-round contest at West Ham Baths.

Jackie Hurst, the young St. George's featherweight, gained a clever points victory over ten rounds against the seasoned George Marsden, Devonshire Sporting Club, London.

Harry Mizler, Southern Area lightweight champion, scored a convincing win over "Dodo" Williams, lightweight champion of Jamaica, the referee stopping the contest at the end of the sixth of a scheduled ten rounds with the colored boy in a bad way.

Frank Hough and Harry Rowles, both of Battersea, fought at the West Ham Baths in a scheduled twelve-round bout, but after Rowles had been on the receiving end for three rounds, a hard left hook cut Rowles' eye badly. Referee Jack Hart at once applied the closure.

Bill Hardy and Nat Franks put up a remarkable show at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, when they met over ten rounds. Franks was very near being down for four counts in the last round, and this lost him the decision.

Jeff Dickson staged a very successful show at the Palais Des Sports, Paris, when he packed 20,000 people in to see the flyweight bout between Peter Kane of Golbourne and Valentin Angelmann of France. The little Englishman surprised the large crowd with his knowledge of boxing and hitting and proved a ready winner at the end of the twelve rounds.

Tiny Bostock outpointed the hard-hitting Liverpool flyweight, Tommy Rose, over twelve rounds at Birmingham.

Ginger Sadd won the Eastern Counties middleweight title at Bury St. Edmunds, when he outpointed Fred Clements in a fifteen-round contest.

Jack Powell of Sheffield gave one of his best performances when he defeated Leo Phillips in a hard-fought twelve-round contest at West Ham Baths.

Jack "Kid" Berg, after announcing his retirement from the roped square, could not resist the temptation for another go. A good crowd turned up at the Ring, London, to see him meet Ivor Pickens of Wales in a ten-round contest. Although Berg won on points, he showed nothing like his old fighting fury that acclaimed him "the Whitechapel Whirlwind" and a great fighter.

Benny Caplan showed good form in outpointing Jimmy Lester in a ten-round contest at Devonshire Club, Hackney, after a spirited bout. The best performance of the show was the way that Boy Boon of Chatteris stopped Billy Sheldon of Newcastle in the third of a ten-round contest.

Phineas John cleverly outpointed Leo Lee in a twelve-round contest at the East Ham Palais Des Danse.

Capt. Prince Cox packed the Colston Hall, Bristol, when he offered the fans a lightweight match over twelve rounds between Jimmy Walsh, British lightweight champion, and Robert Disch, Holland's lightweight champion. Walsh started off like an easy winner but the Dutchman kept up his close quarters work and made the bout interesting. The cleaner work of Walsh was the deciding factor and he received Referee C. B. Thomas' decision.

In what can be described as "a lightweight classic" at the N. S. C., Earl's Court, before a crowd of five thousand, George Daly received the decision by a narrow margin over George Odwell at the end of ten thrilling rounds. In the other star bout, Dick Corbett came near to defeat in his contest over ten rounds with Ginger Roberts of Whitley Bay.

Jim Wilde of Swansea soon put paid to Tony Arpino in their scheduled twelve-round contest at Swansea. After taking several counts, the referee stopped the bout at the end of the fourth session.

Jack London won the Northern Area heavyweight eliminator when he outpointed Bob Carroll in a disappointing fifteen-rounder at Hartlepool.

Vic Morris defeated Ted Hinton in the third of a scheduled twelve-round bout at Birmingham when the referee stopped the contest because Hinton received a badly cut eye.

I wish to let readers know that they can obtain THE RING Magazine monthly by sending P.O. for 1/4 (one shilling and fourpence) to John S. Sharpe, 3 Edward Street, Mile End, London, E. 1, England, when it will be sent post free. They can also get a catalog of THE RING Bookshop prices by enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH
By WILLIAM PIKER

IN the leading event of the month, John Henry Lewis, light-heavyweight champion, knocked out Art Sykes in the sixth round.

Incidentally, John Henry Lewis is facing difficulty in making the 175-pound limit and his intentions to campaign for heavyweight laurels are to be taken seriously. Gus Greenlee of Pittsburgh is guiding John Henry's fistic destiny and Gus is eager to close for a crack at a ranking heavyweight.

Teddy Yarosz has finally "caught on" with New York's cauliflower metropolia. Hence Pittsburgh's middleweight pride finds himself once again in fast company. Yarosz displayed bewildering speed plus uncanny cleverness to snatch the ten-round verdict over Solly Krieger in their exciting mill in New York. The former title-holder took calloused Gothamites by storm and the New York fight reporters carried nothing but laudatory comments on the manner in which Yarosz won.

Reports affecting Gov. Earle's reappointment of Eddie McCloskey, ex-pugilist and erstwhile mayor of Johnstown, to the post of state boxing commission chairman have been confirmed. The other members of the commission are Joseph Rainey, colored, of Philadelphia, and Dr. William McClelland of Pittsburgh.

Fight Announcer No. 1 around the country, in the humble opinion of Smoketown sockdom, is none other than Ray Eberle, dapper informer of principals in Pittsburgh ring events. Eberle, visiting firemen say, would go over big in New York. We are inclined to agree. To watch the local official work is a treat in itself.

There is chatter in circulation to the effect that Teddy Yarosz will box Freddy Steele for the middleweight championship in the Smoky City this summer. This is a sure-fire attraction and a potential sell-out for the promoter who lands the match.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

COWBOY HOWARD SCOTT of Texas made short work of Eddie Zivic of Pittsburgh, Pa., in two rounds at Baltimore, Md., in ten rounds. Zivic never had a chance to get started, being blasted with a terrific right hand at the opening bell and being on the way out from that point on. The Pittsburgh lad took a terrific beating before going out from Scott, who, incidentally, is one of the best punchers in the lightweight ranks today.

Lou Raymond of Baltimore, Md., and Jack Burke of Utah fought a slow ten-rounder in Washington, with Burke taking the duke. The boys did their best to make a fight of it but their styles just would not mix, both being infighters. Heretofore Raymond has put up slashing bouts in Washington and it's a shame he was mismatched in this one. Joey Teems, the Cuban-Greek from Florida, upset the dope by trouncing Lloyd Pine of Akron, Ohio, in ten rounds. Bobby Wilson of Washington beat Joe Spangler in a rough six-rounder on the same card.

Sid Silas of Washington made a return to the ring after a year's layoff and boxed an eight-round draw with Eddie McGeever of Scranton at Joe Turner's Arena in Washington. Sid got off to a good start, putting McGeever down for a count in round one, but the long layoff proved too much for Sid in the latter rounds and Eddie came on to even the score.

Jimmy Tramberia and Pete Galiano, two Baltimore lightweights, fought twelve rounds at a terrific pace in Baltimore with honors going to Galiano. The fans went wild during the bout and a rematch is sure to pack the house. Jim Schwimmer, a local heavyweight, scored impressively over the veteran Joe Finazzo in the eight-round semi-final.

Johnny Lucas of Philadelphia, Pa., won a split duke over Johnny Bellus of Hartford, Conn., in an eight-rounder at Washington. Lucas, who is a favorite in Washington through his good bouts with Phil Furr, had his hands full in scoring over Bellus, who showed plenty tough.

Freddie Miller won a ten-round decision over Joey Temes before a capacity house in Washington. The former featherweight king looked like a different boxer than the boy who lost his title to Pete Sarron here last summer. Temes, as usual, was in there trying at all times, but Freddie was just too good for the ever-willing Cuban-Greek.

PICK-UPS—With Lou Gevinson wintering in Florida and Phil Furr making his headquarters in New York, boxing has been at a low ebb in Washington during the past six weeks, but Matchmaker Goldie Ahearn has persuaded Gevinson to make a return against Johnny Penna, and it is also a certainty that Furr will see action shortly in the Nation's Capital against some first rate welterweight . . . . Both boys pack the house regardless of their opponents in Washington, and at present, more so than ever, when local boxers are few and far between.

Cowboy Howard Scott had his hands full in licking Eddie McGeever recently in Washington as McGeever took the Cowboy's Sunday punches and came back for more . . . . Heinie Miller, secretary to the Washington Boxing Commission, also coaches the Maryland University boxing team, which is just about tops in the East this year . . . . In military circles around Washington, Heinie is known as Major Harvey L. Miller, being in charge of the Marine Reserve Battalion in Washington . . . . He also edits the U. S. Coast Guard Magazine and is some shucks as a boxing referee in the college ranks, where the pay is like it should be for first rate referees.

Phil Zwick, the Cleveland featherweight, who made his home in Washington before making a world tour some two years ago, writes from South Africa that he may stay in that country indefinitely . . . . Phil has made a complete circle of the globe, and is now retracing his steps . . . . Pete Sarron, another subplanted Washingtonian, is having a great time in South Africa . . . . His manager, Jimmy Erwin, writes that Pete will return to the States via London, England, where he will defend his featherweight title . . . . Sarron is also looking forward to a title match in Washington next summer, having the title from Freddie Miller there last year before thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of paid fans.

IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AT Scranton—John Henry Lewis, world's light-heavyweight champion, traveled to Scranton to headline Jack Hennessey's first boxing show at the Armory. The champ took on Chester Palutis of Scranton in a bout scheduled for ten rounds. Palutis was the victim of a T.K.O. in the seventh round, but previous to the T.K.O. the coal miner gave a good account of himself, winning the first round by a mile. He held Lewis even in the second and fourth and dropped the title-holder for a no-count which was official but neglected by the Associated Press. Outside of the Scranton papers, the knockdown was not carried by others.

In the eight-round semi-final, Holman Williams of Chicago, a former Golden Gloves champion, decisioned "Irish" Joe Nealon in eight rounds. "Big" Jack Downey of Scranton kayoed Johnny Reilly of Wilkes-Barre in the second round of a scheduled six. Downey and Reilly supplied the fans more action and heavy punching than ordinarily seen in a ten-round heavyweight bout. In the special six, Jimmy Young of Dunmore, fast rising Italian middleweight, easily outpointed Joe Orlosky of Carbondale. In the opening four-round bout, Patrick Hennehan of Scranton defeated Harry Devlin of Greenridge.

In another show at Scranton, Mickey Serrian of Scranton drew in ten rounds with hard-punching Tony Rock of Mayfield. In the other bouts, Steve Gacha of Wilkes-Barre outpointed Johnny Alba of New York City in six rounds; Jackie Munley of Old Forge decisioned Joe Petronis of Scranton in six rounds; Johnny Reilly of Wilkes-Barre kayoed Tom Callahan of Taylor in the third. In the opening bout of four rounds, Joe Dunn of Scranton defeated Stanley Dadesko of Avoca.

At Hazleton—After being warned of a poor match, Jack Reno, promoter, staged an eight-round wind-up at his Felley Hall Club between Steve Kahley and Johnny Tillman, both Hazleton mittmen. Kahley was too much for him and won by a knockout in the fifth round. In the other bouts, Patsy Gall of Freeland kayoed Mike Costello of Wilkes-Barre in the third round; Mickey Bellettere of Hazleton decisioned Tony Ross of Lancaster in six rounds; Charley Sabatella of Scranton kayoed George Kalky of Shenandoah in the first round; Johnny Miller of Wilkes-Barre won by a T.K.O. in the third round over Jimmy Fedula of Shenandoah.

At Tamaque (amateurs)—Goose McCaslin of Lockhaven decisioned Vince Kosack of Hazleton in the featured three-round bout before a roaring audience at the Arena. In the other bouts, all slated for three rounds, Gene Pinter of McAdoo won from Al Bluis; Charles Allan of Tamaqua won from Johnny Zadder of Minersville; Marty Sweeney of Hazleton lost to Billy Davis of Minersville; Frankie White of Shenandoah was a kayo victim of Mike Hubeck of Tamaqua in the first round; Charles Simmons of Shenandoah defeated George Anthony of Wilkes-Barre; Ernie Kahler of Williamsport defeated Johnny Zeleznock of Beaver Meadows . . . . Vic Gigli of Tamaqua defeated Jack Burley of Minersville; Al Morris of Minersville defeated John Rafter of Shenandoah. In the opening bout John Kruss of Kaska kayoed Billy Nork of Shenandoah.

JUST RAMBLING—Eddie McGeever of Scranton lost a split ten-round decision to Howard Scott at Washington, D. C. . . . . Eddie Brink, Scranton, lost in ten rounds to Maxie Berger at New York City . . . . Jakie Munley, Old Forge, lost in six rounds to Jackie Carter at Philadelphia . . . . a bad month for Coal Region boxers boxing in out-of-town rings . . . . Jack (Three Star) Hennessey, head man at the Scranton Sporting Club, is well satisfied with the large turn-outs for his high-class fistic shows and plans to bring nothing but leading pugilists to perform at his club . . . . Bob Munley, deputy boxing commissioner of Lackawanna County, keeps well posted on present-day fighters by reading THE RING Magazine . . . . THE RING is on sale at most newsstands in the Coal Fields. When in Scranton, you can buy THE RING at Spec's book shop, corner Linden and Wyoming Avenues.

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By GEN VINASS

THIS from Sid Ziff's column in the Los Angeles *Herald*: "King Levinsky has broken with his manager. He doesn't think he's getting what he ought to be getting. He wants to quit being a fighter and be an actor—or maybe a wrestler. He wants to go home and turn wrestler, but if he can't get out of town, he is willing to be an actor. I don't know what sort of an actor he could be. Slapstick comedies have gone out of date.

"But I feel sorry for the King. To think the poor sucker has made more than a quarter of a million in the ring—and hasn't room rent to show for it."

For several years, Hank Hankinson has had difficulty getting himself in shape because he liked to drink almost anything up to, but not including, water. Now Big Hank has turned over a new leaf. He has been training religiously since the first of the year. His liquid diet consists solely of milk, coffee and that delicious new drink—aqua pura. And he quit smoking and has made up his mind to live up to his potentialities in the ring this year.

Everett (Young) Rightmire, the young Sioux City, Iowa, featherweight, is a prime favorite with southern California fight fans. In his Coast debut, Rightmire fought ten thrilling rounds to a draw with Georgie Hansford, hard-hitting Los Angeles featherweight. Three weeks later, the boy from the Corn Belt gave Petey Hayes a beating in ten rounds to win easily at the movie city arena.

Joe Waterman of the Olympic can do plenty of business with an Armstrong-Rightmire match.

"Speedy" Dado, the great little Filipino boxer who closed the most brilliant career of any Manila boxer since Pancho Villa, is Mae West's chauffeur.

SHORT LINES ABOUT THIS 'N' THAT—Bill Miller and his heavyweight, Butch Rogers, are touring Texas and Oklahoma . . . the Army slugger packs a mean wallop in his right hand, and win or lose, always comes through with a corking fight . . . Joey Greenberg, manager of the sensational Glen Lee, has presented his welterweight star with a $100 bathrobe . . . a phrenologist told King Levinsky the other day in Hollywood that his two best years are ahead of him . . . Jimmy Fitten, Mexico City mitt mogul, wants Henry Armstrong to appear in a ten-round bout in the bull ring during April against an outstanding foe . . . the GREAT Negro scrapper attracted a $29,000 "gate" in the Latin Republic recently when he flattened Baby Casanova in three heats . . . Eddie Mead is considering the offer . . . Moon Mullins, from the banks of the Wabash, is a pleasant chap.

Back in California, Frankie Klick, junior lightweight ruler, is gunning for a shot at Henry Armstrong, recognized as featherweight champion in California and nine other states . . . Here is one for the book . . . When George Zaharias first entered the mat game he lost twenty-seven bouts in a row . . . that would be discouraging enough to make anyone look around for some other work to do, but not "Gentleman George" . . . he liked it the hard way, and now he makes the other fellow take it . . . wrestling men claim Zaharias has earned more than $200,000 in the mat game . . . Eddie Krauch, wrestling critic of the Los Angeles *Herald-Express*, devoted a good deal of space the other day to an article on wrestling . . . In this, Krauch pointed out that seven men have died in the past two years from injuries received in mat bouts . . . many others are on the hospital lists as the result of falls from the ring and other mishaps . . . in this article Krauch took exception to the oft-repeated remark that wrestlers never get hurt . . . Sid Marks, who is associated with Lou Daro, wrestling promoter of Olympic, recently blossomed out with an expensive sedan . . . the genial Mr. Marks was a terror with his fists during his lightweight days . . . could sock like "L" . . . now tips the scales around the two hundred mark . . . Tommy O'Loughlin has bought the paper on Perfecto Lopez, Mexican lightweight star, and is taking him East during April . . . the Latin will prove a sensation in Eastern rings . . . positive proof that Lopez can FIGHT is the fact that he fought a draw with Henry Armstrong in San Francisco shortly before the colored marvel defeated Baby Arizmendi at Wrigley Field, Los Angeles . . . in his last main event in Los Angeles, Lopez defeated the elusive Midget Wolgast over the ten-round route . . . The Mexican would give Enrico Venturi, Davey Day and Lou Ambers plenty of trouble . . . Jack Hurley's fight column in the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* is a WOW . . . keep up the good work, Jack . . . King Levinsky has moved to Mrs. Dempsey's Manhattan Gymnasium on Spring Street to do all his training while in southern California . . . brother Sam is now training the "Kink" . . . Levinsky lost a good trainer when "Whitey" Eckwert pulled out.

If you think wrestling only appeals to the wrestling fans, take a look at the boys in the section near Charles MacDonald's office at Hollywood Legion Stadium any Monday night . . . You'll see Eddie Mead, Tommy O'Loughlin, Billy Van, Willie Orner, Jimmy Murray, Cal Working, Charles Martin, etc., etc. . . . Mead's favorite matman at the Legion shows is Lord Lansdowne . . . Suey Welsh, the boxing manager, is in the market for a chicken ranch . . . Cal Working, manager of Baby Arizmendi, used to be in the drug store supply business with John Rustigan, Fox sportsman . . . Jack Singer's fight stories in the Los Angeles *Times* are getting better each week . . . this kid will be covering important sporting events in New York one of these days . . . he can't miss! . . . Jack Snyder, press agent for Hollywood Legion Stadium, says: "Don't know how old Claude Newman, sports editor of Hollywood *Citizen*, is. But I do know that when he was fourteen he tried to join the army and go to France. The recruiting officer told him to 'go home to your mother'" . . . George Leonard is taking care of the Al Lang stable while the former Baltimorean is in the East training Freddie Steele, middleweight star . . . Jimmy Fantini, the new daddy, is back in stride again . . . he is one of those almost sure shots to be fighting headliners this summer in Los Angeles . . . Charles Martin is now doing the New Yorker's business . . . Mushy Greenstone, the Los Angeles plunger, predicts that Braddock will defeat Louis via decision when they meet . . . I'm taking a ticket on the Detroit Negro to win, by a KNOCKOUT . . . Eddie Wenstob, Canadian light-heavyweight, is on the Coast to fly the colors of the Toronto O'Loughlin war college . . . Who stole Jim Jeffries' galoshes he wore over his ring shoes when he walked from his camp to the Reno arena to fight Jack Johnson? . . . George Schoer of the Los Angeles *Examiner* sports staff asked Jeff that question the other night over at the Burbank barn as a memory test . . . "How'd you know I wore them shoes that day," roared Jeff . . . "Well, I was the kid that snagged 'em for souvenirs," replied Schoer. He was twelve years old then. The galoshes went back to Ohio.

Oakland, Calif., promoters are dickering with Suey Welsh for his Kilbuck Coates to face Sunny Jim McVey . . . the latter, who hails from Pittsburgh, Pa., is the big noise around the bay region following his two knockout triumphs over Frankie Hammer . . . McVey flattened Hammer twice in one round . . . Hugh Nichols, who owns $5,000 worth of shot guns, is nursing a broken hand . . . one rice scatterer "talked back" to him . . . the ponderous Chet Shandel has had other big moments besides the one in which he exploded George Theodoratus out of the picture in one round . . . he once flattened Eddie Simms just as convincingly as did Joe Louis . . . "Babe" Marino, the Frisco Italian, who has found himself since joining the Dolph Thomas stable, had no trouble whipping Johnny Diaz in ten heats at Dreamland Arena . . . Joe Waterman comes up with this one . . . he said that he was at Belmont Park, New York, at the summer race meet of 1907, when a well dressed man walked out on the clubhouse lawn, pulled a six-gun and shot himself . . . the "suicide" was taken to the track infirmary and searched for identification papers—not a cent of money was found in his pockets . . . in order to avoid the scandal of a man killing himself because he had gambled all of his money at the races, some three hundred dollars in bills was placed in his pockets and he was whisked away to the morgue . . . he came to consciousness a short time later, learned that three hundred dollars had been found on him, and got well immediately.

The United Press story out of Detroit on the Barney Ross-Al Manfredo ten-round contest said the decision was unpopular . . . the Fresno, Calif., Italian can beat ninety per cent of the welterweights . . . Manfredo meets Abie Miller for the California welterweight title at the Olympic the early part of April . . . Jack Torrance, the shot-putting fighter, has pared his weight from 320 to 260 pounds . . . he's still a weight man . . . this from Bill Potts of the Los Angeles *Examiner*: "One-minute interview with Mike Gibbons, former uncrowned middleweight king: 'Feinting is the bunk . . . when a man feints at you, hit him . . . if you've got to keep your hands up to protect yourself, get out of the racket . . . smart boxers fight with their hands low, where they can always be used for punching . . . move your head away from punches and then belt the other guy."

Joey Puig, the young fisticuffer with the most unusual moniker, breaks out with a new name, thanks to the ingenuity of Johnny Keyes . . . his name from here on out will be Pepper Keyes—something like the Pepper Martin that Keyes managed some years ago . . . Benny Ford is now handling Al Citrino, the Italian featherweight, who stiffened Dommy Ganzon at Hollywood . . . Tommy Loughran isn't going to retire . . . Joe Smith says the Philly scribes misunderstood when they wrote that Loughran is through with boxing . . . Loughran plans to box at the Olympic in Los Angeles some time during April . . . he may tangle with Hank Hankinson, the Swedish giant . . . While Al Lang is on tour with Freddie Steele, middleweight king, boxers coming to Los Angeles who are not under contract to anyone may contact Gene Vinassa, Barbara Hotel, Sixth and Westlake Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Henry Armstrong, apparently a more reliable Brown Bomber than Joe Louis, turned in another sensational victory at the Olympic when he put the cagy Moon Mullins away in two rounds. Referee Jack Kennedy stopped the uneven contest after the plucky Moon was down for several counts. It will take little short of a super-fighter to halt the rise of Armstrong.

IN THE NORTHWEST

By DAVID CAVADAS

EDDIE BRADY, sensational eighteen-year-old light-heavy, brought fame to Vancouver, B. C., by winning his division title in the Far West Diamond Belt Championships at Portland, Oregon. Eddie had to win four fights in three nights to take that beautiful diamond belt. Brady started boxing eight months ago when he won the British Columbia amateur crown in the light-heavy division.

Al Hostack, dynamic young Seattle middleweight, lived up to expectations when he kayoed Tony Fisher of Newark in the second round. Hostack just celebrated his twenty-first birthday, at which time he presented his manager, Eddie Marino, with a new five-year contract.

The Vancouver Commission upheld the decision of Referee Tommy Moore, who disqualified Albie Keyes in the third round of his fight with Eddie Wise of Montreal. Moore warned Keyes twice for hitting low blows but on the third offense he awarded Wise the fight without any hesitation.

Gordon Wallace, Canadian welterweight champion, won an easy ten-round decision from Billy Lee, Portland Piute Indian. Wallace had no trouble with the Indian. He had Lee on the floor for a count of seven.

After several years of hard work by various individuals, a meeting was held at Edmonton and the Western Canada Boxing Federation was formed. The organization, which will be known as the W. C. B. F., will control both boxing and wrestling in every town, city and village in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, and is expected to affiliate with the N. B. A. in the United States and the British Boxing Board of Control in England. Frank Heller was named secretary-treasurer and representatives of each commission in western Canada were named on the board of governors.

Truman Kennedy fought a ten-round draw with Billy Townsend at Victoria, B. C.

Tiger Jack Fox, Spokane light-heavyweight, a protege of Al Morse, scored a sensational second round knockout over Bob Olin, former world's champion light-heavyweight. The Tiger battered Olin around at will in the first round while Olin was helpless facing the two-fisted attack of the colored boy. The referee stopped the fight in the second round with Olin's face badly cut up and blood flowing freely from a deep gash under his right eye.

PRELIMINARY RAMBLINGS—Frank Lenbo beat Al Ford . . . Ron Beaudin decisioned Jack Collwell . . . Young Corpuz drew with Eddie Wise . . . Morris Schonlik beat Ernie Miller Smith . . . Ron Beaudin beat Harry Smith . . . Fred Gruden lost to Art Fry, but drew with Les Ferguson . . . Morrie Schonlik kayoed Bobby Carrington . . . Billy Buxton put Chief Tolecto to sleep in the second round.

George Jones of physical culture fame has leased the old Vancouver Athletic Club and the building is being remodelled. George plans to promote amateur and professional boxing and professional wrestling.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

A SMILING Irish lad with a baby face and a terrific punch is the fistic idol of Houston at this writing. It has been many years since a fighter has so completely captivated Houston fans as has young Joey Parks of St. Louis. In successive weeks, Parks polished off two local favorites, Marlin Owens and Tommy Blanton, with the neatness of a Tommy Loughran, before "turn-away" crowds at the new Olympiad Arena.

All and sundry in this vicinity are convinced that Eddie Vanderventer has the potential middle or light-heavyweight champion of the world in Parks. Vanderventer, by the way, was a very popular bantam and featherweight boxer around St. Louis in 1913 and fought under the name of Kid Bandy.

"Wishy" Jones still remains Houston's favorite lightweight fighter and turned in a convincing win over Jackie Sharkey of Minneapolis to hold his popularity early this month. Promoter Hugh Benbow is importing Leo Rodak of Chicago as "Wishy's" next opponent. Chino Alvarez, Aldo Spoldi and Richie Fontaine have also been contacted.

George Salvadore made his 1937 debut a convincing one when he stretched Jackie Burke of Utah for the full count in six rounds. Salvadore has fully recovered from a troublesome nose operation and is ready for a strenuous campaign this coming year.

Manager Jack Thurmond is contemplating a trip to the Pacific Coast with Salvadore in the near future and promoters along the way would do well to get in touch with him at 511 N. Jenkins, Houston.

Willard Brown, the collegian from Louisiana, still has plenty of fire and boxing ability. He proved that when he took a slashing ten-round decision over Ralph LaMonte of Chicago a few weeks ago in Houston. He did more foot work than the rebel army in Spain, but along the route he was able to stop long enough to demonstrate some of the punching he learned at college.

Tommy Blanton, a frail looking heavyweight, is taking a leaf out of Gene Tunney's book and is chopping wood, digging post holes and otherwise trying to build his body into a real heavyweight. He is an exceptional boxer, and with his determination he may go far. His last effort was a losing one with Joey Parks, but in that bout he made many friends by his display of courage after receiving a bad cut and continuing on.

Mike Pereira and his little brother, Billy Pereira, are two of the younger prospects in this vicinity that will bear watching. Mike, a lightweight, has dropped but one decision in thirty starts. His brother, Billy, has never been defeated in eight starts. Both boys are exceptionally busy youngsters and extremely popular with the fans.

"Tiger" Pelone, a middleweight; Billy Deeg, a welter; Jack Rodrequez, middle, and Ramon Serano, lightweight, are other bright prospects in the Houston sector.

Dickie Griffin is still battling it out with heavyweight shows in Dallas and enjoying fair success, as is Galveston and San Antonio, but Promoter Hugh Benbow really is getting Houston fans fight minded and drawing ever-increasing crowds weekly with all weights of fighters.

Competition in the promotional field again looms for Dick Griffin in Dallas. The newest promoter to start operations in the Sportatorium is Johnny Harrington, who expects to be going before this goes to press.

Mike Burke of New York City is corresponding with Promoter Benbow of Houston and may journey in with Victor Vallee and Andrea Jessurun for a few bouts and an incidental vacation at our southern resorts. Jessurun is a welter and Vallee is a junior lightweight.

Willard Brown and Brecio Garcia resumed their ancient feud at Galveston with a very fast bout. At the end of ten nip-and-tuck rounds it was declared "all even" and the boys may have a chance to show their wares to another promoter. A very good crowd was in attendance.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

FURTHER proof that Jimmy Perrin, New Orleans' only fistic luminary, can still be called the peer of Southern featherweights, was his decisive and one-sided ten-round victory over Frankie Jarr of Indianapolis, Ind., at the Coliseum Arena in New Orleans. Perrin was accurate in punching and toyed with his willing opponent despite his long layoff of several months.

Indications point to the advent of Lew Raymond, prominent fistic promoter of New York, St. Louis and elsewhere, into the promotional field of New Orleans. This city, the largest in the South and capable of supporting major bouts, has been at the mercy of inexperienced and bad promotion for the past few years and as a result boxing has been more or less in the doldrums. Raymond, rumor has it, proposes to use the spacious Municipal Auditorium, with a seating of approximately 10,000, and intends to stage only important matches, leaving the run-of-the-mill affairs open.

"Baby Jack" Torrance, Louisiana's 260-pound heavyweight hope, continues to pile up knockouts at the expense of unknowns. During the month Torrance chilled such opposition as "Johnny Saxon" of New York, "Terry Miller" of California, and "Billy Owens" of Nashville, Tenn., in one or two rounds of main events at New Orleans, Shreveport and Monroe, respectively.

Reopening of the Jai-Lai Arena, connected with the elaborate gambling casino by that name, was inaugurated by Ervin Berlier, flashy New Orleans southpaw lightweight, outpointing Wesley Martin of Akron, Ohio, over the ten-round route, despite having two knockdowns scored against him.

After taking a financial whipping several months ago, Julius Siegel, visiting wrestling promoter, will try it again in New Orleans. This time he says he will make it a paying venture as it was about five years back.

In his second appearance in the Crescent City, Tommy Mollis, Baltimore, Md., Negro welterweight, fared better by defeating Wesley Farrell, Southern Negro welterweight title claimant, in ten rounds.

Other bouts in New Orleans resulted as follows: Bill Raggio decisioned Leslie Rush of Mobile, Ala.; Henry Deubler T.K.O.'ed Jimmy Hall and then lost a decision to him; Fay Roberts beat Roswell Thompson and kayoed Joe Molay; Jimmy Perrett stopped Ernest Deffes, all middleweights. Bob Carter kayoed Jimmy Blue, welterweights. George Holmes defeated Desmond Diggs; Douglas Berlier beat Joe Muscarello; Tommy Giovanni lost to Roger Goss and Dave Cassebone, all lightweights. George Murla knocked out Henry Voigt; Carl Coste beat Elliot Lamerault, all featherweights.

OUTCROPPINGS—Marty Burke stages bouts at Jai-Lai Arena . . . . Abe Katz puts on shows at the Coliseum Arena . . . . College amateurs draw crowds of around 4,000 spectators at Tulane and Loyola . . . . One professional show drew as low as $200 gross during the past month . . . . Referees in Louisiana are of the best, mainly through the efforts of the state boxing commission . . . . Negro referees are now used exclusively at all colored shows in New Orleans . . . . The writer's address is 1028 No. Salcedo, New Orleans, La. . . . . Jimmy Yeates, manager of the colored heavyweight sensation, Oscar Matthews of Taulah, La., has had an exceptionally good offer for his contract, which Yeates turned down . . . . Kid Chocolate and John Henry Lewis will show in New Orleans shortly.

BOXING IN LIMA, PERU
By PROF. WILFRED STEPHENSON

BOXING has now a very strong foothold in Lima. During the winter months, things were pretty slow, but with the reopening of the "Manco Capac" Stadium by Ruggerro de Santis, the leading promoter here, everything looks bright for a big summer season. Fighters from all parts are coming in. Among those who have invaded Lima during the past few months are: René Sánchez and Joaquin Torregrosa, Cuban welterweights; Chumingo Osorio, Oswaldo Sánchez, Abelardo Hevia, Raul Carabantes, Arturo Padilla, Juan Sandoval and Marcial Lenz from Chile; Luis Marfurt, Armando Foglia from Italy; Alberto Babroff and Angel Sebastian from the Argentine, and Alf Ross, the veteran French fighting machine.

René Sánchez scored a points victory over Chumingo Osorio in a ten-round scuffle. The Cuban was in good form.

Oswaldo Sánchez, a fast Chilean fighter, received a severe trouncing from Roberto Carrillo, Peruvian star performer, who has shown himself to be very classy since his return from Central America. He will meet Raul Carabantes over the ten-round route soon.

José Coronado, Peruvian representative to the International Amateur Boxing Tournament, which took place at Santiago de Chile in December last, won the South American featherweight championship. Amateurs from Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay, Peru and Chile competed.

Raul Carabantes, the Chilean welterweight marvel, as he is sometimes called, did not show his customary brilliant style of boxing when he faced Joaquin Torregrosa, the Cuban dancer. The Chilean won six of the ten rounds, but Torregrosa managed to maneuver don Raul into such difficult combinations that the dancer won the last four rounds with very effective punching to the body. The Chilean got the decision.

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IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

EVERETTE RIGHTMIRE, Sioux City featherweight, who is making Hollywood his headquarters for the present, punched out a ten-round decision over Petey Hayes of New York at the Hollywood Legion Bowl. In his first fight on the Coast, the Sioux Cityan fought a ten-round draw with Georgie Hansford. Newspapers later gave Rightmire the advantage in the bout.

Marshalltown, Ia.—Ralph O'Dell, Iowa's latest heavyweight, stopped Young Hutchins in the second round of a billed ten-rounder. In the six-round semi-windup, Floyd Barker, Marshalltown middleweight, won over Chuck Broddus of Des Moines.

Ottumwa, Ia.—Nine knockouts featured the Golden Gloves boxing tournament here. The results of the bouts were as follows:

112-pound class—Douglas (Albia) defeated Martin (Fairfield), three-round decision; Grace (Ottumwa) defeated Gibbs (Albia), technical knockout 1.02; Perry (Fairfield) defeated Jones (Keosauqua) knockout second round; E. Perry (Fairfield) defeated Loy (Ottumwa), K.O. third round.

118-pound class—Schmidt (Fairfield) defeated Stober (Ottumwa), K.O. second round; Utecht (Ottumwa) defeated Bissell (Ottumwa), three round decision.

126-pound class—Rosnick (Albia) defeated Morgan (Fairfield), three round decision; Branscom (Keosauqua) defeated Strunk (Fairfield), K.O. second round; Hughes (Ottumwa) defeated Dubois (Ottumwa), three round decision.

135-pound class—Wellman (Albia) defeated Scholtz (Ottumwa), K.O. 1.10.; Illindingham (Oskaloosa) defeated Martinez (Fairfield), three round decision; Nickerson (Fairfield) defeated Wilson (Centerville), technical K.O. second round; Coleman (Ottumwa) defeated Sowton (Fairfield), K.O. second round; Carey (Blakesburg) defeated Wellman (Albia) three round decision.

175-pound class—Harrold (Ottumwa) defeated McGuire (Centerville), technical K.O. second round.

Des Moines, Ia.—Frankie Battaglia, Winnipeg, Can., middleweight, knocked out Lew Foster of Detroit, Mich., in two rounds. Results of other bouts on the card were as follows: Harley O'Dell, 205, Ottumwa, Ia., won on third round technical knockout from Johnny Neumann, 190, Knoxville, Ia.; Dick Porter, 143, Indianapolis, Ind., outpointed Floyd Barker, 145, Marshalltown, Ia., six rounds; Chuck Broddus, 165, Des Moines, Ia., and Mike Klomp, 175, Lime Springs, Ia., both disqualified in fifth round; Wyman Swezey, 124, Spencer, Ia., outpointed Merle King, 122, Des Moines, Ia., four rounds; Nick Fazio, 145, Des Moines, Ia., outpointed Gene Waller, 145, Des Moines, Ia., four rounds.

Readers, please have your news in my hands by the first or second of the month, and mail same to the writer at 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Ia.

Oskaloosa, Ia.—Jess Ackerman, Des Moines lightweight, defeated Santos Reyes of Centerville, Ia., in six rounds. In the semi-windup, Bud Mangus, 152, Oskaloosa, outpointed Cy Hunt, 163, Rose Hill, in four rounds. Other results were: Eddie Vallandingham, 135, Oskaloosa, Ia., defeated Paul Stringfellow, 138, Rose Hill, Ia., three rounds; Dixie Metler, 134, Rose Hill, Ia., won from Kid Sage, 132, Oskaloosa, Ia., by technical knockout in third round.

Newton, Ia.—Raymond Radiz fought to a six-round draw with K. O. Welcher in the main event of a boxing card staged here; Nips Young knocked out Roughhouse Vessel in three rounds; Kenneth Lane scored a T.K.O. over Clarence Holmes; Slick Jesnick stopped Jimmie Whorill in two rounds.

Davenport, Ia.—Kid Leonard of East Moline, Ill., knocked out Tony Mandell of Rockford, Ill., in three rounds; Henry Rothier, East Moline, knocked out Kid Rudy of Rockford, in the second round.

Duluth, Minn.—Henry Schaft, Minneapolis welterweight, battled to a six-round draw with Wen Lambert of Proctor, Minn. Chuck Broddus of Des Moines was stopped by Freddie Dixon of Phoenix, Ariz., in another feature bout.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Joe Louis knocked out three opponents in less than two rounds, stopping Tiger Frank Thompson of Decatur, Ill., Jack Wright of Bridgeport, Conn., and Tom Jones of Chicago.

Winona, Minn.—Bert Paxton of Detroit, Mich., Negro, won an eight-round decision over Joe Goeders of Albert Lea, Minn. In the semi-windup, Marcel Wicka, 160, Winona, defeated Buck Jackson, 164, Albert Lea, in six rounds. Whitey Walden, 137, Albert Lea, and Tiger Marcus, 137, La Crosse, Wis., drew in four rounds; Jim Hauser, 146, Winona, knocked out Jack Cecil, 146½, St. Paul, in the fourth round; Frankie Kouba, 136, Winona, won a decision over Pug Barron, 135, St. Paul, in four rounds.

Norfolk, Nebr.—The summary of results of the preliminary Golden Gloves meet staged here were as follows:

Bantamweight—Ivan Cram, 118, Tekamah, won by technical knockout over Cecil Richards, 119, Wayne, first round; Leonard Beckley, Pender, threw a bye.

Lightweight—Cecil Meyers, 135, Hartington, decisioned Kenneth Boulier, 136, Cedar Bluffs; Benney Dederman, 135, Norfolk, knocked out Glen Brandenburg, 131, Hartington, second round; Bob Blakeman, 132, Norfolk, defending champion, knocked out Jerome Barnell, 136, Wayne, second round.

Middleweight—Vernon Hixson, 159, Clearwater, knocked out Gilmore Sahs, 160, Wayne, third round; Bus Cavanaugh, 150, Chambers, knocked out Jerry Johns, 161, Wayne, third round; Gene Rothler, 153, Madison, decisioned Dean Hampton, 158, Tekamah.

Welterweight—George Wabashaw, 142, Madison, decisioned Vincent Gardner, 145, Hartington; Virgil Killhan, 148, Hartington, knocked out Peter Ives, 145, Oakdale, first round.

Norfolk, Nebr.—Two new champions were crowned and six knockouts scored before 1,200 fans who witnessed the preliminaries of the fourth annual Northeast Nebraska Golden Gloves tournament.

Kenneth Prince, Norfolk, dethroned Johnny Basler, Hooper, flyweight champion in 1935, by scoring a technical knockout in the third round, when Referee Gunnie Hansen stopped the contest to save Basler further punishment. Francis Durand, Albion, won the heavyweight championship without swinging a glove as Bob Putjenter, Wisner, forfeited the contest just before it was to start.

Virgil Killhan, Hartington, scored the fastest knockout when he struck only one blow which put Peter Ives, Oakdale, on the canvas for the ten-round twenty-five seconds after the glove duel started. Fifteen fighters who entered the meet were unable to get to Norfolk on account of snow-blockaded highways. Results:

Flyweight—Kenneth Prince, 111, Norfolk, won by a technical knockout over John Basler, Hooper, third round.

Bantamweight—Leonard Beckley, Pendler, drew a bye; Ivan Cram, 118, Tekamah, won from Cecil Richards, 119, Wayne College, on technical knockout when latter failed to come up for second round due to eye injury.

Lightweight—Benny Dederman, 135, Norfolk, knocked out Glen Brandenberg, 131, Hartington, second round; Cecil Meyers, 135, Hartington, decisioned Kenneth Bouiler, 136, Cedar Bluffs; Bob Blakeman, 132, Norfolk, knocked out Jerome Barnell, 136, Wayne, second round.

Welterweight—Chief Wabashaw, 142, Madison, decisioned Vincent Gardner, 145, Hartington; Virgil Killhan, 148, Hartington, knocked out Peter Ives, 148, Oakdale, first round.

Middleweight—Gene Rottler, 153, Madison, beat Dean Hampton, 158, Tekamah; Vernon Hixson, 159, Clearwater, knocked out Gilmore Sahs, Wayne, third round; Buss Cavanaugh, 151, Chambers, knocked out Jerry Johns, 161, Wayne, third round.

Heavyweight—Francis Durand, 181, Albion, won the title when Bob Putjenter, Wisner, forfeited the match.

Omaha, Nebr.—The Sioux City Knights of Columbus boxing team placed three winners in the open division of the Catholic Youth Organization's first amateur boxing tourney, and won the team trophy.

Bob Morley, Sioux City's Golden Gloves lightweight king last year, now captain of the University of Iowa ring team, gained a technical knockout over John Bozak, Omaha, in the second round to cop the 135-pound championship.

The two other Sioux City winners were Lyman Hetrick and Lawrence Mansfield. Hetrick knocked out Richard Thomas, Carter Lake C.C.C. camp, in the first round for the 147-pound title, and Mansfield won a decision over Bobby Callahan, Shenandoah, Ia., for the 118-pound title.

Harley Herington, Rock Rapids, Ia., defeated Marvin Jirosky, Fremont, Neb., to annex the 135-pound championship in the novice division.

The open division heavyweight championship went to Paul Hartnek, Omaha and Chicago Golden Gloves heavyweight champ. He knocked out Larry Pfeifer, Omaha, in the first round.

Other champions: Open division—175-pound class, Ernie McKinley, Council Bluffs, Ia.; 160-pound class, Wilmer McNeff, Giltner, Neb.; 126-pound class, Charles Miegel, Lincoln, Neb., and 112-pound class, Jesse Salzar, Omaha. Novice division—112-pound class, Francis Farrell, Lincoln; 118-pound class, John Carse, Omaha; 126-pound class, Joe Butera, Omaha; 147-pound class, Al Catania, Omaha, and 160-pound class, Gene Nelson, Omaha.

Iowa City, Ia.—Kellogg's boxing team racked up a total of fifteen points to walk off with the cooperative dormitory championship at the Iowa University fieldhouse. Gables and Kellogg Annex scored five points apiece to tie runnerup honors. Bob Morley of Sioux City, winner of the Omaha C. Y. O. tournament, accounted for Gables' total by gaining a technical kayo over Goldstein of Kellogg Annex. Only one knockout was scored, Barnes of Kellogg putting Harris of the same house away for the count in the third round of their scheduled four-round battle.

Wendell Smith, Golden Gloves champion in 1935 and '36, refereed the bouts, with Alonzo Jones and Bob Rush, boxing instructors, serving as judges. Results of first round:

116-pound class, Barne (Kellogg) won by forfeit; 135-pound class, Morley (Gables) defeated Irwin (Kellogg) by a decision; 145-pound class, Sweeney (Gables) defeated Turnball by a decision; 155-pound class, Johnson (Jefferson) defeated Westman (Kellogg) by a technical knockout.

Results of final round bouts: Heavyweight, Swiegert (Kellogg) defeated Kennedy (Jefferson) by a decision; 155-pound class, Schrader (Kellogg) defeated Johnson (Jefferson) by a decision; pound class, Mooney (Kellogg Annex) defeated Sweeney (Gables) by a decision; 135-pound class, Morley (Gables) defeated Goldstein (Kellogg Annex) by a technical knockout; 126-pound class, Barnes defeated Harris by a knockout.

Ottumwa, Ia.—Eight Ottumwa Golden Gloves battled through the final here. The results: pound class, Berry (Fairfield) defeated (Keosauqua); 126-pound class, Branscom (Keosauqua) defeated Hughes (Ottumwa); 135-pound class, Carey (Blakesburg) defeated Villingham (Oskaloosa); 147-pound class, Orris (Fairfield) defeated Harold (Fairfield); 160-pound class, Lewis (Albia) won over Wyatt (Ottumwa) by technical knockout in fourth round; 175-pound class, Galey (Ottumwa) defeated West (Blakesburg); heavyweight class, Ferguson (Ottumwa) defeated Steele (Ottumwa).

THE MAIL BAG—Junior Martindale, Spearfish, So. Dak.: Glad you like THE RING and am always glad to hear from you . . . . Pat Rodak, manager of Leo Rodak, is seeking action for his brother in this section . . . . Lewis C, manager of Max Kilbaner, a two-fisted welterweight, is finding plenty of work for his ace . . . Kilbaner, according to clippings, is a comer . . . Phil Kelly, New York: Sent Mickey Slater to Coast . . . . Ruby Allen, New York: Thanks much for your letter. Good luck . . . . Guy Sanders, Belle Fourche, So. Dak.: Will see what can do . . . . Carmen Cook of Bridgeport, Conn., informs us he is seeking fighters for his stable. Mail will reach him at 270 Frank Street . . . Frankie Wolfram, Winnipeg featherweight, tells us he has decided to hang up the gloves.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—Just fifty years ago, Jack Keefe, Sioux City heavyweight, signed to meet John L. Sullivan at Minneapolis on the understanding that he (Keefe) was to get $1,000 should he stay four rounds and $100 no matter how long he might last . . . . Keefe states Sullivan refused to live up to the agreement after taking a peek at his record, hence there was no bout . . . . Ankeny, Ia., is still holding weekly mat cards . . . . Milt Aron, Dubuque, Ia., welterweight, beat Joey Greb of New York in Chicago . . . . Prett Ferrar, Des Moines, Ia., heavyweight, dropped an eight-round decision to Max Choweniec, Cudahy, Wis., heavyweight, at Milwaukee . . . . John L. Baltzer, who won the flyweight boxing championship from 1930 through 1933 in amateur tournaments at Davenport, Ia., was fatally injured in a railroad yard . . . . Baltzer was a member of the American amateur boxing team which fought to a draw with Germany at Soldier Field, Chicago, in 1932 . . . . Intercollegiate boxing tournaments in South Dakota are subject to rules of the state athletic commission, the attorney general's office has advised Chairman R. G. Rhodes of Sioux Falls . . . . Bob Morley, Sioux City amateur boxer, escaped injury in an automobile accident near Iowa City . . . . Jack Gibbons, son of Mike Gibbons, who has been on the sidelines, will return to action soon.

Professional boxing in this section of the Middle West is at a low ebb at this writing, owing to cold weather and a lack of suitable talent . . . Several amateur boxing cards featuring local talent have been holding forth . . . . It is only through these amateur cards that promoters will find the class of talent that can be developed into suitable prospects for the professional side . . . . Everette Rightmire, Mickey Slater, Tuffy Dial, Young Newsboy Brown, Sioux City boxers, are fighting around Los Angeles . . . . Cowboy Eddie Anderson, veteran lightweight boxer, who was injured in Des Moines recently, is recovering in a hospital at Sterling, Colo., and is managing fighters from the bedside . . . . He has Jack Anderson, a heavyweight; Chuck Anderson, a welterweight, and Frankie Scherer, a bantam.

John Eliades, popular Sioux City wrestling promoter, made himself No. 1 Good-fellow around here in the sports world, when he turned over the proceeds of a wrestling card for flood sufferers . . . . John, one of Iowa's foremost wrestling promoters, has presented the fans with some dandy cards this season . . . . He never fails to get THE RING every month . . . . Martin (Farmer) Burns, dean of American wrestlers, died at the home of his daughter in Council Bluffs, Ia. Burns would have been 76 years old on February 15. His body lay in state at a mortuary in Council Bluffs, where his old friends and fans gathered to bid him a final farewell. Burial was at Toronto, Ia., in St. James' Cemetery. The Rev. Martin Horan, pastor of St. James' Catholic Church, Toronto, lauded the principles and clean sportsmanship of the former mat king.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

HANK BATH has evidently come to the end of his fistic tether. For months he was in retirement, claiming managerial difficulties were keeping him out of action. Then he agreed to fight Cyclone Lynch in Denver. On the eve of the battle he begged off, claiming he needed more time to get in shape. His request was granted, and then he was signed to meet Frankie Ederen in a January show in Denver. For this battle the husky farmer turned up in such physical condition that the commission doctor refused to let him go on.

So it is fast becoming apparent that the Fort Morgan mauler is about passe as a fighter. Those two lickings at the hands of Billy Treest and Red Burman must have convinced him that he is better suited to other fields of endeavor.

At Las Vegas, N. M.—Young Joe Louis, Walsenburg middleweight, resumed his winning ways after dropping a decision to Eddie Pierce, the South African, in a Denver engagement. Making his first start after this setback, Louis scored a kayo over Eddie Cerda, Brooklyn mauler, in the fifth round of a scheduled ten-round go. Cerda, game as they come, climbed up off the floor ten times before the Negro lad put him away for keeps with a savage left to the chin.

Young Flowers, Walsenburg 165-pounder, and Mike Hernandez of El Paso, Texas, slugged through six rounds to a draw decision in the semi-windup.

Joe M. Roybal, genial Las Vegas promoter, is back on his home stamping grounds after staging several fistic attractions in Santa Fe. Roybal is always on the lookout for new talent, consequently most of his shows feature at least one or two new faces. Anyone wanting to show his wares in the New Mexico region can get in touch with him at Las Vegas, N. M.

At Denver, Colo.—Joe Jaramillo, Denver welterweight, banged out a ten-round decision over Toots Bernstein of Milwaukee. Jaramillo, scoring two knockdowns and winning nine of the ten sessions, was easily Bernstein's master at every turn. Both lads weighed in at 148 pounds.

In the semi-final, Billy Pryor, flashy Pueblo welter, stabbed out an easy victory over Tommy Marino, Pacific Coast warrior, only to see the officials hand the award to the West Coaster. This battle was a six-rounder.

Ray Stroh, classy Loveland 126-pounder, is forging to the fore in a hurry. A southpaw, Stroh has just about cleaned up all the available featherweights in this region, with the exception of Ernie Lara. Lara and Stroh ought to make a whale of a match for Pueblo, where Ernie is little short of an idol. That would be a match worth watching.

R. R. McCann, Amarillo, Texas: Johnny Buff, the ex-bantam king, is of Polish descent. His real name is Jan Lesky.

SHORT SHOTS—Harry Bramer, old Denver featherweight, is in business in Santa Fe, N. M. . . . Jerry the Greek, Dempsey's old trainer, is combing the sticks for fistic material. Right now he is singing the praises of Abie Valdez, San Luis 126-pounder . . . . Cyclone Lynch is still trying to convince the boys that he is still in line for state championship honors . . . . Colorado has the strange spectacle of having four fighters hold nine state championships—Emilio Martinez holding the heavy and light-heavy titles; Young Joe Louis, Walsenburg's Baby Bomber, holding the middle and welter crowns; Ernie Lara, Pueblo gamester, is featherweight king, and Trevino Orlando, Denver, is bantam title-holder. The lightweight and flyweight divisions have no crown-bearer . . . . Joe the Wop, one time idol of southern Colorado fans, is a switchman for the C. & S. Railway at Pueblo. He was a featherweight . . . . Nobe Cervantes is working as a section hand out of Tie Siding, Wyo. . . . . Eddie Mack is trying to drum up the fight game in Santa Fe, N. M. . . . . Fights we'd like to see again: Charlie White knocking out Stanley Yoakum in nineteen rounds, back in 1914. Ham Jenkins and Gorilla Jones' memorable brawl in Denver. Wow! What a tussle that was! . . . . John Shosky of Walsenburg is just about "tops" among Colorado referees.

Ed Orazem, aggressive matchmaker of the American Legion Post at Pueblo, is to be applauded in his efforts to restore Pueblo on the fistic map. There was a time, a good many years ago, when the Steelworks Metropolis was just about the best fight town west of the Mississippi, that being during the heyday of Jim Flynn's career. Then days of adversity set in, going from bad to worse, until a few years back when a Pueblo fistic attraction could be comfortably staged in a telephone booth. Then Orazem, starting from scratch, and with little or no local material, has built the game back to better than fair proportions. Now he has quite a bit of promising fistic timber with which to work and the outlook for Pueblo, in a fistic sense, is better than at any time in the last twenty years. He richly deserves a vote of congratulation.

RING NEWS FROM SOUTH AFRICA

By BERT COHEN

IN one of the greatest fights in the history of South African boxing, an encounter packed with drama and thrills, Petey Sarron, featherweight champion of the world, sent Laurie Stevens, South Africa's ace lightweight, crashing from his pedestal of unblemished victories. After eleven rounds of furious fighting, Sarron smashed home a right to Stevens' unguarded jaw with sufficient force to fell a middleweight. Thus ended Stevens' unbeaten record after four years of professional fighting.

Fight fever gripped Johannesburg during the week before the fight, which took place on January 16, and a record crowd of nearly 15,000 packed the Wanderers' Stadium.

The battle opened in sensational fashion, Sarron, a veritable bundle of dynamite, tearing out of his corner and slinging rapid-fire punches at Stevens' exposed jaw. Wilting under this furious fusillade, Stevens sagged to the boards and waited on his knees for the count of nine. When the South African rose, Sarron tore in again and, after another ferocious onslaught, Stevens fell flat on his back. At the count of nine, Laurie staggered gamely to his feet.

Sarron stormed in again, but Stevens, though palpably groggy, managed to see the round out. Stevens came out of his corner for the second round in better shape, and, settling down to his usual method of relentless body attack, commenced to wear the American down.

The fifth round found Sarron definitely weakening and when Stevens took the sixth, seventh and eighth sessions as well, he had made up the leeway and was, indeed, enjoying a slight lead. The turning point of the fight came in the ninth round, however, when Sarron tagged Laurie with a heavy right to the jaw.

Stevens was visibly dazed and thereafter Sarron, though very tired, was the master. The climax to this thrilling battle came in the final round of the twelve-round contest. Stevens, after slipping to his haunches from a left jab to the stomach, rose to meet the full force of a terrific right swing flush on the point. He fell flat on his face and was counted out without stirring. The weights: Sarron, 132 pounds; Stevens, 134.

Sarron gave a magnificent display of savage fighting and carried the American colors adorning his corner to glorious distinction. He stated that he was amazed by Stevens' pluck and toughness, attributes of the South African which drew general praise. While not wishing to detract from Sarron's wonderful display, it must be mentioned that Stevens faced a severe handicap in meeting so redoubtable an opponent after an absence of seven months from the ring, spent in honeymooning and recuperating from a serious hand injury.

Petey Sarron, plus poor matchmaking, caused Stevens' downfall.

Freddie Miller of U.S.A. and Willie Smith, South African featherweight champion, drew a capacity crowd to the Durban City Hall when they engaged in a return contest at the coast. A great fight again resulted, but Miller's devastating punching once again triumphed over Smith's science, and, in the seventh round, the South African was put away for the full count.

Willie Smith encountered Johnny McGrory, the young Scottish featherweight champion, in a twelve-round bout for the Empire featherweight championship. Young McGrory punched with snap and vigor and gave a promising display in beating his older opponent on points after twelve gruelling rounds. Smith again put up a game show, and though lacking his old speed, fought with his usual craft and finesse.

While in Johannesburg, McGrory was matched to meet Petey Sarron for the world title at Harringay Stadium in England on April 19.

Phil Zwick and Freddie Miller, two crack American featherweights, clashed for the second time in their careers when they met at the Wanderers Stadium, Zwick deputizing for Laurie Stevens, who sustained a broken hand in preparation for a fight with Miller. Miller repeated his 1931 victory over Zwick, but in most unfortunate circumstances, for Zwick was forced to retire in the fourth round of the scheduled ten-round contest with a dangerous gash over his left eye. Miller, up to the time of Zwick's retirement, was enjoying the upper hand, but Phil was proving an elusive target. This bout completed Miller's tour. He returned to Cincinnati by air, but will visit South Africa again shortly.

OTHER FIGHTS OF THE MONTH:

Charlie Catterall, South Africa's brightest featherweight prospect, added two more scalps to his belt. In his first fight against an oversea professional, he outpointed Spike Robinson of Ireland. He also beat Cecil Haynes of Durban after a good scrap.

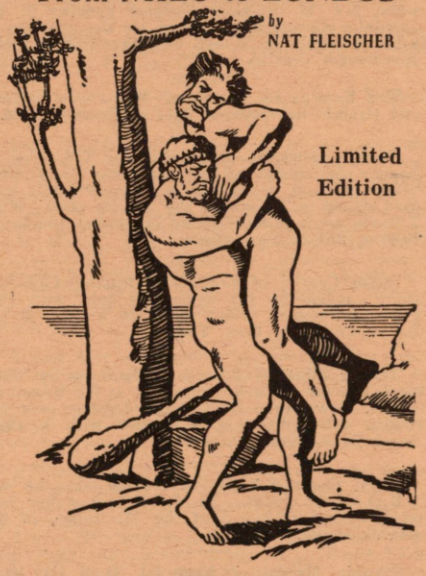
Teddy Braun, unbeaten welterweight prospect, added Peter Adelaine and Jack Goosen to his list of victims.

Among the middles, Tommy Bensch outpointed Barney Kieswetter, South Africa champion, and Japie Smith, won over Dan Bushney.

From MILO to LONDOS

From MILO to LONDOS

by NAT FLEISCHER



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ONTARIO, CANADA, NEWS
By G. A. M. TUTTY

BILLY MARQUART and Maurice Camytree have entered the pro ranks. Both boys, former Canadian amateur champions, and representatives of this Dominion at Berlin, can be expected to earn distinction. Marquart already has won six straight fights since leaving the amateur ranks.

Jimmy McLarnin, Vancouver, B. C., Irish-Canadian, expects to meet Barney Ross in a title bout. Jimmy will never want for money, with soap factory, $50,000 life insurance due in 1948, fishing interests in Alaska and $250,000 in cash. He is a poor little rich boy, and a credit to the game.

Tommy Burns, former world's heavyweight champion, is managing fighters and promoting fights in Vancouver, B. C., as is Ted Moore, former English middleweight star.

Billy Marquart of Winnipeg, Man., won his sixth straight fight on the Freddie Steele-Gorilla Jones middleweight championship card staged at Milwaukee, Wis., proving that Billy is no flash-in-the-pan fighter.

Eddie Wenstob, Edmonton, Alta., uncrowned Canadian light-heavyweight champion, has resumed his fight career, interrupted when he sustained a triple fracture to the right hand. He won by T.K.O. in the fifth round over Don McDonald of Seattle, Wash. The bout, staged in Minneapolis, was stopped when McDonald suffered a severe cut over the right eye.

A bout to determine the light-heavyweight title may be forthcoming if "Tiger" Warrington and Eddie Wenstob can be brought together.

Western Canada has some smart boys performing mostly in the U. S. A. at present—Jack Tebo, Sonny Buxton, Oliver Shank, Paul Schaefer, Frankie Battaglia, Eddie Wenstob, Lou Keiswetter, Ted Keating, first three weights; and Billy Marquart, Maurice Camytree, Eddie Kamecki, Gordon Wallace, Sonny Jones and Katsumi Morioka in the lighter weight classes. But through lack of real promotion, they have been forced to fight elsewhere than at home.

STARS OF YESTERYEAR—George Fifield, former welterweight champion of Canada, and one of the "fightingest" boys in Toronto, is the "diplomatic persuader," otherwise the "bouncer" at a beer parlor in the Queen City . . . . "Soldier" Jones, former heavyweight champion of the Dominion, and the boy that gave Gene Tunney an awkward few minutes on the Dempsey-Carpentier million-dollar spectacle, is a soldier of fortune . . . . Frankie Bull, former welter boss in Canada, is in business in Toronto . . . . Jack Reddick, once middleweight champ, is in the hotel business in Moose Jaw, Sask. . . . . Bobby Eber, great bantam champion of a few years ago, is taking a rest cure in a sanitorium . . . . Vic Foley, bantam champion after Eber retired, has a dance hall in Vancouver, B. C. . . . . Jackie Phillips, former welterweight champion, who met Kid Berg in Toronto, is still in England . . . . Larry Gains of Toronto, heavyweight king, now an English publican and fighter on the side . . . . Steve Rocco, flyweight champion in "big money days," hotel special service operator and manager of Baby Yack, Toronto bantam . . . . Chris Newton, lightweight champion of yesteryear, salesman, as is Cliff Graham, another lightweight champion.

Two Canadians met in a battle in the "tight little Isle," Sonny Jones and Paul Schaefer, both Western boys, who have been main-bout attractions over home, and Sonny Jones won the bout. This will make him a big attraction over there.

Eddie Wenstob, Edmonton, Alta., Viking, stopped Al Adlis at Duluth, Minn., in the first round, and although outweighed, took the fight right to his heavier opponent from the first chime of the gong. It's Eddie's second win in two weeks since returning to the wars after hand injuries.

Billy Marquart of Winnipeg, Man., beat Jackie Callura of Detroit, Mich., in his Chicago bout. Callura, a former Canadian amateur Golden Glover, was beaten after a very hard fight, and Billy is rapidly marching on.

Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia are forming the Western Canada Boxing Commission, with headquarters in Edmonton, Alta. Another great move for sport was made when Mr. H. Plaxton, Toronto member of the Dominion Government, moved for the adoption of a bill, through the House, putting all sport under government control.

Ted Keating of Winnipeg, Man., won his second straight heavyweight fight in Toronto, Ont.

Frankie Genovese of Toronto was T.K.O.'ed by Sammy Luftspring of the same city in Toronto before a good crowd. It was the "fightingest" card staged in Toronto in the last six years. What Toronto needs is more fights like these, and bang! Boxing will be back again.

Eddie Carroll of Ottawa, a leading Canadian welter, made the fur fly in his fight with Phil Furr of Potomac, which ended in a draw at the Bronx Coliseum, New York.

Tommy Bland of Toronto met a tartar in Wildcat O'Connor of Carbondale, Pa., at the Broadway Arena, New York. He lost the decision over ten rounds after dropping O'Connor with a right smash in the first round.

Bobby Orr met his worst reverse when he was T.K.O.'ed by Johnny Nemis, former welter and middleweight champion of the Maritimes, in the seventh round.

Frankie Martin of Montreal, from the sixth round on, was a little too good for "Spider" Armstrong of Toronto and won a split decision over ten rounds in Toronto. Ted Keating of Winnipeg, Man., won by a K.O. in the second round of his fight with Pat Flanaghan of London, Ont.

Irish Jimmy Boyne, a former protege of yours truly, K.O.'ed Eddie Maguire of South Africa in the tenth round.

Irish Jimmy Boyne of New Brunswick was beaten by Johnny Rossi of Worcester, Mass., in Boston, Mass.

Billy Marquart of Winnipeg, Man., [illegible] eighth straight victory to date in the U. S. when he beat Walter Pasnik of Detroit, [illegible] in Pittsburgh, Pa., in six rounds.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

OLIVER SHANK was given a temporary [illegible] back in his campaign of New York [illegible] Lacking his usual snap and fire, [illegible] failed to get going against Joe St. Peter, [illegible] York heavy, in his Broadway Arena debut. [illegible] Referee Artie McGovern, acting on [illegible] orders to halt any bouts at the first sign of [illegible] or distress, stopped it in the third heat [illegible] Shank's nose started bleeding.

Shank redeemed himself four nights later [illegible] he made his Ridgewood Grove debut by [illegible] Gene Nuhlneyer, a New York heavy to whom [illegible] conceded ten pounds, out for the count in [illegible] minute and fifteen seconds of the first [illegible] Shank started off with the bell in his [illegible] whirlwind fashion, smacked his foe dizzy [illegible] three smashing left hooks to the jaw, then crashed [illegible] him for the count with his murderous right [illegible]

Frankie Martin, Sam Gibbs' bantam ace, [illegible] a couple of unusual experiences. Martin battled Spider Armstrong in Toronto, scoring a [illegible] decision victory. In the sixth round, Frankie floored Armstrong with a stiff left hook to the body, then, according to varying reports, Armstrong should either have been counted out or declared winner on claim of foul. Gibbs insisted on a doctor's examination, which failed to reveal any sign of a foul blow, then the judges decided to allow Armstrong a rest until he could resume the battle.

Martin and Gibbs then set out for Havana, Cuba, where they had a return date with Pete Echeverria, Spanish bantam, who Martin had beaten in the Garden. The bout was a scheduled ten-rounder, but Martin was disqualified in the fifth for butting. The crowd got in an uproar when Martin started getting roughly aggressive with their favorite and claims were advanced that Martin's sturdy head had fractured Pete's cheekbone.

Al McCoy, New England heavyweight king and favorite in Montreal and Boston rings, is now in Miami, Florida, on his annual vacation after handing Max Marek, Chicago's sturdy heavyweight, an artistic pasting in a ten-rounder at Boston. Manager Bill Brennan is figuring to have Al in some important heavyweight battles when the outdoor season gets under way, figuring on a Joe Louis bout that should pack them in at a Boston ball park in July. McCoy outpunched Marek in a rugged battle and looked impressive. They're even trying to get Jack Sharkey to meet him.

Maxie Berger is going strong in his New York campaign and is already an established headline favorite at the Bronx Coliseum, where he has been scoring smart victories before crowds from 7,000 to 10,000 strong at 40, 75 and a buck per head. Which is pretty good, even though seventy-five per cent of them are forty-centers. In his last start at this writing, Berger beat Eddie Brink in impressive fashion, and New Yorkers are now finding out what we knew nearly a couple of years ago—that the local Jewish lightweight is on his way to topnotch competition.

Mickey McGuire, an ambitious nineteen-year-old lad from Saskatchewan, has been visiting Montreal for a few weeks in search of ring work, only to find out he'd hit the deadest part of the year here, fistically speaking. The young middleweight is a friend of Oliver Shank and hoped to be able to follow in Shank's footsteps. He looks to have the makings and his gym workouts would indicate him as a fine prospect, being a particularly deadly right hand sharpshooter. He has travelled all over Canada, transporting himself a la Dempsey in pre-championship days, via boxcars or rods.

STRAY SHOTS—Sammy Luftspring is becoming a favorite in Toronto rings . . . getting along rapidly, too, as his recent victory over Frankie Genovese and Johnny Jadick would indicate . . . . Spider Armstrong's adherents claim he would have whipped Frankie Martin if his right hand had not been on the blink . . . they are trying to build up Ted Keating as a heavyweight star by feeding him pushovers . . . Joe Marsh challenging for Canadian welter title . . . . Manager Lou Wyman considering offer from Jack Allen to meet Gordon Wallace for title in Vancouver . . . . Joe's kid brother, Marsh, doing well in small town bouts . . . Doug is a youngster who is still growing . . . . may yet be light-heavy . . . Harold "Babe" McLeod is main drawing card in amateur ranks . . . . a colorful lightweight who should do well if he made the jump into pro ranks . . . Raoul Godbout operating a mighty smart cabaret, the Palermo, in his Exchange Hotel . . . . a real nice spot.

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IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER
By I. Q. GROSS

DON PETRIN, the Newark Nemesis, has finally achieved the local recognition he so rightfully deserves. For the major part of his eight years in the ring, Petrin was forced to fight out of town because no local fighters wanted to meet him. Last month he scored an upset when he fought the feared Tony Galento to a draw at Laurel Garden in Newark. It was their second draw in as many fights.

The attendance receipts were almost $6,000, proving that Newark is one of the best boxing centers in the country. Tony and Don are scheduled to meet in a return match at the Newark Armory in early March.

Willie Gilzenberg, who has handled some of the best fighters in the country, including Young Terry, Lou Halper, Tony Fisher and Red Cochrane, will manage Vince Dundee, former middleweight champion, who will soon start a comeback. There's an interesting angle behind the Gilzenberg-Dundee tieup. Dundee was formerly managed by Max Waxman. Gilzenberg and Waxman were bitter rivals. Now Gilzenberg is taking charge of Dundee and Waxman is business manager for Jack Dempsey and in charge of the latter's restaurant in Miami Beach, Fla.

The writer has always wondered why the boxing profession, especially active boxers, do not organize to protect themselves into boxers' unions. If each fighter contributed ten per cent of his purse to a boxers' fund in each state, there would be sufficient money collected to take care of fighters who are unable to box any more because of age or injury.

Under the plan we suggest the promoters, who make their living from the boxers, would be obliged to contribute a certain percentage of their receipts to the boxers' fund. Surely they would not object to aiding the boxers who attract the audiences who pay the freight.

If such a plan went through we would no longer be pained by seeing so many tragic figures as punch-weary pugilists walking on their heels, maimed or blind battlers begging for nickels to exist. Remember this, boxers, if you don't look out for your interests, no one else will! What do readers of THE RING think of our suggestion? Write your opinions to the writer at the address listed below and perhaps we can help start some activity in arousing interest in the matter.

It is not unusual to see crowds of six to eight thousand packing the arenas in Passaic and Paterson to watch the amateurs slug. The bouts there are aided by the sponsorship of local papers.

Martin Levy, the wrestler, who is reported to weigh 625 pounds, has appeared at Braddock Arena in Jersey City several times before large crowds. Recently, however, the state athletic commission suspended him for not being in good physical condition. What a man! How would you like to have him fall on you?

Ray Hanley is making a success of wrestling promotion in Camden and Newark. He is aided considerably by Joe Valentine.

A CORRECTION—Emmet Petrin, alone, handles the managerial reins of his brother, Don.

The popular Sam Rose has taken over the managership of Joe O'Gatty of Toms River. O'Gatty is a great prospect. Under his former manager O'Gatty was rushed too fast. He hadn't engaged in twelve pro bouts when he was put in the same ring with Eddie Blunt, giant New York Negro, who recently knocked out Jack Trammell of Youngstown at Madison Square Garden. Rose is in charge of Kelly's gymnasium on Market Street, Newark. Another popular rendezvous for the boxing element is Dan Daniel's Arena Gym.

Boxing fans who want to hear news of the game and leading celebrities on the air should tune to station WHBI, Newark (1250 kilocycles), every Sunday night at 9:45 o'clock. The program is entitled "I. Q. Gross Presents" and has a very large audience in the metropolitan area.

WHERE THEY ARE TODAY—Charlie Weinert, who fought good bouts with Gene Tunney, Jack Sharkey and Luis Angel Firpo, is in business in Newark . . . . Joe Jeanette is running a gym in Union City and managing Gene Mickens, Vincent Funk and Charles Mautz . . . . Patsy Kline and Phil Krug are tavern owners . . . . Frank Burns, great flyweight of other days, is boxing inspector in Hudson County . . . . Porky Flynn, who met Jack Dempsey, is an ironworker in Newark . . . . Ruby Goldstein started his 'steenth comeback at Laurel Garden recently, handled by Hymie Caplan . . . . Bill Daly of Paterson is in charge of several British boxers who are performing in Chicago . . . . Harold Mays, old-time heavyweight boxer, recently received his referee's license . . . . Bud Gorman, one of Mays' rivals, is coach of the Rutgers University boxing team.

Eddie Borden's praise of Frank Zamaris last month was well deserved. After knocking out Bud Mignault in one round, Zamaris, a 185-pounder who is only five feet seven inches tall, stopped Billy Ketchell of Philadelphia in less than two minutes of the first session. Zamaris hails from Orange, home town of Tony Galento.

Friends of the veteran Benny Horn should be glad to know that he is now doing well in the plumbing business in Newark. Horn was formerly lightweight champion of the first brigade, first division at Plattsburg back in 1914. Horn's real name, incidentally, is Ornstein. Another old-timer, Dave (Ju-Ju) Kurtz, who fought the best middleweights in the country thirty years ago, can be seen often at local bouts. Mickey Breitkopf is now assistant prosecutor of Essex County. Breitkopf fought under the name of Mickey Fox in the golden days of Gus Troxler.

Any boxers wishing to make contacts in this state should address the writer. All those seeking information about the game or who wish to send notes for publication should address their mail with an enclosed self-addressed stamped envelope to I. Q. Gross, 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, New Jersey.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

THE Valley Arena was without a main attraction when Tony Flocco did not appear for his bout with Tom Jones of Brooklyn. Homer Rainault, the promoter, put on the under card and gave rainchecks for the next show. The under card was filled with action. Tommy Brouillard of Worcester gained a split decision over Doug Murchie of North Adams in a six-round battle. Pat Foley of Worcester won a decision over Snooks Lacey of New Haven. Fioro (Young Carnera) Maruca of North Adams won over Charlie Sespeto of Worcester. Jimmy Stathis of Springfield won a decision over Bobby Richie of New Haven in the four-round opener.

Joe Gelinas of Athol won a split decision over Frankie Cinque of New York in a ten-round main bout. This was a hard-fought fight, with Cinque carrying the fight to Gelinas, but the latter's harder punching won him the verdict.

In the six-round semi, Jimmy Stewart of New Haven won by a technical knockout when Jack Dekkers, the referee, stopped the uneven affair. His opponent was Billy Adams of Worcester. Pinboy Salvino of Stamford and Jack Haggerty of Worcester, a substitute bout, put up a great battle and Salvino took a split decision. Charlie Sespeto of Worcester was too clever for Henry Falza of Athol in six rounds. Terry Rogers of Amherst started his pro career by winning over Harry Thomas of New Haven.

The crowd stood in silence as a tribute to Jeremiah Shea, Springfield sportsman, ardent follower of the boxing game for many years.

In one of the bloodiest battles ever seen in the Valley Arena, Saverio Turiello of Italy, fighting the best fight of his American career, won the decision over Tony Falco of Philadelphia. Ruby Bradley of Holyoke won by a knockout over Tony Motto of Albany in the third round of a six-round semi. This was one of the few knockouts scored in Ruby's long career. Eddie Corall of Lowell knocked out Phil Blair of Albany in the fourth round. Blair had the better of the fight up until he went down at the end of the third, but became exhausted and could not continue. George Fitch of New Haven won a technical K.O. over Fiorio Maruco of North Adams. The referee stopped the bout in the third, although it looked as though Maruco could have continued. Jimmy Stathis of Springfield knocked out Joe Sylvain of Lowell in the second round of a four-round opener.

Gaston Lecadre of France won a ten-round main bout over Tom Jones of Brooklyn in a hard-fought duel of welterweights. Frankie Campbell of Boston staged a last-round rally but not enough to even his affair with Doug Murchie of North Adams. Buster Carroll of Lowell won a six-round decision over Jack Haggerty of Worcester in a hard-fought fight. Charlie Sespeto of Worcester won a decision over Johnny Renda of Athol in a six-round bout. Joe Aller of Holyoke, making his professional debut, scored a knockout in the first round over Joe Sullivan of New Haven.

Claremont, N. H., is staging boxing shows, but they are not drawing very well. In a main bout of ten rounds, Doug Murchie of North Adams knocked out Ralph Salva of Salem in the seventh round.

Holyoke, Pittsfield and Boston are staging regular amateur boxing programs. Joe Grimm promotes at Pittsfield and Johnny Moore promotes in Holyoke.

Terry Rogers, 160 pounds; Roger Kenney, 148 pounds; Johnny Barnowski, 152 pounds; Lanny "Red" Loud, 140 pounds; and Jimmy Stathis, 125 pounds, are in training every day and can be reached through the writer at 538 Broadway, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

THE turbulent Ohio River went haywire and all sports activities in Cincinnati and down-the-river cities were called off, especially in Cincinnati, where Fred Batsche was rounding out his second program and Herman and Maxwell Katz were preparing their return to weekly programs at the Music Hall Arena. Incidentally, the hall was used for relief work via Red Cross.

We take our hats off to Dick Bray, WKRC, and Harry Hartman, WCPO, sports announcers, who worked sometimes eighteen or more hours per day in keeping the populace of Cincinnati in touch with the conditions. Northside Park and Crosley National Ball Park were the two hardest hit of the boxing outdoor sites.

While this territory suffered in its own way of no fight programs, Dan McMillen in Mount Vernon came to bat with a real program. Topping the card, Lloyd Pine, Coventry's great star, knocked out Willie Cohen; Tiger Grier kayoed Herb Moore, and Young Terry beat Frankie Lockwood.

Lloyd Pine's steady winning gait, in which he has won sixty-seven of his seventy-one starts, especially his recent wins over Georgie Pace, Willie Cohen, Russ Morgan by knockouts, and a decision over Jackie Carter at Pittsburgh, stamps him as one of the leaders in the featherweight division of my National Boxing Ratings, which I issue monthly for twenty-five cents in cash and a self-stamped envelope.

Dayton, O.—Bobby Kraft, Dayton, defeated Charlie Light, Indianapolis, Ind., ten rounds; Sonny Hatsme, Dayton, defeated Billy Sparks; Johnny Lee, Muncie, Ind., beat Billy Light, Indianapolis; Jake Goldick decisioned Wild Bill Reed in the opener.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Warner Davis, Ludlow, Ky., fight mentor, was one of the flood sufferers . . . . Packey Rodak of Chicago is anxious to show his brother, Leo Rodak, the great Windy City featherweight, in Cincinnati . . . . this would be a crack shot with Freddie Miller . . . . page Mr. Batsche and Messrs. Herman and Maxwell Katz . . . . a reminder that I have a list of the national boxing promoters, a handy-andy guide for boxer and manager alike which you can get for twenty-five cents in cash and a stamped envelope at 2257 Rice Street, Cincinnati, O. . . . . This also goes for my National Wrestling Ratings, in which over two thousand of the leading wrestlers are listed according to percentage basis . . . . Lee Cox returned to Cincinnati after one fight in the East . . . . he gave Baby Savan a great fight . . . . Lee's present plans are to invade Texas in the near future en route to the West Coast . . . . Kayo Davis finished Johnny Kid Buck in the fifth session at Plainville, exploding the East End welter's debut in the pro ranks.

Mickey Kilcher is now promoting weekly fights in Cleveland, Ohio . . . . fighters of all weights who wish a break on Mickey's cards in Cleveland can contact him at 10512 Western Avenue, care of Cleveland Athletic Enterprises, Cleveland, Ohio . . . . at the same time, Mickey is bellowing the prowess of George Baratko, the hard-hitting Cleveland middleweight, who is hot on the trail of Paul Pirrone and the other 160-pound leaders . . . . you can get THE RING at any of the following newsstands in Cincinnati: McMicken at Mohawk, opposite Hotel Gibson, Vine between Ninth and Court, Sixth and Walnut . . . . at Middletown at the Dixie News Stands . . . . many thanks to Editor Nat Fleischer for his fine copy of Milo to Londos . . . . I consider it the greatest piece of wrestling history I have ever had a chance to read . . . . although I have read the best and the most of them . . . . sincerely, Milo to Londos is the greatest.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
With SPARKY RUDOLPH

WALTER TAYLOR, matchmaker for the Ohio Sports, Inc., intends to run a pro boxing show every other week at the Central Armory. Mickey Kilcher of the Western Athletic Enterprises has also asked the boxing commission for a permit to run pro boxing semi-monthly.

Bryan Downey, former middleweight champion, has opened a gym at 240 E. Superior Avenue in Cleveland. The boys in the fight game are well pleased, because they do not have to leave the downtown area to watch their boys work out.

Henry Palmeri, Cleveland's bid for light-heavy honors, has made a great hit in Buffalo, where he flattened his last three opponents—Billy Bommer, Fanis Tzanapopolous and Jack Moran. Frankie Wallace, the fighting Chee-Chee, is working for a bout in New York soon.

Carmen Barth, Eddie Mead's light-heavyw[eight] has left for the Coast, where he is booked f[or a] few bouts.

Offers are coming in for the services of "Wa-Hoo" Brown, the clowning middlew[eight] who won the Golden Gloves. He is ready to [turn] pro.

The Golden Gloves played to nice crowds, first night 5,400, the second 3,600, the third 5,6[00] and the final night 8,500. This is a good [sign] the fans are getting fight-minded again.

JABS FROM CAULIFLOWER ALLEY . . . Mike Gamiere is boxing in New York . . . Jimmy Vaughn is headed for the Coast . . . Paul Pirrone is making a nice comeback . . . was also made a deputy sheriff . . . Dettman is going great guns of late . . . Getz is busy with Ray Sharkey . . . Kivi is teaching boxing in the public schools.

Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, Denison Avenue, Cleveland, O., before the of the month.

MAINE MITT MORSELS
By CHARLEY MILLER

AT Rockland, Frisco Dick of Lewiston w[on] over Johnny Lawless of Bangor in the ma[in] bout. In the semi-final, Dick Jordan of Ba[n]gor was outclassed by Walter Reynolds and w[as] taken from the ring at the end of the first round. Dusty Peters of Rockland kayoed Al Carey of Augusta in the second. Slasher Porter of Rockland put the pins under Jackie Gazlan of Augusta in the second. In the opener, Bucky Widdecomb won over Eddie Colson, both of Rockland, in six heats.

Johnny Lawless, the stern-faced Bangor middleweight, punched his way to a bloody ten-round victory over the courageous Paul McKeon, Greenville southpaw, in the feature at the Bangor Chateau. The iron-fisted Bangor fighter put McKeon down four times. In the semi-final, Bobby Campbell, 131, Brewer, turned in a flashy performance in beating Cracker Favereau of Rockland. Favereau was down four times, and on his back at the final bell. Tommy Regan, 155, Bangor, made his first local appearance in a year and was good enough to outpunch Ponzi Cochran of Rockland, while Barney Campbell, 127, and Slasher Porter, Rockland, boxed a draw in a four-round opener.

While Al McCoy is vacationing in Miami, Charley Miller, Maine's conditioner and guide, is making clearing for a real up-to-date training site in the north woods to prepare McCoy for his coming fight with Joe Louis in Boston this summer. After seeing McCoy outpunch Max Marek of Chicago, the guide feels that Louis or any other heavyweight in the world today will have his hands full with the boy from Maine.

Bobby Campbell is the latest sensation at Bangor . . . . He sure can throw them . . . . Henry Mullens, fight manager from Bangor, has thirty-two fighters, from flyweight to heavyweight—and they are kept busy . . . . Sam Levine, Bangor, has decided to take a crack at the boxing game . . . . He will box under direction of the writer and his first opponent will be Abbie Strair, rugged middleweight from the Youngs and Rolnick stable . . . . Frank Youngs, Bangor's mayor, is the greatest boxing fan in the Queen City . . . . He and Al McCoy are great friends . . . . Bill Geagan, Bangor sports writer, and Alice Gilbert always boosting McCoy . . . . Miss Gilbert is the champion woman fly-caster in New England—she throws a wicked "right," only seventy-two feet . . . . Sharkey could throw a cast ninety-three feet—Dempsey, eighty-two, and Tunney, eighty-one . . . . Carnera tried it and fell into the water.

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KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

LAWRENCE, KANS.—Amateur boxing results: Stanley Scherzer beat Victor Martin, Roy McDonald knocked out Henry Hamilton in two, Eli Costro knocked out Kenneth Scott in two, Beebe Rich knocked out Lucian Scott in two rounds. The K. C. A. C. boxers of Kansas City won every bout from the Haskell Indians.

Leavenworth, Kans.—Winners of the three-day district boxing tournament, all winners to compete in the Golden Gloves tournament of champions at Kansas City in February: Heavyweight, John Arnold; light-heavyweight, Harvey Moreau; middleweight, Frank McCarbrey; welterweight, Roy Howard; lightweight, William Decarsky; featherweight, Louis Gollenger; bantamweight, Ben Jojko. No flyweights entered.

Pittsburg, Kans.—Champions of the three-day amateur boxing tourney, winners to compete at Kansas City, Mo., this month in the tournament of champions: Heavyweight, Frank Boswell; light-heavyweight, Art Senzee; middleweight, Howard Stanfield; welterweight, Louis Laverty; light-weight, Harold Wheeler; featherweight, Danny Bottero; bantamweight, Matt Young; flyweight, Jimmy Kelly.

Hutchinson, Kans.—Amateur boxing results: Harold Lowe knocked out Wayne Cyphers in three, Bill Ray beat Elmo Hamblett; Al Foote knocked out Pat Cavanaugh in one, Sammy Little knocked out Levi Jobe in one, Junior Smith beat Clinton Barnes, Frankie Schaefer beat Doc Lewis, Don Matthews knocked out Luther Ray in three, Don Mathes beat Frankie Schaefer, Gerald White beat Tuffy Coleman, Jerry Godsey beat Lefty Honn, Billy Gardner knocked out Junior Smith in three rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Colored champion amateur boxers that will compete in the tournament of champions are: Heavyweight, Charley Neaves; light-heavyweight, LeRoy Jeffries; middleweight, John Gordon; welterweight, Ferman Burton; lightweight, William Mitchell; featherweight, Jack Simmons; bantamweight, Jordon Davis; flyweight, Grover Robinson.

Columbia, Mo.—Amateur boxing results: Hod Carle beat Sylvester Wehmeyer, Bill Wilson beat Charles Cly, Glen Whitaker beat Dick Reitz, Elmer Reid beat Jack Barber, Howard Asbury beat Don Donatti; Harry Fowler beat Dick Kidd, Louis Kee knocked out William Caldwell in two, Jeffrey Priesmeyer beat Julius Wild, John Gardner beat Jack Webb, Bill Barbee beat Gailard Lasley, Andrew Lyles knocked out Eddie Taylor in two, Fred Fager knocked out Thomas Heitzman in one, Leo Muir beat Earl Slaughter in three rounds.

Kansas City, Mo.—Amateur boxing results: Cecil Colley beat Charley King, Tony Novak knocked out Rollie Radke in two, Chas. Barry knocked out Walter Biga in two, Art Sebastin knocked out Nick Harnik in one, Buster Robertson beat Eddie Swartz, Albert Parker knocked out Glen Whitcomb in two, Ernie Anderson beat Eddie Wheeler, Harry Mills beat Joe Baltuska, Cecillo Lopez beat Jack Huff, Joe Taibi beat Jack Metz, Ralph Shamrell beat Bobbie O'Malley, Jack Maines knocked out Jock Haley in three, Vincent Rameriz knocked out Eddie Overton in two.

Springfield, Mo.—Amateur boxing results: Gail Aldridge knocked out Lawrence Bouldin in two, Carlston Looney knocked out Jack Good in one, Charles Gibson beat W. E. Mulcare, Earl Williams beat Seldon Green, Harold Miles beat Leo Yarnell, Joe Rich beat Ben Gray, Jimmy Smart beat Leon Edwards, Worth Lundin beat Herschel Crouch, Vernon Stephens beat Clarence Garrison, Jack McCall beat Leon Owen, Tommy Brown beat Jack Edmonds, Joe Managen beat Harold Curry, Gene Gibson beat Lloyd Branom, Charles Sake knocked out John Fleetwood in one round.

Kansas City, Mo.—Amateur boxing results: Ross Latimer beat Ray Williams, Charles Barry beat Marion Miller, Marvin Ross beat Victor Martin, Stanley Kirk beat Scotty Begay, Harry Nolan knocked out Narcisse Benoist in two, Stanley Scherzer knocked out Walter Hamilton in one, Chester Ellis beat Baby Lou Alcanter, Alex Bosley beat Louis Williams, Ira Issues beat Ed Vogel, Max Keshick beat Mike Amayo, Peter Boxtator knocked out Carl Bonsignor in one, Art Cornelius beat Paul Rodriquez, Jack Haley beat Kenneth Scott.

Ft. Riley, Kans.—Amateur boxing results: Dago Briglia beat One Round Looman, Hughey Long beat Red Jantz, Chief Smith beat Stacky Stack, Hill Dail beat Battling Curtis, Wild Noeller beat Kit Lowery, Jinx Jenkins beat Slugger Bates, Texas Stokely beat Pug Rudd, Flash Frazier knocked out Bud Whitlock in one, Kayo Foote knocked out Lee Whalen in one, Butch Revere knocked out Young Davis in one round.

Chillicothe, Mo.—Amateur boxing results: Jimmie Baker knocked out Wilson Phillips in one, LeRoy Pettigrew beat Clarence Kimsey; Earl Wagner beat Pete Stewart; Charles Veneman knocked out Richard Black in three, Otis Veach knocked out Basil Allen in one, John Black beat John Center, Frank Yenneman knocked out Richard Shay in three, Top Dawson knocked out Hadley Deals in one, Benny O'Neill beat Dub Miller, Paul Lowry beat Clinton Scott, Pershing Patterson beat Billy Payne.

Pittsburg, Kans.—District amateur champions defeated Haskell Indian champions, eight out of twelve bouts. Fred Holt knocked out Walter Hamilton in one, Howard Stanfield lost by K.O. in two rounds to Ray Williams, Bever Shock knocked out Mackey Kenyon in one, Matt Young lost to Kenneth Scott, Danny Bottero beat Chester Ellis, Harold Wheeler beat Victor Martin, Wayne Thompson lost to Marion Miller, Maurice Carder beat Don Dubois, Don Skahan beat John Christensen, Archie Wheeler knocked out Quenton Crowe in one, Joe Fernandez beat Sidney Carney.

Chanute, Kans.—The writer of this column, owing to limited space, is unable to furnish the readers with more than one-fifth of the boxing shows staged in Kansas and Missouri the past four weeks. In fact, these two states have been real beehives of amateur boxing activity. The game is due for a real comeback due to the support given it, as practically all the district tournaments have been backed by the newspapers of their respective cities, cooperating with the Kansas City *Star*, which is conducting the Tournament of Champions in February. Champions from all the tourneys will swing into action in the big Middle West metropolis, "The Heart of America." Some of the cities linked with the *Star* are Hutchinson, Leavenworth, Arkansas City, Dodge City, Ft. Riley, Atchison, and Pittsburg, Kans.; Columbia, Springfield, Joplin and Sedalia, Mo., and Chillocco, Okla. This is an assured annual event from now on, and a wonderful boon to the fight game.

FANFARE FROM MISSOURI
By ROBERT D. DANA

HENRY ARMSTRONG continues to scythe though the featherweight brigade. On New Year's Day he polished off the flashy Casanova in Mexico City. It took him three rounds. Three weeks later he kayoed Tony Chavez in the final of a ten-round bout in Los Angeles. In the latter instance he atoned for the error he committed against the same man in St. Louis. Henry had Chavez poised for the coup de grâce, only to foul him out in the eighth.

Allen Mathews displayed his wares before the home folks on Jack Callahan's last Coliseum card. Allen disposed of Spike Kelley, San Diego middleweight, in 1:32 of the first round. Spikesy tore into Mathews in true "home run or nothin' " fashion. And as long as Kelley had called the shot, Mathews decided to play it, which he did with a vengeance.

Joey Parks is another local boy who is adding to his stature, fistically rather than physically. Joe has been conducting operations under the Texas moon for the past month. Our outstanding white hope knocked out a very game guy when he disposed of Marlin Owens in Houston. It was a slambang job from both directions until Parks settled matters with a haymaker in the sixth. So pleased were the Texans with the Parks boy's two-fistedness that Promoter Hughie Blanton brought him back on the next card, this time against a heavyweight. And though the bout went the distance, Joe, at 169, gave him a heavyweight drubbing. His manager, Eddie Vandeventer, formerly Kid Bandy, seems to have something there.

Harry Trendall, the best lightweight St. Louis ever produced, has returned to fistic affairs after an absence of twenty years. Harry was managed by Tommy Bodkin of Pittsburgh, now prominent in theatrical circles, and as a result of the latter's skill, Harry fought nothing but the best. Trendall met three champions: Willie Ritchie, Feddie Welsh and Ted Kid Lewis. He met more than a champion in Packy McFarland, whom he fought twice. Others included Joe Mandot, Leach Cross, and Ray Bronson. Harry is helping Murl Thompson at the moment, but may blossom out as a promoter before long. He feels that in Allen Mathews and Henry Armstrong, St. Louis is at last ably represented in championship circles.

Jack Callahan and Pete Fabro did all the promoting here last month. This pair posts a cash bond with the commission covering all their shows from snout to stern; a unique innovation hereabouts. They are operating on a twice-a-month basis. In spite of bitter weather they took in over three thousand dollars on the last venture.

Benny Greenberg and Lew Raymond were idle due to the former's stomach trouble, which has him in the hospital. This is a major ailment in Benny's case. But it would have been twice as bad had it been Raymond's stomach!

Ernest Oakely, former boxing commissioner, has been appointed judge of the circuit court. Louis ("Mouse") Dietrich succeeds him at the head of the commission. Mr. Mouse says it is only temporary. We hope he is in error and that he is permanently installed.

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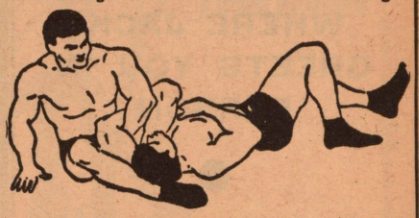

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BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

BOBBY BRITTON, son of the old master, Jack Britton, handed Jeff Furrone a good boxing 14 lesson on the Q. A. C. boxing show, January 26, but officials erred sadly when Furrone was given the duke. While Bobby is too young to get a real line on his ability, he certainly shows up well for a kid of eighteen and if he keeps on improving, he'll get into the money.

Danny Morgan, who is managing Bobby Britton, must have done a good job for Jack because he handled the former champion for about fifteen years. Morgan is one of the finest characters in the game. He was warmly welcomed here by a number of old friends. The writer, formerly manager for Jimmy Duffy of Lockport, had a long visit with Morgan.

Other matches on the Queensberry card resulted as follows: Henry Palmeri, Cleveland, knocked out Jack Moran, fourth round; Irish Eddie Dolan, Brooklyn, knocked out Eddie Dempsey, Syracuse, first round; Mickey Benson and Earl Conway, Niagara Falls, heavyweights, boxed a six-round draw; Jimmy Adamick of Detroit knocked out Tiger Worth, Toronto, first round; Stan Goral stopped Max Kadin, Toronto, fifth round.

Jimmy Goodrich and Luke Carr were the referees. The judges were Harry McCoy and Arthur J. Scott. Ike Klipfel was the man at the gong.

Promoter Art Johnson of the Orioles has uncovered a fine looking ring prospect in George Bird, heavyweight of St. Catharines. The Niagara district championship finals were staged by Johnson in the Auditorium on January 22, and a packed house greeted the Simon-pures. Johnson has two good shows booked for February and March, and may furnish some real surprises for the national tournament.

Matchmaker Vincent Plunkett of the Buffalo Sporting Club is dickering with some outstanding ringsters for engagements here. Plunkett will have an important announcement to make regarding a world's champion in the near future.

Playfair Brown is packing them in at Toronto. The Canadian Tex Rickard put on a bang-up show headed by Sammy Luftspring and Frankie Genovese, both local lads. Luftspring won before a $5,000 house at Maple Leaf Gardens.

The sudden death of Rev. Father William J. Stanton, provincial of the Oblate Fathers, was a shock to his countless number of friends here and elsewhere. Father Stanton was football coach at Ottawa University before assuming the pastorate of Holy Angels parish here. He was a lover of sports. He attended many boxing matches and knew the game from A to Z. Father Stanton was a lovable character and will be greatly missed.

Boxing results at the Q. A. C. follow: Jimmy Clark knocked out Eddie Ran, New York; George (Old Nick) Nichols stopped Fanis Tzanetopoulos, Boston; Irish Eddie Dolan knocked out Bad Boy Emanuel, Syracuse; Big Boy Brackey knocked out Jimmy Terry (whoever he is); Paulie Mahoney beat Billy Moscow, and Midget Doyle fought a draw with Joey Brown of Syracuse.

Bringing in palookas for Big Boy Brackey should be stopped by the State Athletic Commission. Promoter Murray knows Brackey won't stand up against good performers, but why protect this fighter forever? Jimmy Terry, introduced as from Brooklyn, was as raw a recruit as we ever saw.

Tommy Paul is attempting to get going in the game as a manager and trainer. Tommy deserves a few good breaks. He never refused to fight the best when he was active in the ring.

First class fighters without a managerial tie-up can get into the big money here. There's an excellent opportunity for middleweights, light-heavyweights and heavyweights. Also a classy good lightweight, young and full of fight, can make plenty of gold. Write Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Julius Cohen stole a march on Charlie Murray when he used George Nichols on the B. S. C. show. George beat Dominick Ceccarelli of Italy—a very good fighter.

FISTIC MISCELLANY—Buffalo is no tank-town . . . . It's one of the best fight centers in the country and many times we outdraw Madison Square Garden . . . . The fans are entitled to even-up matches, and built up stumblebums should not be heralded as phenoms here . . . . Jules Cohen is out to get the business in fight promotion and the Buffalo Sporting Club president is going after first rate bouts . . . . If he sticks to his task, spends money for the good ones, he'll soon get the crowds . . . . Jack Delaney, who came here from Detroit, fought some good bouts and then left town, is in New York . . . . Billy Mitchie, his former manager, is working here as a construction man . . . . Jimmy Goodrich is recovering from painful injuries sustained in an auto crash.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

THE following amateur bouts took place during the month in local rings: Attileo Bellucci, Rochester, decisioned Georgie Jones, Niagara Falls, welterweights (5); Steve Smozy, Cleveland, outpointed Irish Eddie Monin, Niagara Falls, heavyweights (5); Marvin Cicero, Niagara Falls, beat Jimmy Dot, Cleveland, featherweights (5); Steve Pipaly, Cleveland, decisioned Walt Murray, Niagara Falls, lightweights (5); Jimmy Reina, Rochester, kayoed Aldo Lupani, Rochester, bantamweights (1); Len Kanobraski, Hazelton, Pa., outpointed Sargeant Sammy Leta, Rochester, light-heavyweights; Hughie Smith, Rochester, decisioned Joe Kelly, Nanticoke, Pa., lightweights (5); Henry Smith, Rochester, beat Dickie Powell, Nanticoke, Pa., featherweights (5); Ossie Sussman, Rochester, decisioned Bobby Lewis, Lackawanna, bantamweights; John L. Sullivan, Rochester, decisioned Pete Belenski, Nanticoke, Pa., heavyweights (5); Tony DeJohn, Newark, beat Roy Smith, Rochester, middleweights; Mike Martyk, St. Catherines, Canada, outpointed Harvey Lacelle, Ottawa, Canada, featherweights (5); Stan Nabby, Binghamton, won over "Peaches" Di Napoli, St. Catherines, welterweights (5); Al Stevens, St. Catherines, decisioned Steve Kuhol, Johnson City, lightweights (5); Kenny Harton, Johnson City, beat Nick Hook, Rochester, featherweights (5); Leo Hoff, Rochester, kayoed Joe Ross, Rochester, middleweights; Al Balsom beat Roy Smith, Rochester, middleweights (3).

The wrestling shows, as always, draw their rounds of applause. With the veteran Jules Bauman at the helm, the Acme Sporting Club always shows good boys in the bouts. In the last show:

Jim McMillan, 220, Chicago, won two out of three falls from Paul Jones, 210, Texas.

Orville Brown, 240, Kansas, won from Tiger Daula, 225, Hindu Giant, after both men fell out of the ring and the Tigerman was unable to continue.

Paul Shikat, 225, Germany, tossed Leo Jansen, 200, Denmark, in 21 minutes 4 seconds.

Walter Scott, 218, Rochester, flipped Elmer Helpim, 220, Chicago, in 12 minutes 54 seconds with a body slam.

ON THE AIR—The recent floods washed out Johnny Aicher's hopes of entering the ring wars after a two-month lay-off . . . . Johnny, a very good heavyweight prospect, is now fighting out of Pittsburgh . . . . Tiger Smith is thinking of opening a classy beer garden . . . . Rochester has now, within the amateur ranks, three Sullivans, two of whom were christened John L. . . . . Howard Baker, flashy flyweight of the gay 90's, is fencing instructor at the Y.M.C.A. and also the oldest champion long distance bike rider . . . . Kelly Phillips, Bulgarian Bonebuster, is wrestling instructor at the "Y," and is always in great demand at the smokers . . . . Eddie Clark, Johnny Polino and Al Fields teach boxing in a local high school and at playgrounds . . . . Clark usually develops some fine boys at the Edison Tech High School . . . . Roy Arcel, one of the best trainers in the country, says Steve Halaiko is the best gentleman-boxer he ever met.

One week after he had announced his refusal to box for small purses, Wesley Ramey easily outpointed Johnny Jadick at Billy Shaw's pro fight in Syracuse . . . . Chubby Brown is a boards-man in a local horseroom . . . . Attileo Bellucci will have our dough riding on him to lift the city amateur welterweight championship from the swarthy brow of Tony Polazzi if ever they meet . . . . Joey Stefano will soon be married . . . . Hank Smith is thinking of entering Uncle Sam's Navy and forget about "entering a southern college for Negroes" . . . . Someone kindly shovel away the snow from Sam Leta's skids . . . . "Tigers" Maletto is running a cigar store.

Tippy Murray, Livonia, N. Y.—Your A. A. U. license fee will only cost you twenty-five cents and two photographs.

Joe Barbarito, Rochester, N. Y.—Henry Armstrong kayoed the Mexican boy, Baby Casanova, in three heats. The bout was fought in Mexico.

Helen Samuels, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Yes, Al Traino is married and is fighting regularly. He has fought Sammy Luftspring, Joey Holba and many others since last seen there.

Dominic Angelo—I got your letter. Thanks a lot. I was misinformed by your pal, Frankie White. You can make plenty of money around here.

Philip Ferante, former amateur 126-pound champ, runs a newsstand at Clinton and Main Streets, Rochester. Philip will give away a RING Magazine to the fighter that scores the quickest K.O. during the month.

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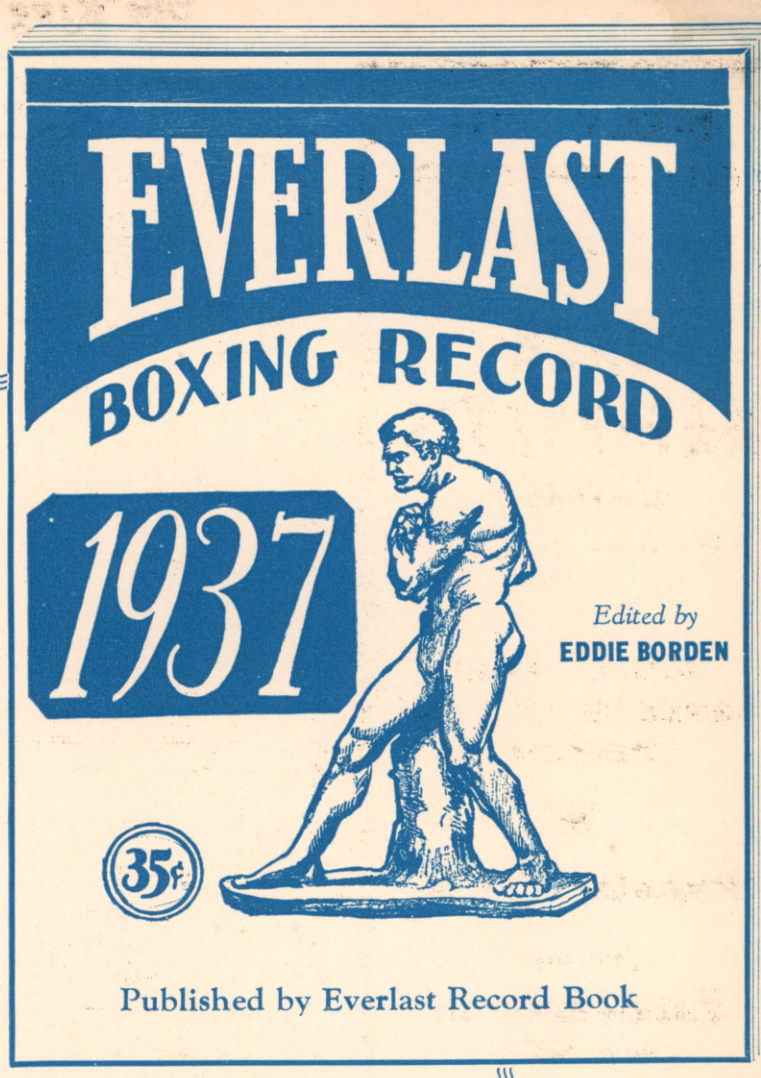

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